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JOHN JEBB.

Bishop of Limerick.

NAT. SEP. 27, 1775.



D.D. F.R.S.

Ardfert and Aghadoc.

OB. DEC. 9, 1833.

THE
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BY
THE REV. CHARLES FORSTER, B.D.

PERPETUAL CURATE OF ASH NEXT SANDWICH, AND
ONE OF THE SIX PREACHERS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST, CANTERBURY :
FORMERLY DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO BISHOP JEBB.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JAMES DUNCAN, 37. PATERNOSTER-ROW;
AND JOHN COCHRAN, 108. STRAND.

MDCCCXXXVI.

H

C. S. Morell

‘ In all revolutions, as he had espoused principles constant to truth and duty, so he stood firm to his principles, as a wise and honest man ; bearing up with his great abilities against the stream, while reason could be heard, and afterward retiring within himself, and wrapping himself in innocence and patience ; more affected by the public sins and miseries than by his own suffering ; always as cheerful as one that had the continual feast of a good conscience, and the happiness to learn, in what state soever he was, therewithal to be contented.’

*Character of Bishop Sanderson,
ap. Memorials of Eminent Persons.*

LONDON :

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New-Street-Square.

TO
HIS GRACE
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

MY LORD,
IT is with sentiments of gratitude and veneration, of which words would be wholly unexpressive, that I avail myself of your Grace's permission, to connect the name of Archbishop Howley with the memory of Bishop Jebb.

The Life of that eminent and lamented Prelate can be inscribed to no one now living, with equal propriety, as to your Grace; since, to no one now living did he, in his earlier course as a theological writer, owe equal encouragement, or, to his latest days, acknowledge equal obligation.

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'The opinion expressed by your Grace, to whom he was then personally unknown, on his first published volume, gave him, what his humility of mind rendered peculiarly needful, confidence in himself. And, when ' Sacred Literature ' appeared, you were not only *the first* to give the sanction of your station and authority to that original work, and to pronounce the discovery, which it establishes, one likely to open a wide field to future commentators on Scripture ; but you found time, amidst the arduous duties of the See of London, to accompany your favourable judgment by strictures, as valuable in themselves, as, to my own knowledge, they were gratifying and encouraging to the author.

When it pleased Providence to raise him to the highest office in the Church of Christ, Bishop Jebb continued, on every opportunity, to experience from your Grace the kindest attention, and the most cordial co-operation. And when it seemed good to unerring Wisdom to visit him with that great affliction, which withdrew from

the public service of our united Church (if I may use your Grace's words) 'one of its brightest ornaments,' you ministered to the last, every thing that human sympathy could minister, to cheer the hours of sickness, and to animate his latest efforts in the service of your common Master.

May I be permitted to add, that your kindness reached even beyond the grave, in that protection and countenance so graciously extended to the Bishop's friend and fellow-labourer in the Gospel, which, by giving him a home in your Grace's own Diocese, and in a situation healthfully blending lettered leisure with active professional duties, has enabled him to execute, according to his limited ability, the faithful portraiture contained in these volumes. And may I further be forgiven for owning, before I take leave, that, while engaged upon the Life of my departed Friend, I have been often, and irresistibly reminded of a gracious living Benefactor, . . . that I have seen a similarity of spirit, on which

I could delight to dwell, did I not feel, with Dr. Jortin, in his classical inscription to a predecessor of your Grace, the seemliness of that custom of the ancients, .. never to sacrifice to Heroes before sunset.

That the sun of your Grace's influence and example may long shine upon our Zion, is the earnest desire and prayer of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obliged, and most

dutiful humble servant,

CHARLES FORSTER.

ASH VICARAGE, WINGHAM,

Feb. 16. 1836.

In a conversation at * * * * *, I recollect my having been led to observe, that, while sectarianism of the Cabotian kind has a tendency to vulgarise persons even in the higher walks of life, Wesleyan Methodism, in its happier days, and best form, has frequently refined and elevated persons of the humblest condition. In confirmation of this latter remark, I repeated, so far as I could recollect, the letter of a poor pious woman, a sickly, but industrious lace-maker, addressed to Mr. John Wesley: he had advised her, from regard to her health, to give up working; and, doubtless, had offered to provide some other source of maintenance. The letter seemed to please * * * * *, and I have now great pleasure in sending a copy of it. The words are given, as they were dictated to me by a friend; they slightly differ from those of a printed copy, which I afterwards saw, - but I can vouch for their substantial correctness.

"As to the not working, I cannot prevail with myself to agree to it, as I have not yet learned how long a woman can be idle and innocent. I also do not know when I have had happier times in my soul, than when I have been sitting at work. With nothing before me, but a candle and a white cloth, and heaving no sound, but that of my own breath; with God in my soul, and heaven in my eye, I think myself one of the happiest of human beings. I do not rejoice, because I have not a little skin-deep beauty, or because I am not a fine creature, set up to be gazed at: but I rejoice in being exactly what I am; a creature capable of loving God, and who, as long as God lives, must be happy. I got up, and look for a while out of the window; and gaze, for a while, at the moon and stars, the work of an Almighty hand: I think of the grandeur

of the Universe; and then sit down, and think myself one of the happiest beings in it. "

Differing as I do, on several important Subjects, from Mr. Wesley, I cannot but admire and love him. The depth of his piety, was equalled only by its charity. His writings abound, indeed, with enthusiastic passages; but he is always elegant, and, for the most part, full of good Sense.

Specimens of Bishop Jebbs
first draft of Sacred Literature

από των καρπων αυτων επιγνωσεσθε αυτους·
μητι συλλεγουσιν απο ακανθων ζαφυλην;
η απο τριβοδων σοκα;
ουτω παρ δένδρον αγαθον, καρπους καλους ποιει·
το δε σαπρον δένδρον, καρπους πονηρους ποιει·

ου δογεται δένδρον αγαθον, καρπους πονηρους ποιειν·
ουδε δένδρον σαπρον, καρπους καλους ποιειν·
παρ δένδρον μη ποιουν καρπον καλον,
εκκολληται, και εις πυρ βαλλεται·
αραγε, απο των καρπων αυτων, επιγνωσεσθε αυτους.

אשר אדם עוז-לו בד
מסלות בלבבם עברי
בעמק הבכא מעין ישיתוחו
גם-ברכות יעשה מורה
ילכו כחיל אל-חיל
יראה אל-אלהים בעיון ;

Psalms. LXXXIV. 5-7.

Blessed is the Man, whose strength is in Thee ;
(The passengers in whose heart are the ways, [to Zion]
[while] in the Valley of Baca, make it a spring,
The rain also filleth the pools,
They go from strength to strength ;)
He shall appear before God in Zion.

Written with the left hand

Leamington, Jan. 5, 1881.

My dear Friend,

We were truly gratified by your kind and seasonable dispatch: we have, indeed, frequently heard, as our hearty most wished, of yourself and Lady Inglis, of the Dowager and your sister. But, to have those good tidings confirmed, under your own hand, and at this peace-giving season, is matter of real thankfulness. You must, to be sure, soon encounter the trials of longevity; but it is an inestimable blessing, that you have that within, which will shield and keep you from the provoking of all men: and, I trust, you will have it yet more and more!

Our lot is, indeed, cast in troublous times. and it is, perhaps, impossible, not sometimes to feel alarmed, at the awful aspect of things. But still, I have an unwavering reliance on the goodness of Divine Providence. I have, it is true, long ceased to have any confidence whatever, in mere Politicians: and probably, were I now called upon to act, I might feel conscientiously bound, to take a different part, even from you. But, between you and me, there never can be any uncomfortable difference of opinion, — certainly no difference at all, of principle.

It is one of the most cheering consolations possible, especially in times like the present, that there are some spirits, more, probably, than we think of, who are living for eternity. Such, I believe my friend x x x x x to be: and so, I have good reason to know it with certainty. And, with the exception of a very few private friends, he is the single political mover, in whom I am disposed to place full confidence, whether in power, or out of power. — But, I am deeply grieved, that all human confidence is, at best, uncertain. I look, therefore to the Rock of Ages — We may, in the interim have trying difficulties to encounter: but we have the privilege and blessing, if we but employ it, of looking forward to the end. And my firm belief is, that, if we confidently and religiously seek for them, we shall find, even in the present unsettled, and unsettling times, some 'glimpses', (as I think, Robert Hall term them) 'of a better future.'

We unite, in offering the best wishes of this holy and happy season, for yourself, Lady Inglis, and the good inmates of Milton Bryan.

Ever, my dear Sir Robert,
your most faithful,
and affectionate friend,
John Darwin.

Sir Robert Henry Inglis, Bart.,
M.P., &c., &c.

L I F E
OF
B I S H O P J E B B.

SECTION I.

IT was a remark made by the subject of the following memoir, that there is not, perhaps, an educated human being, who may not throw some light on his own character, and contribute somewhat to the philosophy of the human mind, by recalling and preserving minute and early features of his life and habits.

Upon this principle, in compliance with a suggestion of the present writer, he accordingly drew up, from memory, in October 1818, a short account of the early features of his own life, to the close of his fifteenth year: and, in March 1823, he resumed and continued this private autobiography, to the year 1810.

From these materials, and information inci-

dentally communicated to the author, during a residence of many years under the same roof, are derived the particulars related in the first part of the ensuing narrative.

John Jebb, D.D., Bishop of Limerick, was born on the 27th of September, 1775, in the city of Drogheda.

The family had been settled, towards the end of the seventeenth century, at Mansfield; and previously, for several generations, at Woodborough*, also in Nottinghamshire; where the names of many of its members are still preserved in the parish registers, from the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth; and where the family arms are said to have occupied a place in the principal window of the parish church, until it was destroyed, probably in the general wreck of painted windows during the great rebellion.

The Jebbs of Mansfield have been distinguished, as a literary family†; several anecdotes

* In 1826, the Rev. Dr. Cursham, Vicar of Mansfield, was so kind as to make personal inquiry at Woodborough, after the Jebb family, once seated there. Upon mentioning his object to the Curate of Woodborough, who had served there for many years, the old man rose from his seat, went to his book-shelves, and taking down SACRED LITERATURE, expressed his delight at having it in his power to furnish any information respecting his family, to the author of a work, which had been to him a source of the highest instruction and enjoyment.

† 'Few families have produced more persons, connected with the literary history of the last century, than the JEBBS.' *Nichols, Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century.*

of them have been related by Mr. Nichols, in his *Literary Anecdotes*; short lives of some of them are given in the *Biographical Dictionary*; and a memoir of Dr. John Jebb, of Peter-house College, Cambridge, whom the Bishop characterizes, as his ‘very honest and able, but wrong-headed and heretical cousin,’ is prefixed to his miscellaneous works.

Samuel Jebb, the great grandfather of the Bishop, married, in 1689, Elizabeth, daughter of — Gilliver, Esq., of Banefield in Yorkshire, and of Amelia De Witt*, a near relative of John De Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland: a stock, from which his descendants would seem to have inherited, strength of character, independence of mind, love of freedom, and indomitable ardour in all their pursuits. ‘With strength, however,’ the Bishop adds, ‘weakness was sufficiently mingled: and prudence, in the ordinary sense of the term, was by no means their characteristic. Some of them were tolerably successful in the acquisition, but none proceeded to the accu-

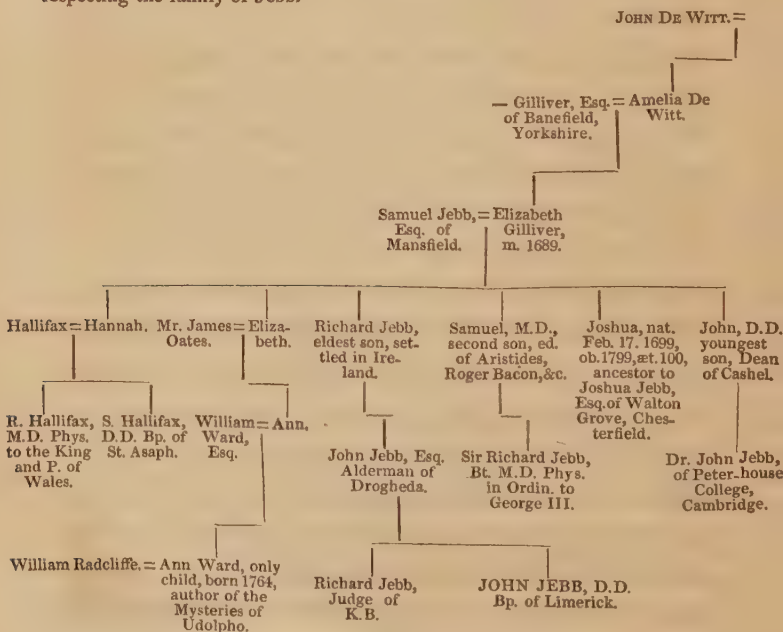
* John De Witt, father of Amelia De Witt, and uncle, it is thought, to the Grand Pensionary, came over to England in the reign of Charles I., for the purpose of draining the Fens of Lincolnshire. In recompense for this national service, he had large parliamentary grants assigned him, out of the recovered lands; but these estates were lost to his only daughter and her descendants, or rather were never obtained possession of, in consequence of the disorders which prevailed during the civil wars. A medal, in silver, of John and Cornelius De Witt, now in possession of the

mulation, of the goods of fortune. They were apt to spend, with more rapidity than they acquired; and many of them were liberal in the transactions, and almost profuse in the charities of life.'

By his marriage with Elizabeth Gilliver, Samuel Jebb had six sons, and three daughters. Richard, the eldest son, the Bishop's grandfather, went over to Ireland early in the last century;

Rev. John Jebb, is the only heir-loom of their descent remaining with the family.

The following genealogical table may illustrate Mr. Nichols' remark, respecting the family of Jebb.



and settled in Drogheda as a merchant. He is described as a man of strong sense, and sound principle ; of hasty temper, indeed, but good-natured and benevolent in an eminent degree. In the opinion of his nephew, the late Sir Richard Jebb, Bart., he was the best of the family ; and respect for his character, together with his seniority, determined Sir Richard to bequeath his fortune to Richard, the Bishop's elder brother, the grandson of this gentleman.

Richard Jebb died in 1767, leaving an only son, John, born about 1719, who married, 1. Priscilla Forbes, by whom he had no issue ; and 2. Alicia Forster. He died in 1796 : leaving, by his second wife, three daughters, and two sons. 1. Richard, second Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland ; and 2. John, Bishop of Limerick, the subject of the present memoir.

The character of his father, as drawn by Bishop Jebb, will not fail to interest the reader. ' My father pursued trade ; ultimately with bad success. He was too honest, too simple-hearted, and too unsuspecting, for the people with whom he had to cope. He was a man of great simplicity and integrity of mind and heart ; and, though not prosperous in worldly affairs, he failed not to gain the esteem and affection of those among whom he lived. He filled the first civic offices in

Drogheda; and was there universally beloved and respected. About two years after my birth, he removed from Drogheda, to Leixlip, in the county of Kildare, till, in the year 1789, he went to reside with my brother, in Dublin, and at Rosstrevor, in the county of Down, where he died. He was the most indulgent and affectionate of parents; and I have never known an individual, who appeared so entirely to possess, through a long life, the innocence of childhood. A little circumstance lately came to my knowledge, which afforded me deep gratification. One of my sisters, in the year 1815, was passing through Drogheda; she went to look at the house in which my father had lived; and seeing a very old man in the street, she inquired, . . ‘Who lives in that house?’ The man informed her. ‘Do you recollect who lived there formerly?’ ‘Yes,’ quickly and emphatically answered the old man, ‘the best man that Drogheda ever saw lived there, . . Alderman Jebb.’ My sister, I must observe, was quite unknown in Drogheda. If it be weakness, I trust it is an excusable weakness, to feel complacency in this testimony of a ‘smutched artificer,’ to the good name of my father; so long after his death; and nearly forty years after his benefactions had ceased to that place,

where, it seems, his memory is still cherished.'

In 1777, the period of his father's commercial misfortunes, John, then an infant of two years of age, was taken from Drogheda, into the family of his aunt, Mrs. Mary M^cCormick. His debt of gratitude to this parental relative, and to her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Sotheby, sank deep into his heart; and he thus affectionately commemorates it and them, at the distance of above forty years. 'My aunt M^cCormick, the widowed sister of my father, a woman of many sorrows, resided at Rosstrevor. She taught me to read; and, I may add, to think; instilling into me early, to the best of her skill, the principles of christianity. My religious instruction began very early; and, so far back as memory can reach, I can recall the good old usage of hearing read, each morning after breakfast, the psalms and chapters for the day. On sundays, I was catechized: and I have still the faint impression on my mind, that sunday was to me a day of enjoyment. During the five years that I remained under her care, this excellent woman watched over me, with the tenderness of a parent: to her instructions, and to those of her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Sotheby, also a widow, I was indebted for the first principles of education, and the first rudiments of

religion. They were both valuable relations : to me, I may say, invaluable. Mrs. M^cCormick had a natural vein of sprightliness and vivacity ; which, however, was overcast, at least so far as my memory extends, by a deep tinge of melancholy. She had lost several children by the small-pox ; some of whom took that disorder by infection, others received it by inoculation ; and, in both instances, she was too apt to lay the blame of the fatal catastrophe upon her own mismanagement ; nor, till the day of her death, could she forgive herself, for these imaginary crimes.’

‘ My aunt Sotheby possessed a stronger mind ; indeed, in many respects, the strongest female mind I ever knew. She had married into a most respectable family in the county of Louth ; but her husband dying without issue, the estate passed to a distant branch, and she was reduced to a very moderate jointure. With this small income, she always maintained the appearance and habits of a gentlewoman ; always had money in her pocket ; and was always doing kind and generous things. Her purse, her heart, and her mind, were ever open to her friends. Her time was divided between my father’s family, and that of the M^cCormicks ; to both of which she was the most ready and discreet adviser ; nor do

I believe that, in a single instance, her advice was any other than the soundest, and most long-sighted. Had it been uniformly followed, it is impossible to conjecture the extent of inconvenience that might have been avoided, and of advantage that might have been secured. . . How deeply I am indebted, and in the most important ways, to those two good, and most affectionate instructresses, I shall not know in this world; but sure I am, that the child of such cares has much to answer for.'

At this period of early childhood, the character and dispositions (to judge by his description of his grandfather, in good measure hereditary) were already apparent, which belonged to him in after life: constitutional warmth of temper, counteracted and softened by the workings of an affectionate heart; a strong sense of justice, and love of truth, united with great gentleness and docility; . . were the qualities for which, from infancy, he was most remarked in his family.

In a letter to the present writer, Judge Jebb, who was nearly ten years the Bishop's senior, thus conveys his recollections of his brother, as a child. 'The impression made on me was, that of a gentle, affectionate child, somewhat hasty in temper, but not bold: quiet, and fond of reading; but, at the same time, lively, and

loving play. I think, though he was not backward in learning, he was not remarkably quick, certainly not precocious. We were always very fond of each other. I perfectly remember our cousins, at Rosstrevor, treating my brother, as I thought, ill-naturedly, for something that annoyed them; old Jack Henry (mentioned in the Bishop's notice*) taking his part with warmth, and reproachfully, as my father had been kind to them; and my taking my brother into the wood, and fondling him there; that Jack Henry's words sunk into my heart, made me love the old man still better, and gave me the first strong impression of the duty of gratitude, and very probably, also, a notion of being my brother's protector.'

How little do we understand the economy of providential instrumentality. It is an instructive fact, that, to the attachment of this humble dependent, may be traced the whole shape and colour of Bishop Jebb's after life: since from him the 'good and generous brother,' to whom, to use the Bishop's own words, quoted afterwards more fully, 'he owed his education, his rank in society, and himself,' appears to have first inci-

* 'I listened, with all the avidity of childhood, to the tales, which an old dependent in my aunt's family, by name Jack Henry, used to pour forth without number, as I sat upon his knee.' . . . *BR. JEBB, MS. Notes.*

dentally received the impulse, which taught that brother, ever after, to feel and act towards him as a parent. . . If, as may be inferred from Saint Matthew, xxvi. 13., the transmission of a good remembrance to after times, forms a legitimate part of the recompense of our right actions here, then, *old Jack Henry* has not lost his reward.

Another point of character, of equally early growth, was the love of method and order ; . . a degree of exactness and regularity, so unusual in a child, as to be observed even by strangers, and to fix upon him, among the friends of the family, the epithet of ‘methodical.’ The epithet was most characteristic. So predominant in his nature was the love of order and method, that, to the close of life, the least departure from concinnity, . . a book out of its place, a letter laid negligently upon the table, or the slightest unevenness or irregularity in the disposition of a piece of furniture, offended his eye, and caused him uneasiness, and he would turn from his most interesting studies to correct it. In this point, as he used himself to remark, there was a striking similarity, between him and the celebrated George Whitefield. One passage in Jay’s *Life of Cornelius Winter* (a book of which Mr. Jebb was very fond) describing Mr. Whitefield’s love of neatness, he turned to with congenial

interest ; observing, that it contained an accurate description of himself. ‘ Whether only by himself, or having but a second, his table must have been spread elegantly, though it produced but a loaf and a cheese. He was neat to the extreme in his person, and every thing about him. Not a paper must have been out of place, or put up irregularly. Each part of the furniture must have been likewise in its place, before he retired to rest. He said he did not think he should die easy, if his gloves were out of their place.’*

In this connection, I may anticipate an anecdote, related to me by a common friend. Being on a visit with Mr. Jebb at Abington, an aged couple, man and wife, came to the house, and asked alms : learning that they were wayfarers, and struck with their decent poverty, Mr. Jebb gave them a crown. His guest, who had been absent taking a morning ride, met them as they proceeded on their way ; and being equally struck by their appearance, noticed it on his return ; remarking, as the circumstance which

* It is very remarkable, that the eminent engraver (Mr. T. Lupton), who executed a mezzotinto print of Bishop Jebb, after a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, but who, at the time, had never seen the original, . . . having spoken of the head, as indicative of high mental powers, and as compressing those powers within the most compact compass he had ever known in his professional experience, . . . concluded by saying, that, from mere observation of the head, without any knowledge of the character, he should pronounce *love of order*, to be the leading feature of its owner’s mind.

most caught his eye, that, though so poorly clad, the old man had gloves on. ‘Had he gloves on?’ answered Mr. Jebb, with marked interest. No more passed at the time; but, shortly after, my informant discovered, that a messenger, on horseback, had been immediately dispatched to overtake the poor wayfarers, with an additional and much larger bounty.

His love of regularity and neatness particularly appeared upon the eve of a journey. He could not leave home in comfort, without first putting his drawers and papers into the most perfect order: on such occasions, he has more than once observed to me, ‘If any thing should happen to me, I wish that all shall be found decent and in order.’ His spirit was the same to the end. Just before his last illness, he had prepared, with the aid of a friend, to arrange his papers, letters, &c.; evidently, though nothing of the kind was intimated, that all might be orderly, whenever his appointed change should come.

At the close of the year 1782, when he had completed his seventh year, it was determined that he should join his father’s family, at Leixlip. Here, for some time, he felt himself a stranger in his father’s house, so deep was the impression, which the care and tenderness of his two aunts

had left upon his infant mind. His mother was not spared him long enough to fill the void. Very shortly after he reached Leixlip, she went to Bourdeaux in a deep decline; and it was the will of Providence that she never should return. By him, she could scarcely be recollected; but, by his brother, she is described as a very sensible, and clever woman; a very good judge of character; devoted to the care of her children; and delighting herself, under depressed circumstances, with anticipations of their future success in life.

Not improbably, to this bereavement it was owing, that the serious had early charms for him. A circumstance, strongly indicative of this turn of mind, occurred when he was about ten years of age. While playing, one day, in the churchyard of Leixlip, the boy's eye was caught by the motto on a tomb-stone, *MEMENTO MORI*. He inquired the meaning of the words, and was deeply impressed with it. The next day, his brother, then at the university, and about nineteen years of age, came to Leixlip to take leave of the family, previously to his going over to France for a sister, who had accompanied their mother to Bourdeaux, and remained there, with an uncle, some time after her death. Wishing to possess himself of the words, which he had

discovered on the tomb-stone the day before, he brought to his brother a childish album, which he had procured for scribbling, and begged of him to write down in it *memento mori*. The request was made at the moment of his departure, and, instead of *memento mori*, his brother wrote *memento mei*. ‘From that hour to the present,’ adds the Bishop, ‘he has taken special care, that the impression made, while he translated these touching words, should never be obliterated: to me, and to our sisters, he has been, as to our father he was for several years, *loco parentis*; his heart and house ever open to us; every advantage, with which Providence has been pleased to favour him*, affectionately shared with us; and he has been dealt with accordingly: blest with a most valuable wife†, and children

* I have never known a stronger sense of a special Providence, than in the case of this distinguished layman. One saying of his to myself, I shall record for the benefit of others: . . . ‘It is my full conviction, from my own actual experience, that, if a man would only habituate himself to survey the events of his past life, under this aspect, he would see the hand of Providence as distinctly marked, as the towns and countries upon a map.’

† This inestimable blessing it pleased God to withdraw, in November 1823. The character of Mrs. Jebb, from the pen of the Bishop, by whom she was loved with a truly fraternal affection, may be, not unappropriately, inserted here. Its strict fidelity will, at once, be recognized, by those who had the privilege of being admitted to her intimacy.

‘Died, on Saturday, the 8th inst., in Rutland Square, Dublin, Jane Louisa, wife of the Hon. Mr. Justice Jebb, and daughter of the late John

of the highest promise, he has just attained (1818) a Judge's seat on the King's Bench; the public voice bearing testimony, that the appointment is honourable to the government of the country. Nor can I omit, that he has risen by

Finlay, Esq., of Corkagh, in the county of Dublin. She was exemplary in the discharge of every relative and social duty; for her conduct flowed from the best natural qualities, raised and regulated by the influences of true religion: sincere, prudent, and disinterested, she united masculine strength of mind with a truly feminine delicacy and tenderness of heart: simple in her tastes, and sober in her wishes, she was herself a practical testimony, that moderation is the true secret of enjoyment: her religion was suited to her character; earnest, rational, and deep, it was noiselessly cultivated in her closet, and unostentatiously manifested only in its fruits. During a protracted, and hopeless malady, it sustained her, not merely with resignation, but with cheerfulness; and, as her latter end drew near, she was more and more detached from that world, above the vanities of which she had habitually lived. The writer of these lines had the happiness to witness the calm, placid, unpresumptuous confidence, which, in her last hours, deprived death of its sting; and the wish which he then fervently breathed, he now dispassionately holds, that he may be enabled like her to live, and like her to die.'

At this edifying death-bed, Bishop Jebb, as here intimated, had ministered; and the strength and comfort, the peace and serenity, which his presence and conversation, under a divine blessing, proved the means of imparting to his dying relative, and of diffusing through the family, returned, like the Psalmist's prayer, into his own bosom. What I relate, I witnessed: it is not, I feel, my part to dwell upon domestic sorrows; yet one instructive incident I cannot withhold. About two years before her death, Mrs. Jebb had happened to receive, on the same day, two gifts, . . from her affectionate husband, a costly pair of diamond earrings, and, from the Bishop, a small copy of Thomas à Kempis. During her last illness, as the Bishop sat by her bedside, she drew from beneath her pillow the little homely manual, and, pointing to the diamonds, said, . . ' Oh! John, how different are my feelings *now*, from what they were this time two years: *then*, I could feel complacency in those empty baubles; *now*, I would not exchange this little volume, for all the diamonds of the east.'

the force of pure merit; that he never courted business, or asked for office; that he kept most delicately aloof, when many might have thought him to blame in not putting himself forward. And I am confident he has been right.*

* When preparing my materials for the Life of Bishop Jebb, I could have little anticipated, that this tribute to the best of brothers, could, with propriety, be communicated to the world. August 27. 1834., and little more than nine months after the Bishop's death, he who was the subject of it, . . too soon, alas! for his country, though not untimely for himself (for he lived in constant preparedness for the last great change), . . fell a victim, after an illness of thirty hours, to malignant cholera. To the justness of the high testimony borne, by fraternal affection, at the period (December 1818.) of his elevation to the judicial bench, the public judgment of the united kingdom has long set its seal. And the name and memory of Judge Jebb will, henceforward, live, worthily associated with those of his brother: . .

‘ They were lovely and pleasant in their lives;
And in death they were not divided !’

Judge Jebb was educated at the endowed school of Drogheda, under Dr. Norris, a name of great and merited local celebrity; and, afterwards, in the University of Dublin, where, among other eminent contemporaries, he was the class-fellow, and became the intimate friend, of the late Dr. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin. In 1799, he published ‘A Reply to a Pamphlet entitled, Arguments for and against a Union.’ This pamphlet (his only publication) made a great impression. Mr. Knox (at the time private secretary to Lord Castlereagh) told Mr. John Jebb, many years after, that it had stamped his brother, in his estimate, as a man of first-rate powers. And Lord Glenbervie, who succeeded Lord Castlereagh as Secretary for Ireland, cited Mr. Jebb's pamphlet, and it alone, as comprising all the arguments of real weight against a legislative union of the countries: the whole of which, he said, he felt himself to be replying to, in answering Mr. Jebb. Shortly after the Union, a seat in the Imperial Parliament was offered him, by the Government which he had opposed; but, on mature consideration, he declined it; nor could he, subsequently, be induced to stand, though with a certainty of being returned, for his native city of Drogheda.

At eleven years of age, in the autumn of 1786, he was sent to Celbridge School: not because it was the best, but merely because it was within two miles of Leixlip. The school-master is graphically described by his pupil, as ‘a thin, tall, formal, and somewhat austere, though not ill-natured, layman, of the Roman catholic persuasion, by name Owen Begnall: well-intentioned, but in no degree qualified for the education of youth. As a classical school, it was miserable: but, as the larger proportion of the boys were not intended for any of the learned professions, English education was better attended to; and, in this important particular, he had some advantages, which are wanting at many or most of our great classical schools. Here he remained, till the Christmas vacation of 1788.

His recollections of Celbridge were far from pleasing. The boys were, for the most part, of low and vulgar habits; their manners and principles, generally, bad. In three years, he had lost sight of them all; nor was he afterwards aware, that any one of them had emerged into respectable life.

The discomforts of a situation so utterly uncongenial, may be but too easily understood. He has thus depicted some of them. ‘The

elder boys wanted to enter me as a boxer : for this I had no relish, my disposition being rather quiet and pacific. Hence grew much misery : they hunted me through the school-yards ; they ridiculed, they teased, they beat me. I experienced sufferings the same in kind, though inferior in degree, as those which Cowper has so pathetically described, in his history of his Westminster life.* Unlike the sickly and sensitive poet, however, there was a buoyancy, and moral resistance in his nature, which kept him from sinking ; and long before he left this unpromising

* This account of his school-boy sufferings, recalls to my mind the similar, but more prolix narrative (the prolixity of old age) of an eminent prelate of a different country and communion, the learned Bishop of Avranches : ‘Cùm invidiam illorum [condiscipulorum] excitaret amor ille literarum qui in me erat, nihil prætermissum ab illis est, quo me averti posse crederent à studiis : libri mei surrepti, chartæ conceptæ, vel aquâ perfusæ, vel sevo illitæ, ut scripturam nostram respuerent ; cubiculi nostri oclusæ fores, ne, dum ipsi ludo darent operam, ego illic cum libello delitescerem, quod et sæpe factum a me deprehenderant. Cùm autem rure ageremus, per autumnales ferias, tum verò nefas esse putabant libros attingere ; totosque dies, vel lusitando, vel venando, vel deambulando, duci jubebant. Me verò cùm alia traheret voluptas, antequam excitati essent e somno, exoriente sole, domo clam egressus, vel condebam me in silvam, vel raptim certè opacam aliquam sectabar umbram, quæ me, placidè legentem et studentem, ab oculis eorum protegeret. At illi me, diu per dumos quæsitum, et velut indagine cinctum, extrahebant tandem à latibulis, vel lapillorum madentiumve globorum jactu, vel aquâ clam, per siphones, inter arborum ramos immissâ. Sed quantum conatus nostros tardabat condiscipulorum livor ac malignitas, tantum eos provehebat insitum mihi à naturâ infinitum illud discendi desiderium.’ . . *P. D. Huet. Com. de Rebus suis*, p. 14, 15. The sufferings of the thoughtful, studious school-boy, it appears, have always been the same.

training-school, he contrived, without becoming a boxer, to assert, and maintain his independence. To observe, and discriminate, the characters of his school-fellows, was, at this period, his favourite solitary exercise. His mature estimate of the seminary itself will be judged of by this, that he considered the best circumstance about it to be, that every morning, immediately after leaving their beds, the boys all plunged into the stream of the Liffey, which bounded the garden. It should not be omitted, that these morning ablutions, on one occasion, nearly cost him, and two of his companions, their lives; they having, unawares, got into deep water; whence, by timely and unexpected aid, they were narrowly, and most providentially rescued, when at the point of drowning.

At Celbridge, jointly with a school-fellow, he wrote, what they called, 'The adventures of Thomas Curtis, and John Jebb.' They supposed themselves great travellers and voyagers, who, at length, were cast on a desert island. It was, of course, a childish imitation of the manner of De Foe. By some means, the manuscript fell into the master's hands; and he rewarded their young imaginative effort, by giving a holiday to the whole school.

In December, 1788, it was determined by his

brother (whose first act, on succeeding to the property of Sir Richard Jebb, was to take upon himself the charge of his education,) that he should remove from Celbridge, to the endowed diocesan school of Londonderry. The letter announcing this change, was read by him with unmixed delight. From uncongenial association, and incompetent instruction, he was now about to pass into circumstances directly the reverse ; under the care of the Rev. Thomas Marshall, A. M., then master of Derry School. His view of a change to him so important, bearing, as it did, upon his whole future life, can be done justice to only in the Bishop's own words.

‘ My removal to Derry School, I cannot but consider as altogether providential. It has had a special influence on the whole colour of my life ; on my studies, habits, and pursuits : it has been the means of bringing me acquainted with persons, whom I should not otherwise have known ; of introducing me to those, who have since been the chosen friends of my life, . . my patrons, and my companions ; some of whom have never seen, and probably never may see, the city of Londonderry. The choice of the school for me was very remarkable. It was by no means a large school ; the number of boarders not exceeding twelve or fourteen : it had not any

name, beyond its own immediate district ; and, even within that district, the majority of the gentry preferred sending their children to larger, and more eminent foundations : it was 112 miles distant from Dublin, and upwards of 70 from any of my friends or connections. The single reason for sending me there was, that the master had been a college intimate of my cousin Mr. M^cCormick ; and, to this day, it seems mysterious to me, that this small circumstance should have outweighed the numerous objections, which seemed to lie against this plan ; that, on this account alone, my brother should have sent me to the northern extremity of the kingdom. With Derry, I had no natural connection ; and, at Derry, I became known to an individual, whose early notice of me determined much of the future destiny of my life.*

* Nearly nine years subsequently to the date of this extract from a MS. note-book, the Bishop thus commemorates his connection with Derry School, and with the admirable and eminently-gifted individual above alluded to. . . ‘ I cannot help mentioning, that, at this school, I was educated, under the Rev. Thomas Marshall, A. M. This kind and generous man was the delight of his pupils : and I never shall forget the tragic impression made on us all, when, about the autumn of 1790, it pleased God to remove him. How much I am indebted to his fostering care, I shall never, in this world, be fully able to appreciate. One of my earliest efforts, was a boyish, but sincere tribute to his memory : it was an imitation of the ‘ Quis desiderio, &c.’ of Horace. . . But, to Derry School, and to Horace, I have other, and far higher obligations. They were the means of introducing me to the notice of Alexander Knox, Esquire, who was fond of hearing me repeat my lessons from that most felicitous of

The whole scene and system of Derry School were new life to him. The master was a man of considerable talents; respectably, though not profoundly learned; a professed wit, and not always prudent in the exercise of his humorous propensities; attentive to the instruction of his boys in school, and, out of it, their friend, their companion, and not infrequently their play-fellow; severe to those only, who were incorrigibly idle, or ill-conditioned; and ever anxious to encourage those, who paid attention to their business. 'He possessed,' says his pupil, 'great simplicity, manliness, and generosity of nature; we all loved him; and, for my own part, as he favoured me with a special share of his kindness, I felt towards him, as I would towards a near and dear relation. At one time I was guilty of a fault, for which I deserved the severest punishment he could inflict *; and he did inflict

authors; he afterwards became my guide, philosopher, and friend. From him, in the course of a long intimacy, I derived principles, which I trust will never die. Obiit, eheu! Jun. 17. 1821. J. L.' . . Biograph. Mem. of William Phelan, D.D., ap. Phelan's Remains, Vol. I. p. 33. note. Mr. Knox's impression respecting the providential character of their connection, was equally strong: see 'Thirty Years' Correspond. Vol. II. p. 375.

* At Celbridge school he was once punished, for what he considered 'a great fault:' it was a hurt *accidentally* given to one of his schoolfellows, who had used insulting and provoking language to him, while they were dressing; and whom he struck on the hand with his waistcoat, which he was at the moment putting on: one of the metal buttons, happening to

it : he did not flog me, he never did : on this occasion, he gravely and sorrowfully said, ‘ I will not speak to you for three days.’ While under this interdict, I recollect, as if it were but yesterday, his meeting me ; and when he passed me by, with a silence that had more in it of melancholy than of sternness, I was cut to the heart. Poor Marshall knew how to act on human nature : with such a master, one could not but make some progress.’

In his own judgment, indeed, the radical defects of his first schooling were by no means cured ; but, notwithstanding every disadvantage, he was enabled to hold on with the foremost of his class. One error in his training, when at Derry, he ever after deeply regretted : he succeeded first in persuading himself, and then in persuading his master, that he felt an insuperable difficulty in committing tasks to memory : the consequence was, that, instead of being exercised, he was indulged ; he was often permitted to slur over a lesson, or a repetition, in the greek dialects ; and his slowness in getting by heart,

light on the boy's hand, caused a great swelling. The injury was accidental ; but, as the blow was given in passion, he felt, at the time, that it deserved the severest censure. And, immediately after, he thanked the master, before his schoolfellows, for the severe punishment which he had inflicted ; declaring, with perfect sincerity, and from his heart, that ‘ he knew it was for his good.’

which, at that time, by proper exertion and perseverance, might have been effectually overcome, was suffered to grow into a rooted habit.

The boys were weekly practised, in translating passages of Virgil, or Horace, into English verse: from these exercises, he derived considerable advantage. The verses, as mostly happens with such school-boy performances, were commonly worse than middling; but the practice gave him an early taste for composition; and he attained, by it, some copiousness, and choice of words. Another circumstance, connected with this school, was not without its influence. Derry, at that period, possessed several persons of lively talents, who delighted in ‘a keen encounter of their wits;’ among whom was Mr. Marshall. At his table, (where they always dined), and in their times of recreation, the boys, in consequence, were accustomed to have much literary talk; and often to see, or to hear repeated, the sportive squibs of the day: a kind of experience, not, perhaps, in all respects, desirable for boys, but manifestly tending to form and sharpen their intellects. Mr. Marshall himself, it has been already intimated, was a wit; he was also an epigrammatist, and a satirist. The conversation of his pupils, out of school-hours, naturally, and often, turned on such subjects. They frequently passed their evenings

with him; and he encouraged them to talk, and to inquire, as men. These opportunities were not lost on John Jebb. They gave him, unawares, a decided literary taste.

His habits, while at Derry, were in character with the turn of his mind. He disliked school-plays in general: but a quiet walk into the country, with one or two companions, he enjoyed. The play-ground attached to the school was exceedingly limited; and the boys, out of school-hours, had the free range of the town and its vicinity; a liberty which, as he justly observed, ought not to have been granted; and which, he expressed his fear, in some instances, was attended with moral mischief. One consequence, however, of the want of play-ground was, that, instead of joining the boys in their rambles and excursions, John, unexposed to the harassing annoyances which he had so severely suffered under at Celbridge, commonly occupied the window-seat, at a corner of the boarders' parlour: seated in that retreat, he was quite in his element; . . his body bent into a bow, his knees up to his chin, and his eyes devouring such books as he could lay hold of.

While thus indisposed, however, to the boyish pastimes of his companions, it appears, from a testimony incidentally borne to him by his master, that he was anything but insensible to their wants

and feelings, when they needed sympathy. Mr. Marshall observed of him, as a remarkable trait in a school-boy, that, when any boy was sick, Jebb loved to sit with him during play-hours.

In the autumn of 1790, this estimable man was attacked by a malignant fever. The boys were removed during his illness; and John, being distant from home, was kindly invited to the house of a clergyman, whose sons were his school-fellows, the Rev. Averell Daniel. In less than three weeks, Mr. Marshall was no more. His loss was felt by all his pupils, but by none more deeply or lastingly than by John Jebb.

After his master's death, he remained under his successor, till Christmas 1790; when, without being in any degree completed, his school education closed.

The following is his own retrospective summary of this part of his course. 'On the whole, my school-education was most defective. Altogether, it lasted but four years; the first two, at Celbridge, miserably deficient; when I came to Derry, I had much to unlearn, and almost every thing to learn. In latin, or greek grammar, I never was grounded; owing to the cause already assigned, a supposed defect in the faculty of memory, the necessary rules were never stored up in my mind. Geography, chronology, and

prosody, were too generally neglected. Mr. Marshall had plans of improvement in view : his death prevented their execution. But, though not a grounded scholar, I carried away from Derry an awakened literary taste ; and, if I do not deceive myself, a thoughtful and introspective mind.*

It has been stated, that the number of boarders, at Derry School, never exceeded twelve or fourteen. Yet, within a short space, it sent out some remarkable men, almost all Bishop Jebb's contemporaries : Robert Torrens, now a Judge of the Common Pleas in Ireland : Samuel Kyle, afterwards Provost of Trinity College, now Bishop of Cork : Edward Chichester, author of an effective work on the excise laws, and of an argumentative defence of revealed religion, in three volumes, now Rector of Kilmore, in the diocese of Armagh : Hugh George Macklin, an able, though eccentric man, late Advocate-General at Bombay. Mr. Justice Torrens' brother, Sir Henry, was not, it is believed, a pupil of Mr. Marshall. But, from so small a society, within a space of four years, we have here a remarkable list of distinguished pupils.*

* In the summer of 1825, Bishop Jebb accomplished an excursion, which, in his wishes, had been projected many years previous, to revisit the several places where he had lived, in infancy and boyhood. He had often expressed a desire to show these localities, to the companion of his Abington life and studies. In the course of this excursion, his father's house at Drogheda, in which he was born, being one of a range of three

The interval between December 1790, when he left school, and July 1791, when he entered college, was considered by Mr. Jebb a marked period in his mental history. Though apparently idle, and certainly desultory, in these six or seven months, he was yet conscious to himself of a rapid intellectual progress. The advance, most probably, was owing to the favourable, and congenial circumstances, in which he now found himself placed. ‘I was now under the roof of my good and generous brother; who, from before my leaving Celbridge, had defrayed all my expences at school; and who continued to maintain me as a gentleman in college, till the autumn of 1796, when my poor father died, and when I completed my 21st year. My brother then made over to me 2000*l.*, in lieu of my share of my father’s property, which I am confident was not worth 1200*l.* To this good brother, I owe my education, my rank in society, and myself. To me and to my sisters he

or four handsome brick houses, on the bank of the river Boyne; the house at Leixlip, to which, after Alderman Jebb’s commercial misfortunes, the family removed from Drogheda, and whence he was sent to his first school, . . . a good house, adjoining the bridge of Leixlip, and considerably below the level of the road; and the site (now a public market) where once stood the Free-school of Londonderry, the dwelling of his favourite master, Mr. Marshall, and the scene of his only happy school-boy days, . . . were successively pointed out with animated interest: an interest, perhaps, heightened (though nothing of the kind was apparent) by the silent consciousness, that the child who had once inhabited these retired dwellings, through the guidance of a gracious Providence had not lived in vain.

was a parent, when our own was sinking under infirmities, bodily and mental ; almost deprived of sight ; and, at times, labouring under a partial aberration of his faculties.'

In July 1791, Mr. Jebb entered College. He obtained the first January premium, the most honourable of the year. His competitor, Alexander Bradford, was an excellent scholar. It is doubtful whether they ever met again in the same division : but Mr. Jebb always spoke of him, as far superior to himself in the College course. Some people object to the principle of emulation, in schools and colleges. He was strongly of the opposite opinion : his own experience having taught him, that emulation may exist, without bitterness or heart-burning. Indeed, his own case may be taken as an instance in point : at his next examination, his competitor was John William Reid, who afterwards became his most intimate friend. Mr. Reid was the successful candidate. That day, after dinner, Mr. Jebb's father, as was the fashion of the time, gave him as a toast, his tutor Mr. Magee. ' Now, John,' said he, ' give your toast ; and let me see that you match your tutor.' . . ' I will give you, Sir,' was his reply, ' Mr. Reid, who beat me to-day.' He said this quite from the heart, and took no credit for having done so ; it being his

conviction, that multitudes have felt, and do feel, just in the same way.

Throughout his under-graduate course, he was not greatly solicitous for College honours. He applied less than many of his contemporaries to the prescribed books. He obtained, notwithstanding, his full share of examination premiums, one in each year. At the regular time, also, he obtained a scholarship; and in the most creditable manner, with a best mark from each examiner.* From the Board, (the governing body of the University of Dublin, composed of the Provost and Senior Fellows,) he received three premiums, for composition in English verse †;

* A sketch of Bishop Jebb's life, published, in the first instance, anonymously, bore, in the part, especially, which relates to his College days, so strong internal marks of being derived from contemporary authority, as to induce me to ask a permission, which has been kindly granted, to quote it with the author's name. I have increased pleasure, accordingly, in quoting it as drawn up by W. C. Taylor, LL. D. . . 'He entered the Dublin University in 1791, and almost immediately became distinguished as a sound and elegant scholar. This was the golden age of the University: never was there a period in its history, when science and polite literature were so ardently cultivated, and so closely united. Among his contemporaries, . . . Jebb shone not the least conspicuous: he won the honours of the University nobly, and he wore them unenvied; for his amiable temper, his kind heart, and his utter disregard of self, had endeared him to all. His success at the scholarship examination, seemed to be a personal triumph by every member of the University, but himself.'

† On one of these occasions, it was proposed (I think by the late Dr. Browne, afterwards Prime Sergeant) to increase the prize, from 20s. to 5*l.*, on account of the uncommon merit of the prize poem. The proposition was overruled, on the singular plea, that it would *multiply compositions of equal excellence.*

and two medals, also for composition in English verse, from the Historical Society. Meantime, he read much, and miscellaneously ; and, in conjunction with some chosen friends, exercised himself on points of criticism (a branch of study for which he had shown an early turn), and in English prose composition. Latin composition, whether in prose or verse, being little in request, he very seldom practised : and to greek composition, he professed himself a total stranger.

While an under-graduate of the university, Mr. Jebb was in the habit of taking long walks ; the only kind of exercise to which he was ever partial. He often mentioned to me the strong moral impression made upon his mind, when about seventeen, in one of these pedestrian excursions, . . a solitary walk from Drogheda to Rosstrevor, over the lofty Carlingford mountain, . . when, on gaining the heath-clad summit, the beautiful valley and bay of Rosstrevor, opening into Saint George's Channel, burst suddenly upon his view. The impression of the moment has fortunately been preserved, in his own words ; having been embodied, nearly twenty years after (1810), in the following passage of a sermon upon St. Luke, xix. 5.

‘ In all the nobler works of man, the sublimity

and beauty of the general effect are invariably proportional, to the fitness and harmonic distribution of each particular member. Much more, in the wonderful works of God: for here alone we can turn, with full complacency, from the vast to the minute, from overwhelming grandeur, to exquisite contrivance. Our mind is elevated, and our heart is cheered, by the glory of a summer noon; but what miracles will the least ray of that light disclose to the philosophic eye? We are lost in admiration and delight, after toiling to the summit of a bleak mountain, when extended plains, luxuriant valleys, and the wide ocean, burst at once upon our view; but, even at such a time, and in such a scene, a religious and well-disciplined imagination would love to trace the finger of Omnipotence, in the simplest flower of the heath, which blooms at our feet.*

A few months later, when Mr. Jebb was in his eighteenth year, an occurrence of a very different kind, amidst the scene here described, awakened reflections of a still more solemn nature. The event now to be related, was, the common danger and deliverance of himself and his brother, at the quay of Rosstrevor, when on

* Practical Theology, vol. i. pp. 177, 178.

the point of perishing by drowning: an escape on which both, to the close of life, looked back with lively gratitude, as seeing and acknowledging in it the hand of an interposing Providence. The circumstances were as follows. From his brother's house, situated close to the bay, Mr. John Jebb had gone, at a very early hour in the morning, to bathe at the quay of Rosstrevor; the sloping embankment of which, on the side next the sea, was out of sight from the adjoining road and houses. He had just bathed, and was in the act of dressing, when his brother came, for the same purpose, to the quay. Neither knowing how to swim, Mr. Jebb inquired, whether he might venture into the water, and where? Mr. J. Jebb answered in the affirmative; and, forgetting that the tide, meanwhile, had been rising fast, told him that he might safely bathe at the part of the quay, whence he had bathed a quarter of an hour before. Mr. Jebb, accordingly, without hesitation, plunged into the water; but at a point, by this time, wholly beyond his depth. He sank at once under water, rose, clapped his hands, exclaiming, 'I am gone!' and immediately sank the second time. His brother, at first, thought him in jest; but seeing him sink again gasping for breath, he instantly leaped in after him, in his dressing-gown

as he was ; and, as the drowning man rose for the second time, clasped him in his arms. The brothers now went down together, rose, (Mr. Jebb grasping his brother so closely, as to preclude all effort,) sank again ; when, on their rising once more, the elder senseless, the younger nearly exhausted, a maid-servant appeared on the quay, who came, at this unusual hour, to fill a vessel with salt-water : . . with instant presence of mind, she untied her apron ; held one corner fast, and flung the other to Mr. John Jebb ; he had just strength left to grasp it, and their deliverer drew them to shore. Another moment . . and the brothers must have perished in each other's arms ! Mr. Jebb's gratitude to Providence was appropriately expressed, by a liberal pension for life to the instrument of their preservation.

Though familiar with the Bishop's account of this wonderful deliverance, I had never heard any allusion to the subject from his brother ; and was, consequently, unaware of the profound impression, which it had made and left in his mind, until the occurrence of a fatal calamity (the death of a nephew, Mr. John M^cCormick, caused by the bursting of a swivel, when out boating near this very quay,) called forth the expression of what had always lain treasured in

grateful remembrance. His letter to the Bishop on this mournful occasion (December, 1829,) vividly described the mingled emotions with which, to use, as nearly as I can give them, his own words, . . . ‘I stood to see the dead body of our nephew landed at that very spot, where, more than five and thirty years before, by the mercy of Providence, you and I were rescued from a watery grave!’*

* Since writing this passage of the Life, I have been favoured by my friend the Rev. John Jebb, with the following extract from a MS. Journal, found after his father Judge Jebb’s death, among his papers. His account of their escape, in his own words, cannot be withheld from the reader. It was written immediately after the shock received by the loss of his nephew.

‘December 14th, 1829. While it pleased Providence, for its own wise purposes, thus suddenly to take off this young man, and thus deeply to afflict this poor family, let me adore His goodness, in sparing the lives of my two sons, (Richard and Thomas, who were in the boat with their cousin): let me ever be thankful for this signal instance of his bounty, so plentifully bestowed upon me through my whole life; and let it produce its proper fruits, . . . a never-failing sense of his mercy, an unshaken reliance on his wisdom, a patient resignation to his divine will, and a thorough and lasting amendment of my life, of my actions, and my thoughts.

‘There is a most striking parallel between the preservation of my sons, and the escape of my brother and myself, at nearly their age, and nearly on the same spot. I was bathing, and had got out of my depth, not knowing how to swim; after struggling some time in the water, my brother, who was on shore, leapt in in his clothes, and supported me for some time; but he did not know how to swim either, and we should both have been drowned, but for a providential and unusual circumstance. The place was the back of the quay, a shelving bank of large stones, screened from view by the quay wall; so that we had little chance of being seen, or our cries heard. One of our maids providentially had come down to get some sea-water, and seeing persons bathing, as she sup-

It would be to leave the record of (what may fitly be called) these family providences, imperfect, were I to omit mentioning, that, in the year 1824, I was the means of saving this nephew from drowning, after he had sunk twice, at the same quay of Rosstrevor, on the very spot where his uncles had all but perished: the accident was owing to the same cause, his plunging, unguardedly, into deep water.

About this period (1793), there were many plans for Mr. Jebb's destination in life. The linen business in the north of Ireland was spoken of: mercantile business in Drogheda: medicine: the bar: the army. He began to read for a fellowship in

posed, turned back; but thinking she heard a cry, returned, and seeing our struggles, got along the rocks, let herself down to the bank, and was able to get hold of my brother's hand; and having cried out, at first seeing our danger, persons then came to our assistance, and we were saved. I was nearly exhausted; my sight was gone; and my hearing and understanding nearly gone. I suppose I had fully experienced what it is to be drowned. The mental suffering was the keenest; a crowd of thoughts, .. the affliction of my family, the loss of life, the separation from all I knew, the nearness of the shore, the impossibility of reaching it, vexation at dying in such a way, the taking my brother with me; all these ideas passed through my mind. But, when I was taken up, thought was nearly over, though I was not insensible. It was in the morning, before breakfast; and, being desirous of concealing it from my father, I went to church, (it was on a Sunday) but was very ill in consequence. The maid-servant is still alive, and has a small annuity from me.

'Our lives were preserved, I trust for good. . . My brother probably saved my life on this occasion. We have ever been of help to each other. May my sons in this also resemble us.'

Trinity College; but, after one term, and one long vacation, devoted to arithmetic and analytics, he (as he afterwards thought, happily) desisted; partly from disrelish, partly from delicate health; against the earnest remonstrances of his tutor, Mr. Magee. This eminent man was his attached friend; and offered him, on this occasion, the use of all his mathematical papers. He continued (as will hereafter more fully appear) his pupil's friend through life; although, for more than twenty years, without opportunities of keeping friendship alive by intercourse. Among the many fine qualities of Archbishop Magee, the steadiness of his friendships, perhaps, stands foremost. In the decay of body and mind (the price of his arduous labours), which clouded his setting sun, his last act of volition, almost of life, bore affecting testimony to the ruling disposition of the heart: it was to draw a check, with his own hand, for 50*l.*; being his Grace's contribution to the fund raised, by the personal exertions of Bishop Jebb, then as broken in bodily health as his old tutor in mental, for the relief of the destitute widow, and orphan daughters, of the lamented WILLIAM PHELAN.

Among the plans of life alluded to, all originating with his brother, the idea of the army as his profession, seemed, at one time, to pre-

dominate. His brother proposed his raising a company, in a new regiment then about to be embodied ; and, by so doing, setting out in military life with the rank of captain. The suggestion, however, was merely made, and at once put aside ; the turn of Mr. John Jebb's mind, even at that early period, leading him strongly in another direction.

‘ My own hankering,’ he writes, ‘ was always after the church. My brother said, ‘ You will live and die a curate.’ This, however, did not deter me.’

In the first two years of his college life, he published several poems in the *Anthologia Hibernica* ; a periodical journal, of considerable merit, printed in Dublin. These were his first literary efforts. During the latter half of his undergraduate, and the earlier part of his baccalaureate course, a close society of six members was formed, by him and five contemporaries ;* who often breakfasted, dined, and supped, at each other's chambers. Literature was the great bond of their union : they read together works of criticism, and belles lettres ; composed little essays ; and mingled, in agreeable variety, the playful with the serious. They were nick-

* Messrs. Reid, Sargint, Macklin, Sandiford, Kinshella (now Attorney General of New South Wales), and Jebb.

named, by those who did not like their pursuits, and perhaps a little envied their college name and popularity, 'The Literati.' The name, which was originally affixed in dull sarcasm, adhered to them in sober earnest; and, as names are often influential, it had its use in stimulating the possessors to deserve it.

In 1796, on Shrove Tuesday, Mr. Jebb commenced A. B.; and remained in college a resident graduate, till the summer vacation of 1799, when his scholarship expired, and he was of master's standing. These last three years, he accounted the most useful of his collegiate life. Making every deduction for lost time, and remiss application, during this period, on the whole, his studies were progressive; his mind gained strength; he formed many valuable intimacies; and he began to apply seriously to theological pursuits.

In the summer vacation, 1796, for the first time, he visited England, on a pedestrian tour; accompanied by two college friends, whom he characterizes as 'the highly-gifted John William Reid, and the eccentric Hugh George Macklin.' Appearing in the questionable shape of Irish strollers, they, not unnaturally, apprehended that the civil authorities might chuse to make inquiry, at a period of general alarm about the state of

Ireland, into their real character and objects. They, therefore, armed themselves, not with deadly weapons, but with certificates under the broad seal of the city of Dublin, signed by the lord mayor. These municipal vouchers, however, they never had occasion to produce, except for the amusement of their friends. Upon this tour, they carried with them all necessary changes of linen, &c., in two knapsacks; a violin, in a canvass bag, was slung, by turns, on the shoulders of him who escaped, for the day, a knapsack; a flute was in the pocket of Mr. Macklin; Mr. Reid played well on the violin; and, wherever they went, among the peasantry, the farmers, and the gentry, 'the concord of sweet sounds' proved acceptable. 'Never,' observes Mr. Jebb, 'did I experience from all classes, more genuine hospitality; and, whatever may have been the experience of others, for myself, and for my friends, with whom, on this and on other occasions, I have crossed the Irish Channel, I must say, that we ever found the hearts, the houses, and (had it been necessary) the purses, also, of Englishmen open to us. With them, performance always outgoes profession: what a man finds them *now*, unless it be his own fault, he will infallibly find them ten years hence: win them once, and you have them always.'

Among other curiosities, the travellers visited the celebrated Dr. Darwin, whose ‘Botanic Garden’ had many attractions for Mr. Jebb’s youthful fancy; and retained its place, until his ripening judgment was revolted, by the vicious splendour of the versification. By this singular man, they were hospitably received; and found his conversation interesting, unless when tintured by his infidelity. From his society, they brought away much exemplary warning, some useful information, and one good repartee. Dr. Darwin, it is well known, was a great stammerer: a tactless guest broadly noticed the defect, remarking, ‘It is a pity, Dr. Darwin, that you stutter so much.’ ‘No, Sir,’ rejoined the doctor, (doing ample justice to his impediment as he spoke) ‘I consider it an advantage: it teaches me to *think*, before I *speak*.’

The concluding anecdote of this tour, a practical comment on his eulogy of the hospitality of England, deserves to be recorded in Bishop Jebb’s own words. . . ‘One little anecdote I cannot suppress. We crossed over from Portsmouth, to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. In the evening, we went to Newport in a stage coach, with another and unknown gentleman for our companion. There we passed a few hours together; and the next morning, after breakfasting at the same table, proceeded to Yarmouth;

we on foot, and our new acquaintance on horseback. There, after an early dinner, we were to part, and we parted with mutual regret; but not till our companion earnestly requested that we would favour him with our company, at his house in Berkshire, for a fortnight; where he would try to make the country as agreeable to us as he could. I expressed the regret of our trio, that we could not avail ourselves of his great kindness; being limited in point of time. Our friend (for such he proved himself) blushed, hesitated, and at length with difficulty faltered out, . . . ‘Gentlemen, I beg pardon . . . I am about to take a great liberty . . . but, perhaps, there may be some other limitation.’ And then, drawing forth a large and well-filled pocket-book, . . . ‘May I intreat,’ said he, ‘that you will indulge me, by accepting any sum for which you may have occasion: you can pay it at your leisure, on your return to Ireland.’ . . . I, being the purse-bearer, was able to escape his kind solicitations, only by giving ocular demonstration, that we had sufficient resources: and we parted, never, in this world, to meet again. His name was ALEXANDER VINER, a dealer in hops, resident near Hungerford, Berks.’

Within a few days after Mr. Jebb’s return to Dublin, he was afflicted by the death of his good

old father ; who was removed to a better world, in the 76th year of his age. ‘ I never,’ writes his son, ‘ knew a more innocent human being : he was ‘ an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.’ His devotion was fervent. It was, indeed, his great support, under many and great afflictions. He may be said to have ‘ prayed without ceasing.’ For many years I slept in his bed-chamber : and often, when he thought himself unnoticed by all, but ‘ *HIM who seeth in secret,*’ I have witnessed his devout ejaculations. He was particularly fond of repeating some of the Psalms. In using the Liturgy, he never could join in the prayer of our Litany against ‘ sudden death :’ he was in the habit of substituting the word ‘ unprovided :’ and he often told me it was his wish, if it might be God’s will, that he should be removed suddenly. His wish was graciously answered. One evening, in November, 1796, he was in a most happy, placid, and even cheerful frame of mind ; he ate a moderate supper with relish ; and, at bed-time, took leave of his daughters with marked affection. Before morning, he was no more ; an apoplectic seizure came on ; and, shortly after his daughters came to his bed-side, he expired without seeming consciousness, without a struggle, a pang, or a groan. To me, he

was ever a fond parent. I have often bitterly regretted, that I did not always bear his infirmities as I ought. May this, and the other sins of my youth, be forgiven! I cannot help placing before me, at this moment, the atonement made by JOHNSON, for an act of undutifulness, to the memory of his dead father.*

At Christmas 1796, took place the abortive invasion at Bantry Bay. Immediately after this alarming demonstration, the students of Trinity College were embodied into a corps; of which, till the suppression of the Rebellion of 1798, Mr. Jebb was an active and influential member.

His military duties, however, did not relax his mental energy. In Trinity Term, 1797, he obtained the first prize for a composition in divinity, the subject, the Divine Attributes; and the second prize for reading the Liturgy, on the foundation of Dr. Downes.

In 1798, he was bereft, successively, of his two most valued and intimate friends, Reid and Sargent. To these interesting young men, who had been among its chief ornaments, the Historical Society wished to pay a tribute of affectionate remembrance; and Mr. Jebb, accordingly,

* MS. notes, March, 1823.

was invited to address the Society from the chair, in a speech upon the characters and deaths of their departed friends. His speech was printed by desire of the Society, and passed through two editions.

I borrow with pleasure, from Dr. Taylor's communication already cited, the following account of the occasion and effect. 'These were the days of the Historical Society, of which society Mr. Jebb was a distinguished member; and the charms of his eloquence are still among the pleasant reminiscences of his contemporaries. One only of his addresses has been preserved; it was delivered from the chair of the Society, on the occasion of the death of two young men, Reid and Sargint, youths of high promise, cut off at the moment that the hopes and anticipations of their friends seemed about to be realized. Similarity of dispositions and pursuits had united them to Jebb, in the strictest bonds of affection; and he who had to pronounce their funeral eulogy, was the person who felt their loss most bitterly. No stranger can read this simple and pathetic address, without being affected; but those alone who heard it, can picture the effect that its delivery produced.'

Upon contemporary and kindred minds, its

effect, as read, was scarcely less powerful ; as will appear from the following letter, addressed to Mr. Jebb on perusal of the printed speech, which had fallen accidentally into the hands, and is now introduced by the permission, of the distinguished writer, . . Charles Bushe, then a young lawyer, now Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.

‘ Baginbun, Feb. 20. 1799.

‘ SIR,

‘ I TRUST you may not consider me as presuming too much upon our former slight acquaintance, in thus acknowledging the obligation, which the perusal of your late speech in the Historical Society has imposed upon me. I am not vain enough to suppose that the approbation of so inconsiderable a man, if intended as a complimentary tribute, could be of any value to you. You have earned a general fame, which may protect you from the impertinencies of individual praise, or criticism ; and this private communication is made, merely from a conviction, which your work has inspired, that you will hear with satisfaction that your memorial of your estimable friends has been read with interest and sympathy.

‘ Such early worth, and mature intellect, such virtuous friendship, and congenial fates, are as

rare as the talent which has preserved the remembrance of them. I write to you in the moment that I have ceased to contemplate the affecting picture which you have exhibited; and when my feelings are too recent and warm, to suffer me to suppose that they are peculiar to myself. I cannot doubt that you have excited a general sentiment, of hope from the rising generation, and of regret for departed excellence; while the ability you have displayed affords the best consolation for that calamity, by which 'Truth has lost two unwearied advocates, and literature two devoted friends.'

‘ Believe me, with much respect, yours,

‘ CHARLES BUSHE.’

The eminent person, to whose indulgence the reader is indebted for the insertion of this testimony, will, I trust, with equal kindness, pardon a further trespass; since his Lordship's tribute to the early fame of Bishop Jebb would seem incomplete, without the addition of the seal to that tribute, which he has affixed after the lapse of nearly forty years.

‘ Dublin, Dec. 6. 1834.

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ I COULD not refuse you the permission you seek, without being insensible to the honor I

shall derive, from its being known that Bishop Jebb felt kindly towards me, and that forty years ago I appreciated, in his youth, the worth and talent, which distinguished him in after life, and justify the general regret which his death occasioned.'

It so happened, that, at an earlier hour of the same day, on which Mr. Jebb received the letter just given, an overture had been made to him, by his early friend Mr. Knox, which opened professional prospects of the fairest and happiest kind. Yet these prospects, he ingenuously acknowledges, came, at the moment, less home to his mind and heart, than the unsought and unexpected eulogy of a man of genius.

As the overture, at this time *renewed* by Mr. Knox, determined Mr. Jebb's course for life, some notice seems desirable how it originated. In the Spring of 1797, this friend of his school-boy days, who, though they seldom met, had never lost sight of him, asked him to breakfast. After some general conversation, he said, 'Mr. Jebb, may I ask, what profession you mean to pursue? It is not an impertinent curiosity that leads me to make the inquiry.' Mr. Jebb answered, 'The Church.' Mr. Knox inquired, whether he had any interest; and was told, in reply, that he had none. 'Why, then,' pro-

ceeded his friend, ‘do you think of the church?’ his reply was, because he preferred it to any other profession. Mr. Knox, upon this, observed, that he had some intimacies among the bishops, and thought he could recommend him to one: asking, in conclusion, whether Mr. Jebb would have any objection to his mentioning his name. The offer was most thankfully accepted: when Mr. Knox expressed a wish to see him now and then; accompanied by the assurance, that he would not forget the conversation which had just passed.

Shortly after, Mr. Knox left Dublin for several months: the Rebellion intervened: he became Secretary to Lord Castlereagh, then Chief Secretary of Ireland: and Mr. Jebb, not liking to intrude, did not avail himself of his general invitation.

So matters stood, when, in February 1799, the week only before his ordination, he met Mr. Knox in the street. He asked, why he had not called to see him? and was frankly told the reason: namely, because his friend knew that he was occupied with more important things, and did not like to intrude. He now inquired, whether Mr. Jebb recollected their conversation in 1797. Being answered that he did perfectly, he resumed by asking, whether he held the same

mind still, upon the subject of that conversation ; and being informed that he did, said, that he would immediately speak to a bishop, an intimate friend of his : though he would not mention the bishop's name, desiring, first, to know, how his overture would be received. The next day, he sent for Mr. Jebb, and acquainted him that his friend, who was one of the most excellent of men, would gladly receive him into his diocese. ' He then,' writes my friend, ' named BRODRICK, *Bishop of Kilmore* ; and pronounced an eulogy worthy of himself, and of that best of prelates.'

At this period, Mr. Jebb formed and cultivated a close intimacy with two individuals, then residents, like himself, in Trinity College, in whose society he found, then as afterwards, while differing upon some points, much happiness and improvement : these friends were, Dr. Stopford, one of the Fellows, and Mr. Dunn, at that time preparing to leave the bar for the church, and who had returned to College for the purpose of studying divinity. The former of these chosen associates, who passed before him to his rest, he lived himself to commemorate : of the survivor, delicacy forbids me to state his high estimate ; and I shall venture only to breathe a wish, which will be responded to by very many, that he may long be

spared to his generation, a living example of what manner of men they were, who are gone to their reward.

On the 24th of February, 1799, Mr. Jebb was ordained deacon, by Dr. Young, Bishop of Clonfert (a name well known to science), who had been always kind to him ; and whose reply to the application made to him on this occasion was, that he would ordain him with pleasure, and without any title, for he knew he would prove an ornament to the church ; adding an expression of regret, that the poverty of his patronage did not authorize him to invite Mr. Jebb into his own diocese.

Dr. Hall, afterwards Provost, and for one week Bishop of Dromore, was the examiner. Some one having mentioned, in the presence of Dr. Graves, that Mr. Jebb was nervously apprehensive about the examination, that good and learned man observed, that the author of the speech on the death of Reid and Sargent, could have no just cause for apprehension : adding that, were he Jebb's examiner, he would present him for holy orders, without further inquiry, upon the strength of that speech.

His own feelings, on this solemn occasion, he thus describes : ‘ On the day of my ordination, I had, I trust, a solemn sense of what I was

doing. The ordination sermon of Mr. (afterwards Dean) Graves, affected me even to tears. Would that I had ever after undeviatingly felt, as I felt during that hour! Too many were ordained that day: an amiable facility was a foible of the great-minded, and simple-hearted, Bishop Young.'

The day after his ordination, he was sent for by Dr. Elrington, then one of the senior Fellows of Trinity College, and subsequently his predecessor in the see of Limerick, late Bishop of Ferns. 'Well, Jebb,' said this kindly-hearted man, 'you have now taken orders: do you wish to have something to do in your profession?' being answered in the affirmative, he proceeded to state, that the Bishop of Ferns (Dr. Cleaver) had desired him to recommend one or two young men, for curacies in his diocese; and that, if Mr. Jebb chose to accept it, there was a most eligible cure, in the county of Wexford, at his service. He added more: giving him to understand, that he should be specially under the eye of the Bishop. Mr. Jebb expressed his gratitude, awkwardly as he feared, but good Dr. Elrington, he knew, disregarded little trifles of manner; and then explained his engagement, of but a few days standing, with the Bishop of Kilmore. In December, 1820, when Bishop Elrington went down as

Bishop of Limerick, Mr. Jebb reminded him of his kind offer, nearly twenty-two years before. He, as generous minds will do, had wholly forgotten it; but recalled the transaction, and assured him 'that recommendation would not have ended in smoke,' that Bishop Cleaver would have provided for him amply: adding, 'things, however, are better as they are.'

'Truly,' is Bishop Jebb's comment on the observation, 'they were, unspeakably better: in many respects infinitely superior to every thing of this world, my connection with ALEXANDER KNOX, and CHARLES BRODRICK, was a blessing to me. Hence, grew views, principles, habits, connections, all, I humbly trust, tending towards eternity: while there were links in the chain, which conducted even my worldly prospects higher, than my imagination, or my wishes, ever pointed. Had I commenced under Bishop Cleaver, the whole colour of my life would have been changed: what I might have been, I know not: . . but I would not exchange the results and the remembrance of my connection with Archbishop Brodrick, now a saint in heaven, for the wealth of worlds, enhanced by a reputation growing, if it were possible, from age to age until the end of time.'

At a period, earlier than that which we have

now reached, he escaped a snare, as he afterwards viewed it, which might have changed the entire character of his pursuits. His friend and tutor Mr. Magee urged him strongly, to enlarge his prize treatise on the Attributes into a volume, and prepare it for publication. Had he complied, as, in deference to his friend's judgment, he, at first, had serious thoughts of doing, it was his belief that he would, in all probability, have become a dry metaphysical controversialist, and a premature author; wearing out his sap and stamina, by the production of unripe, precocious fruit*; and, too probably, sacrificing to the vanity of authorship, and the worse vanity of ambition, instead of pursuing quiet studies, and unostentatious duties, in simplicity of heart.

* In his Biographical Memoir of William Phelan, D. D., prefixed to his Remains, the Bishop, like a faithful pilot, indicates the rock, from making shipwreck upon which, he had been himself providentially preserved. . . 'To the world, he was chiefly known as a polemical writer; indeed it is probable that many of his contemporaries have heard of him in that capacity alone. And, it must be confessed that, hitherto, from unhappy circumstances, there has been, in Ireland, but little opportunity, and, if possible, less encouragement, for theological learning. While, under a proper system, and with wise selection, eminent examples of it might have been multiplied, to the unspeakable advantage of both church and country. But, in fact, though some ephemeral stimulus to exertion may have occasionally been applied, it is a melancholy truth, that the flippant pamphlet, and slight brochure, (of merit very different, indeed, from the slightest efforts of Mr. Phelan,) have been generally thought a far more marketable commodity, than any solid work of genius, piety, and learning.' *Phelan's Remains, Vol. I. p. 36. London, 1832.*

Shortly after his ordination, he had yet another, and more remarkable hair-breadth escape of being turned aside from the course, in which the hand of Providence hereafter led him. In May or June, 1799, his friend Dr. Stopford acquainted him, that, under the will of the late Primate Robinson (Lord Rokeby), who had bequeathed 10,000*l.* in furtherance of the plan, Government was about to found a new College (whether to be an university, or under the mother university, he did not know) at Armagh; that the choice of the first three Fellows on the foundation, was entrusted to the then Lord Primate (Newcome); that the primate had delegated the selection to his brother-in-law Dr. Stock, Bishop of Killala; that the Bishop had requested him, Dr. Stopford, to nominate one Fellow; and that he, from the opinion which he had of Mr. Jebb's character, was desirous, if it should meet his approbation, to recommend him. Mr. Jebb stated his engagement with the Bishop of Kilmore; and asked leave to confer with Mr. Knox on the subject. This leave obtained, he immediately stated the offer to Mr. Knox, and left the matter entirely to his decision. Mr. Knox told him not to hesitate; assuring him, at the same time, that his appointment at Armagh, should imply no bar to his prospects in Kilmore. For about three weeks,

accordingly, he enjoyed the prospect of being honorably distinguished, as one of the earliest instruments in a work, which was to diffuse literature and science through the north of Ireland: and perhaps, ultimately, to attach the leading members of its presbyterian population, to the doctrine and discipline of the church of England. But these aspiring hopes were soon checked. For certain reasons, which it is unnecessary to particularize, the plan was dropt. ‘I still,’ to give Bishop Jebb’s own reflection on the transaction, ‘regard the failure as a public loss: though doubtless, if human weakness could penetrate the depths of providential wisdom, we should clearly perceive, that this, like other public events, was permitted, or over-ruled, for greater good. But, as to the private bearing of this disappointment on my own character, and course of life, almost from the year after, I rejoiced in it. And the more I have since reflected, the more deeply grateful have I been, that I escaped the toils of tuition, . . . too probably accompanied by the narrowness, the dryness, the dogmatism, and the self-sufficiency, of a provincial college life.’

At the end of July, 1799, he was invited to accept the curacy of Swanlinbar, in the counties of Cavan and Fermanagh, and diocese of Kilmore. The offer was conveyed in a letter from his friend

Mr. Knox* ; and within a week he was at his post. The ground-work of his first sermon, was that noble one of Tillotson, . . ‘ And in keeping of them there is great reward.’ He left college, the scene of many busy, many happy hours, with a deep and tender sorrow. He wept bitterly. Nor, from that hour, was he able to migrate from one place of settlement to another, without similar emotions.

To Mr. Jebb, Swanlinbar was, in every respect, a new scene : a position, the advantages of which he thus experimentally points out. ‘ I was there,’ he observes, ‘ a total stranger : which I felt, and still feel, to have been a great advantage. I was there known only as a clergyman ; and passed, with the congregation, as if I had been a practised parish minister and theologian. Young men are apt to wish that they should procure curacies, in the neighbourhood of their friends and connections. This, in the great majority of cases, is a fatal obstacle to clerical exertion. They are idled by friends ; they are paralyzed by false shame ; or, if they are disposed to exert themselves, the boy, and the youth, is more present to the memory of their flocks, than the clergyman. ‘ A prophet has no honour in his own country.’

* See Thirty Years' Correspondence between Bishop Jebb and A. Knox, Esq. Letter 1.

Bishops (and I speak from long observation and experience) ought systematically, and with rare exceptions, to discourage an hereditary local clergy. The tone of a country will seldom, if ever, be raised, by those who have passed their youth in it.'

Swanlinbar, when he commenced his ministry there, was a place of fashionable resort; its sulphureous waters having had great medical repute. The single resident gentleman, Mr. Gresson, with his family, was particularly kind and hospitable to him. Among the visitors, too, he formed several agreeable acquaintances; and one invaluable friendship, which remained with him through life. Mr. and Mrs. Peter La Touche, of Bellevûe, the friends here alluded to, frequented, at this period, the waters of Swanlinbar: congeniality of dispositions soon led, from acquaintance, to intimacy: and in this friendship, and the society of Bellevûe, Mr. Jebb, henceforward, found one of his chief sources of social happiness and enjoyment.

The parish of Swanlinbar was extensive; the protestants were numerous; and the duties were arduous. A specimen of the latter, is contained in a letter to a friend, dated January 18. 1800. 'I began yesterday to write to you, when I was summoned, at no very seasonable hour, to visit a sick parishioner, through snow, and bog, and

mountain. So disagreeable a walk I never before experienced. Some of the places through which I passed, were nearly impassable ; and, to increase my annoyance, I was obliged to return, partly on foot, partly on horseback, through this bleak and marshy tract, in darkness and intense frost. However, I enjoyed the satisfaction of thinking I was discharging my duty.' The constant recurrence of similarly laborious duties, during a service of nearly four years in his first curacy, could hardly fail to affect a naturally susceptible frame. And the first seeds of that ill-health, which eventually broke down Mr. Jebb's constitution, may, but too probably, be traced, to hardships daily encountered, and colds repeatedly caught, while curate of Swanlinbar.

While the foregoing extract gives an idea of the discomforts, the following describes some of the compensatory advantages, of his situation. 'The doors of my good Bishop were open to me ; and I saw enough to inspire me with love and veneration for his goodness : but I cannot say that, at this period, an intimacy had commenced. *One* intimacy I did form, . . an invaluable one, . . with the Rev. Henry Woodward, brother-in-law to Bishop Brodrick, and son to Dr. Richard Woodward, late Bishop of Cloyne. From four other clergy of the diocese, I derived profit and

advantage. 1. The Rev. Mr. Brooke, curate, and finally rector of Ballyconnell; cousin of the author of 'The Fool of Quality,' and possessing much of the ardent and romantic temperament of his relative: but too convivial, and possessing little human prudence. 2. The Rev. George Forster; an admirable parish minister, and sincerely pious man. 3. The Hon. and Rev. William Cole, son of Lord Enniskillen, and rector of Florence Court; assiduous in every duty as a clergyman, and one of the most amiable of men. He died young, Dean of Waterford. 4. Dr. Hales of Killesandra, whom all the world knows: now, alas! (1823) bereaved of an intellect, which he had over-worked, conscientiously, learnedly, and oddly. He, at all times, afforded me the hospitality of his board; and, what was of far greater consequence, the freedom of his study; where he has often kindly turned from his learned toil, to give advice and instruction to a young, and very imperfectly informed curate.

'But, at this time of my life, I derived more advantage, perhaps, from epistolary, than from living intercourse. I maintained, for a long while, a correspondence with my friend Dr. Stopford; and regret that I did not preserve his letters. I corresponded, also, with Mr. Knox; whose letters were a treasure of christian wisdom.

I have preserved nearly the whole of them ; and to them I have been unspeakably indebted ; though I hold myself awfully accountable to my good God, that the debt has not been greater.'

Among Mr. Jebb's parishioners, there were many Wesleyan methodists. And, although he never concealed from them his differences of opinion, they tolerated, and even loved him. Through the sound advice of Mr. Knox, who had been the personal friend of John Wesley, and by reading many of their founder's works, he learned to conciliate the worthy of this class: and he found many such.

'All this while, however,' is his own retrospective stricture, on this period of his clerical course, 'and I would it were restricted to this time, I was far from the true character of the minister of Christ. My religion, I verily believe, was sincere, so far as it went. But it was defective in depth, and in extent. And, even according to my own inadequate views, though sincere, I was not consistent. I had not the least conscientious scruple against playing cards, frequenting balls, and joining in scenes both of morning and evening dissipation.'

In December, 1799, on the sunday before Christmas, he received priest's orders, from the hands of the Bishop of Kilmore, together with

his friend Mr. Woodward, and two others. The candidates had, on the preceding day, undergone a strict and instructive examination, from Dr. Hales, in the Bishop's study and presence.

In 1801, on Shrove tuesday, he graduated as A.M., and, on the following sunday, at the request of his old tutor, preached a sermon on St. Matthew, xiii. 52., from the college pulpit : being his first appearance before a learned audience.

It was about this period, that the Bishop of Kilmore was translated to Cashel. Mr. Jebb's ties with the diocese were now snapt : for, in a conversation which the Bishop kindly held with him, before his own removal, it was settled, that, on the first favourable opportunity, he, also, should remove to the diocese of Cashel.

In 1802, it was suggested by Dr. Magee, who lost no opportunity of bringing his friend and pupil forward, that he ought to preach the annual sermon, before the Lord Lieutenant, and the members of the Dublin Association. The proposal was submitted by him to Mr. Knox, and to the Archbishop of Cashel ; and approved by both. And, through Mr. Knox's influence, he was unanimously invited to occupy a post, rendered every year more honourable, by the ability and learning displayed from it ; and which, the preceding year, had been filled, with

great distinction, by his friend, the Rev. James Dunn.

The sermon was published, as usual, by command : while in the course of publication, the author had constant intercourse with Mr. Knox ; the intellectual and religious benefits of which, he felt to be inestimable ; and that more, perhaps, was done to form his habits and principles, in these few months, than in many preceding years.

In the summer of 1803, he passed two or three months at Cahirmone, in the county of Cork, with the Archbishop of Cashel ; ‘and here,’ he remarks, ‘I may say, was laid the foundation of my intimacy with that admirable man.’

Shortly before Christmas, he visited his brother-in-law, Mr. M^cCormick, at Lough Brickland, in the county of Down. During this visit, he accompanied him on an excursion to see Bishop Percy, at Dromore. He thus describes his reception and his host : ‘This learned and accomplished prelate always received me with kindness. His conversation, even in these his declining years, was full of life and animation ; and he was used to pour forth a tide of anecdote, respecting the great Johnsonian and Burkish circle, with which he had lived so much. His habits in private life, though his temper was warm, were particularly amiable. He took delight in culti-

vating his domain: the improvements were somewhat in the Shenstonian style; labyrinths, urns, deceptions, an artificial lake, an artificial island: but it would have been inhuman, and was impossible, to accompany the kind old man in his walks, and see him point out his favourite objects, without interest and complacency. He had tame wild ducks on his lake, which he daily fed, from his pocket, with corn: they knew him, and flocked about him.'

Immediately after Christmas, he received a summons to join the Archbishop at Cashel, who had now a curacy ready for him; that of Magorban, a parish of his own, in the neighbourhood of Cashel; where there never before had been a curate, and where he was to officiate in a private house, Beechmount, the seat of the late John Godfrey, Esq.

But, before we enter on his Cashel life, it will be proper to introduce his own preliminary observations, as they stand in one of his notebooks.

'On the most deliberate review, I cannot help seriously thinking, that, in the year of interval between my residences, at Swanlinbar and at Cashel, there was a strictly providential appointment. From what I have already said, a change in my views and habits was essential to

my progress, as a christian, and as a minister. But, had this change taken place while I remained in the diocese of Kilmore, it could scarcely fail to be remarked by my associates ; it must, in all likelihood, have drawn down upon me the name of methodist, or enthusiast ; and such a name, must have impeded me, in my particular walk of usefulness : nor is it improbable, that it might, ultimately, have thrown me into the hands, in pure self-defence, of persons sectarian in their views ; and so have made me what I was called. On the other hand, had this change taken place *after* my removal to Cashel, it must have been attended with all the above disadvantages ; and with this, in addition, that, by my not showing, at Cashel, *qualis ab incepto*, I might have failed of whatever beneficial influence attaches to steadiness of character ; and might, in many respects, have embarrassed, rather than assisted, the good Archbishop. How advantageous, then, the year of interval. In this period, I gradually, naturally, and by the joint influence of conversation, reading, and solitary thought, threw off many of my old views and habits. Inch by inch I fought my ground : but, in a few months, I gave up dancing, card-playing, and the theatre ; not, I humbly conceive, on narrow sectarian grounds, but on solid, rational, and even philosophical principles.

As I said, I fought my way ; I yielded only to ratiocinative and moral conviction ; and whatever inconsistencies, incongruities, and aberrations there were in other respects, (may God, of his great mercy, forgive them !) in these palpable, and, as I am deeply satisfied, most important matters, there was not, from January 1804, any wavering. There may have been progress afterwards (that it has been small, and, in many particulars, scarcely, if at all, perceptible, I am deeply humbled to reflect), but there was no marked visible change : the testimony of my private conversation, my public teaching, and my observable habits, has been uniformly consistent ; and I hope I have, however imperfectly, yet sincerely and honestly sought, in these things, the glory of my heavenly Master.'

Mr. Jebb's new sphere, was materially different from his old one. The smallness of his parish, and the consequent lightness of his parochial duties, gave him ample time for study. His own collection of books was increasing apace ; and, at Cashel, he had the command of the noble public library, bequeathed to the diocese by Archbishop Bolton, and preserved from ruin by the care, and at the expense, of Archbishop Brodrick.

His habits of study were peculiar. Desultory in appearance, his reading was systematized by his turn for arrangement: his mind, almost instinctively, forming *loci communes*, to which he could refer his scattered information. While by no means insensible to its defects, he thus remarks upon the advantages of this method. ‘I have often thought, that they, who appear most systematic, are commonly the least so. He, for example, who makes it a point to study books right forward, and to bottom, and treasure up the principles of each individual author, is in danger of giving himself up, by turns, to his master volumes; and of throwing, without arrangement, into the common receptacle of his brain, a jargon of contradictory systems. He, on the other hand, who reads here a little, and there a little, must find or make some system for himself: this is indispensable, in self-defence, if the man is willing and able to think at all: and thus, amidst seeming dispersion, there is habitual concentration; amidst apparent confusion, there is essential regularity and order.’

‘Were this train of thought,’ he continues, ‘pursued through all its details and ramifications, we might possibly discern why it is, that so many voluminous readers, are miserable thinkers: why

so many, who have known almost every thing knowable, have been disqualified from giving a rational view of their attainments.'

During Mr. Jebb's residence at Cashel, while his intercourse with Mr. Knox was kept up by periodical visits to Dublin, his correspondence with him became more frequent, and more instructive, than it had previously been. His situation, at the same time, was attended by this additional advantage, that while, from books, and from this incomparable friend, he was himself continually imbibing principles of moral and religious truth, . . . from intercourse with many respectable clergymen, some his juniors in years, and all his inferiors in knowledge, he had constant opportunity of orally communicating, what he was daily acquiring or excogitating. In thus trying to teach others, he was certainly teaching himself. These unpremeditated prelections served to rivet in his mind, both information and principles ; and greatly enhanced the interest of his correspondence with Mr. Knox. He told his friend, in return for his rich original communications, what he collected from books ; what he thought in his chambers ; and what he observed in living intercourse. Much of what was thus acquired and made his own, he felt, indeed, to be imperfect, if not erroneous : but the feeling was

accompanied by a consciousness, that his unfledged wings were growing; and that he was gaining strength for steadier, and more continued flights.

In July 1805, he was appointed rector of Kiltinane; a non-cure then of 250*l.* annual value. It left him still resident at Cashel; and, in place of parochial duty, the Archbishop called him to the office of cathedral preacher. This he felt to be an appropriate, and agreeable sphere. He had abundant leisure for study; while the diversity of employment afforded, by occasional visits to the charter school, and the county infirmary; by catechizing at the cathedral; and by devising, and helping to execute plans, for the relief of the numerous poor of the town and neighbourhood, was healthful to mind and body. ‘It was,’ he observes, ‘a remark often forced upon me, that I found my private studies most successful, while I was most actively engaged in plans of public utility. This lesson, I hope, if it so please God, to carry with me into the bishopric of Limerick.’

While at college, he had been much exercised in drawing up addresses, and in the debates of the Historical Society: hence he had early acquired habits of business, and skill in public discussion. The advantages, in after life, of this

early training, were felt by others, and acknowledged by himself. At Cashel, an opportunity of employing his practical readiness to good purpose, was specially afforded on one particular occasion, the election of a resident apothecary for the county infirmary. Two candidates had offered themselves: the one supported by the Archbishop, the clergy, and the principal inhabitants; the other by a party, chiefly composed of non-residents, or of new subscribers, at the head of which was the late Rev. Patrick Hare, formerly vicar-general of the diocese. The contest proved a narrow one, and the right side was actually out-voted; when Mr. Jebb unexpectedly objected, to the surprize of all present, that the candidate on the opposite side could not be elected, he being legally disqualified. ‘Show me the act of parliament, Sir,’ exclaimed Mr. Hare, (who perfectly well knew that Mr. Jebb was right): ‘don’t tell me of legal disqualifications: your assertion is of no value, where higher evidence may be had: produce me (he repeated with Johnsonian vehemence) THE ACT OF PARLIAMENT.’ ‘Give me,’ was the answer, ‘half an hour, and I will engage to produce it.’ Mr. Hare and the meeting agreed that this was but fair; and the half hour’s adjournment was granted accordingly. Mr. Jebb hastened to the palace;

searched the statutes ; found the required Act ; and, within twenty minutes, re-entered the board-room of the infirmary, with the volume and Act open in his hand. He placed it before Mr. Hare, as chairman ; who, glancing his eye upon the Act, instantly proceeded, . . ‘ Gentlemen, there is an end of the business : Mr. Jebb is right : here is the Act of Parliament ; and let me see the man who will dare to oppose it ! I give my vote for the candidate whom I came to oppose.’ The proper person, accordingly, was elected, without a dissenting voice ; and, from that day, Mr. Hare conceived a respect for Mr. Jebb, which he retained to his death. Speaking, to a brother clergyman, of the county infirmary contest, he observed, ‘ I thought, Sir, that Mr. Jebb was a man who knew nothing but his Bible ; but I find I was mistaken ; I find that he is a man of business, and knows more than us all.’

Shortly after the occurrence just related, this singular man took an opportunity of paying to Mr. Jebb, in his own way, the most elegantly turned compliment he ever received : matter and manner, it would have been worthy of Dr. Johnson, in his best and happiest vein. In 1806, Mr. Jebb had preached the Visitation sermon (being his first appearance before the assembled clergy) ; on which occasion he was publicly

thanked by the Archbishop for his discourse, and unanimously called upon to print it. After church-service, various clerical friends congratulated him, on the impression which he had made : when Mr. Hare came forward, his brow bent, and his person drawn up to its commanding height, and, in his roughest voice, accosted the preacher thus : . . ‘ Sir, I give you no credit for that sermon : you stole it, Sir, you stole it.’ Recovered from his first surprize, Mr. Jebb inquired, ‘ May I ask from whence ?’ When, Mr. Hare’s countenance relaxing into a smile, with a gentle voice, and a profound bow, he replied, . . ‘ From your own life and conversation.’

During the whole of Mr. Jebb’s stay at Cashel (1804 . . 1810.), ‘ the house, the intimacy, and the family of the Archbishop, afforded him much enjoyment.’ His friend, Mr. G. Forster, too, and Mr. Woodward, were brought, from the county of Cavan, into the diocese of Cashel. ‘ With the latter,’ he writes, ‘ I had delightful intercourse ; though the originality of his powerful mind*, mingled with no slight dash of paradox, often tasked me beyond my powers.

* By its reception of a volume of *Essays and Sermons*, by Mr. Woodward, published in 1836, and already (Feb. 3.) in a second edition, the public judgment appears to ratify the Bishop’s estimate of his friend’s mental powers.

I had much happiness in the acquaintance and friendship of Mr. James Forster ; and it was at Cashel, in the year 1809, that I first became, properly speaking, acquainted with his brother Charles, who has been since my domestic companion, and mine own familiar friend, for ten years (1813..1823.). Mr. Knox, too, paid some visits at the palace ; and these were peculiarly happy times.'

In the autumn of 1805, the Archbishop employed him, for the first time, to examine for holy orders. The examination occupied three mornings. He was, at the time, far from well ; and on the saturday, at dinner hour, found himself without a page composed of the ordination sermon, which he was to preach. Immediately after dinner, he sat down to his desk ; but found himself literally unable to write. He went forthwith to bed ; and directed that he might be called at twelve. On rising, he found himself refreshed in body, and restored in mind. He wrote on till eight o'clock in the morning, when he had completed his task, in time to obtain some needful rest before appearing in the pulpit. The discourse, thus begun and finished in the same night, was afterwards published by request of the Bishop of Kildare, before whom it was preached a second time, at an ordination held in St. Wer-

burgh's church, Dublin, for some fellows of the university. It stands the eleventh sermon, in his 'Sermons on Subjects chiefly Practical.'

About Christmas 1807, some conversations with Mr. Knox, at the palace of Cashel, first directed his attention, particularly, to the parallelisms of the New Testament. Mr. Knox pointed out this conformation, in three or four short passages, not more than about four lines each. Mr. Jebb was hence led to consider the phenomenon. In looking at one of the gospels, in the Prayer Book, it seemed to him pure parallelism throughout. This gospel was from the sermon on the mount. Hence he asked himself, . . . 'What if the whole sermon on the mount were couched in parallelisms?' He sat down to try. And, without any elaboration on his part, the whole of this divine production naturally distributed itself into parallelisms. Immediately he made three copies of his distribution : one, to be presented to the Archbishop of Cashel : another, to be submitted to Mr. Knox : the third he retained. In this paper were contained the *prima stamina* of SACRED LITERATURE. His investigations were resumed afterwards, at distant intervals, and by three or four successive bounds or springs. The work was ultimately ready for the press, in the spring of 1820. The discovery of the *cognate*,

or *gradational parallelism*, being the proper description of that called *synonymous* by Bishop Lowth, was made by Mr. Knox. In this point, he gave the clue: his friend unrolled it. The arguments employed to establish it, were all Mr. Jebb's.

In February 1808, he addressed, to a young clergyman of the diocese of Cashel, a letter on the subject of fashionable amusements: a subject upon which his sentiments had for some years been fully formed. Upon this point, he thought in common, and now acted in conjunction, with his friend Mr. Knox; putting forward, upon the present occasion, their joint views, of the general tendency of such pursuits to unspiritualize the mind, and of their peculiar unsuitableness to the character and office of the christian pastor. This letter was privately printed at the time, and has been since published in *Practical Theology*.

In the spring of 1809, his health was bad, and his spirits much depressed. One night in particular, under a strong nervous lowness, his mind seemed to him to have become a blank as to knowledge, his heart as to feeling. He knew not that he had ever suffered more acute mental pain. Under this impression, and to try whether he had any mental or moral vitality remaining, he sat down, and wrote the following copy of verses, which

literally gave vent to the feelings of the moment. His cure was thus effected : the clouds dispersed ; the storm ceased ; and he went to bed in thankfulness and peace.

O THOU, whose all-enlivening ray
Can turn my darkness into day,
Disperse, great God, my mental gloom,
And, with Thyself, my soul illumine.
Though gathering sorrows swell my breast,
Speak but the word, and peace and rest
Shall set my troubled spirit free
In sweet communion, Lord, with thee.
What though, in this heart-searching hour,
Thou dimm'st my intellectual power, . .
The gracious discipline I own,
And wisdom seek at thy blest throne :
A wisdom not of earthly mould,
Not such as learned volumes hold,
Not selfish, arrogant, and vain,
That chills the heart, and fires the brain :
But, Father of eternal light,
In fixt and changeless glory bright,
I seek the wisdom from above,
Pure, peaceful, gentle, fervent love.
Let love divine my bosom sway,
And then my darkness shall be day ;
No doubts, no fears, shall heave my breast,
For God himself will be my rest !

An old habit, long laid aside, (that of versifying) was thus incidentally awakened. He soon

afterwards amused himself, feeling dissatisfied with Cowper's version, by translating the 'Epitaphium Damonis' of Milton into English verse.

This wholly undesigned revival of a long disused, and almost forgotten faculty, he regarded as a happy circumstance; since it led, immediately after, to his paying a tribute of gratitude and affection, where he most wished, upon occasion of the marriage, then on the point of taking place, in the family of his friend and patron Archbishop Brodrick. The week previous, Mr. Jebb, one morning between eight and twelve o'clock, threw off a copy of verses, for insertion in a blank leaf of a volume of Cowper, to be presented to Lady Bernard, on her wedding-day.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF COWPER'S POEMS, PRESENTED, ON HER
MARRIAGE,

TO MARY, VISCOUNTESS BERNARD.

Lady, were Cowper's spirit here,
That sainted spirit sure would breathe,
A fervent wish, a vow sincere,
And twine them with thy bridal wreath.

He would not of thy goodness tell,
For purest virtue courts the shade;
He would not on thy features dwell,
For beauty's short-lived flower must fade.

No, lady ; cease thy modest fears,
More pleased his artless muse would feel,
To consecrate the filial tears,
Which from thy trembling eyelids steal :

To cherish, on this joyful day,
The glistening tribute of thy heart,
For years, of mild paternal sway,
For cares that made thee, what thou art !

Then would he pray, that white-robed truth,
And purest peace, and joy serene,
(Blest guardians of thy vernal youth)
Might shield thee through life's various scene.

But Cowper lives in realms of light
Where kindred seraphs ceaseless sing ;
Far other hands this wreath unite,
Far other hands this offering bring !

Yet, lady, wilt thou kindly deign
('Tis all th' unpractised muse can give,)
Accept this rudely-warbled strain,
And let it, bound with Cowper's, live ?

These volumes too, I fondly ween,
May, for their author's sake, be prized,
When thine own hearth shall match the scene,
By Weston's bard immortalized.

For sure, thou lov'st domestic joys,
And hours of intimate delight,
And days retired from vulgar noise,
And converse bland that cheats the night.

Such joys be THINE, be HIS ! and still,
In heart united, as in hands,
Blessing and blest, may each fulfil,
The glorious task your place demands.

Lights of the world, may each dispense
New lustre through your ample sphere,
And very late be summoned hence,
To shine through heav'n's eternal year.

In the summer of this year, Mr. Jebb's health continuing bad, and his spirits requiring change of scene, his friend Mr. Knox kindly proposed to accompany him to England. He thus speaks of this excursion. 'Mr. Knox, Miss Fergusson, and I, attended by his trusty Michael, took our departure together. This visit opened a new scene to me; and laid the foundation of a connection with 'English worthies,' which has been one of the chief felicities of my life; and which has had no little share, under Providence, in fixing my professional walk, and 'the bounds of my habitation.' At Shrewsbury, we were hospitably received, by the amiable and venerable Mr. Stedman; at London, by Mr. Pearson, Mr. Henry Thornton, Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Venn, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Macaulay; at Clapham, we met Mr. Wilberforce; at Bristol, we were inmates with the excellent Stocks; at Barley-Wood, with the incomparable Hannah More; and again, on our return home, with Mr. Stedman. The majority of these were of the body termed evangelical; but, however I may differ from them on

some points, I may safely say they are among the excellent of the earth; . . and now I say, as I could wish to do on my death-bed, ‘*Sit mea anima cum istis!*’

Early in the spring of 1810, he undertook to preach a charity sermon for the Magdalen Asylum, in Dublin. Upon the composition of this discourse, he bestowed peculiar care; and found himself repaid by an increased ease, freedom, and rapidity of composition, which eventually proved of great advantage; especially in the composition of Sacred Literature.

At the beginning of June, he was appointed Rector of Abington, in the county of Limerick: a change which, by placing him in altogether different circumstances, was the commencement of a new period in his life. This change, both in its effects upon him at the time, and in its eventual bearings upon his future course, he has himself concisely reviewed. The passage (the concluding sentence of his MS. notes,) is characteristic: I give it, therefore, in his own words.

‘I left Cashel in deep sorrow. And for weeks and months, Abington, without a single congenial associate, and without any field of parochial exertion, was to me a dreary wilderness. But the good hand of Providence was, I doubt not, in this whole transaction. This hermitage, so re-

mote, so retired, and apparently so ill-adapted to my habits, became the scene of my best, and happiest exertions: nor do I think a settlement in any other spot of the empire, could, in so many ways, have elicited, whatever powers it has pleased God to give me. Often, indeed, during the twelve years and a half that I passed there, my heart and spirit have sunk within me; but I was enabled, from time to time, to recruit and rally. Often, have almost all my friends regretted, that I was buried in the desert; but they little knew, nor was I properly conscious myself, that there was manna in the desert, and living waters from the rock. I can now look back with gratitude to my long sojourning there; and, were it not that I have had such experience of a graciously protecting power, above me, and around me, I should now tremble at what may await me, in the new and arduous sphere, on which I am about to enter: . . . may it be ordered (if it be for my everlasting good) that the see of Limerick shall be to me but half so productive of use, and of enjoyment, as the quiet rectory of Abington!’

SECTION II.

THE materials of the preceding pages, in which this memoir has been brought down to the period of Mr. Jebb's settlement at Abington, in the county of Limerick, in the summer of the year 1810, have, as already intimated, been partly drawn from a private autobiography, and partly obtained in the course of many friendly and familiar conversations. The office of biographer now devolves exclusively on one, who, before this period, had been admitted to the privilege of his acquaintance, and who, three years after, entered upon the duties of the pastoral care, as curate of Abington, under the roof and guidance of the friend, . . whose duties, whose studies, and whose confidence he shared, from that day forward, to the close of life; a period of nearly one-and-twenty years. The existence of a domestic friendship thus close and lasting, may seem to claim, at the hands of the present writer, some notice of its origin.

It was early in May of the year 1808, that I first met, and was introduced to Mr. Jebb, by his friend the late Mr. Alexander Knox, (with

whose intimacy my family had been honoured so early as the year 1804) at Mr. Knox's house, in Dawson Street, Dublin. A few days after, I heard him preach, in the chapel of Trinity College; and the impression made by that sermon, and by the manner of its delivery, is as fresh in my mind at this moment, as when I heard it twenty-six years ago: the subject was Rom. xiv. 17. 'For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink: but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' It stands fourth in his 'Sermons on subjects chiefly practical.'

My next opportunity occurred in the summer of the following year, the end of June, 1809; when Mr. Jebb and my brother (who had enjoyed his notice and friendship, from the time of his entrance into the church, in June 1807) travelled together to Dublin, both in bad health. This was on the eve of the joint excursion, which Mr. Jebb and Mr. Knox were about to make to England: Mr. Knox, as already mentioned, having most kindly volunteered to accompany his friend, with a view to converting a journey for health, into one also of social enjoyment; thus benefitting the body, by interesting the mind. It will, hereafter, appear, that the object was most happily accomplished. Mr. Knox's friendly aim was completely answered, by the immediate

effects of the excursion ; which, to his companion, proved fruitful in results, happily extending through the entire course of his after-life.

While thus adverting to the first occasion, on which I met the friend of my future days, I would add, that the earliest opportunity of real intercourse was afforded at Cashel, in October 1809, immediately after Mr. Jebb's return from his English tour. On my way to Dublin, at the close of the summer vacation, I had to sleep in Cashel, in order to join the Cork mail-coach, which passed through Cashel at a very early hour in the morning. On our arrival, my brother took me to visit Mr. Jebb. He was then far from well. He received us, however, with his wonted kindness ; and, on finding incidentally that I was to pass the day at the inn of Cashel, he asked me to dine with him ; expressing his hope that I would excuse the frugal table of an invalid. The invitation was gratefully accepted : and, during this day, I obtained the first just idea of the powers of his mind ; the extent of his rich and varied acquirements ; the solidity of his judgment ; the acuteness and elegance of his critical faculty ; the poetical spirit and elevation of his thoughts ; and the racy, though unstudied eloquence of his familiar conversation. Accustomed as I had been, for years, to the conversa-

tional powers of Mr. Knox (powers of genius of the very highest order), I was not the less struck and impressed, by the kindred, yet very different colloquial style of his friend and pupil. Mr. Jebb, just then, was employed upon the most elaborate of his highly-finished compositions, the exordium of his published sermon, preached for the Dublin Magdalen Asylum. But he turned, at once, from his desk, to engage in conversation with a college youth. The greek tragedians, at this time, were the favourite recreation of his leisure hours ; he had risen fresh from the study of Euripides ; and entered, with great animation, upon the peculiar character of the remains of this poet ; upon the resemblances discernible in them to the hebrew Scriptures ; and upon the superiority of Euripides over Sophocles, as a great *moral* poet. From this comparative review of the greek tragedians, facilitated by the copious and eclectic extracts in his note-books, the conversation turned to our great English classics : Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, were successively characterized, criticized, and compared ; his thoughts pouring themselves out, without the slightest effort, in a flow of language, as correct, vigorous, and musical, as can be found in his most finished compositions. I had heard Mr. Jebb, as a preacher ; and felt, as I had never

felt before, the power of pulpit eloquence : I had heard much of him from Mr. Knox, and more from my brother, and other common friends : but, to speak the simple truth, the high idea which, upon these grounds, I had naturally been led to form, was altogether surpassed by the reality, as brought before me in this one day's conversation. Our talk was prolonged far into the morning hours ; and, years afterward, he expressed the pleasure he felt, on this occasion, at my readiness to give up a night's rest, rather than cut short an intellectual entertainment. I had found him, before, a very friendly acquaintance ; but, from this day, I may say, we became friends. On my return to Dublin, I recollect replying to a college friend, who spoke of Mr. Knox as a christian Socrates, ' If Mr. Knox be Socrates, Mr. Jebb is Plato.'

The estimate of Mr. Jebb's colloquial powers, here faithfully preserved, as formed from a first impression, must not be understood as descriptive of the exercise of those powers, in ordinary conversation. In mixed society, he was usually silent and reserved, unless when specially drawn out by others, or when called forth in vindication of what appeared to him important truth. But, in the society of his juniors, and of clerical friends (of whom there were not a few, who

looked up to him for information or instruction), he conversed with the true flow and spirit of colloquial eloquence. Of those chosen friends, several have preceded, or followed him, to a better country; but some still remain, in whose hearts his spoken lessons are affectionately registered; and who will, at once, recognize the substantial justness of the above description of an evening, in his study, at Cashel.*

* Since the above passage was written, I have had my own early impressions of the character of Mr. Jebb's conversational powers most unexpectedly confirmed and illustrated, by a letter from my friend the Rev. Walter Farquhar Hook, conveying *his* first impressions of the Bishop's conversation, at an interval of twenty years, in terms, at once, so perfectly corresponding with my description, and so happily expressed, that I have sought and obtained permission to make use of this wholly independent testimony.

‘ Coventry, January 18. 1836.

‘ It seems, indeed, but yesterday, though many years have intervened, that I first became personally acquainted with the Bishop of Limerick. I was staying at Leamington with my friend Mr. Wood. I had long been an ardent admirer of his Lordship's character; and I had particularly profited by the admirable Appendix to his Sermons: and I afforded some amusement to my friend, by my little artifices to get a good view of the Bishop, without appearing to be intrusive, as he got in and out of his carriage. On the Sunday, I preached a charity sermon at the Chapel, . . . and I think that I have seldom experienced greater satisfaction, and in my satisfaction Mr. Wood cordially sympathized, than I did, when, in the evening of that day, I received a note from you, saying that, from what the Bishop had heard me say in the pulpit, his Lordship thought our opinions and sentiments would so entirely accord, that he desired to form my acquaintance, and requested me to dine with him the following day. I went. And you cannot have forgotten that evening: for I think I never saw the Bishop in a more brilliant mood. He poured forth, in his own sweet, quiet, peculiar style, the stores of his reading and experience, in a manner quite surprizing; and when, on my return home, my friend eagerly inquired into the circum-

But to return. The following year (June 4. 1810.), Mr. Jebb, we have seen, was presented to the rectory of Abington, by his friend and patron Archbishop Brodrick ; and, after an interval of a few weeks, employed in the necessary preparations, August 4. he finally left Cashel, to reside at Abington glebe. Shortly after, I received a letter from him (the commencement of our correspondence), in which he honoured me with his confidence, by desiring my aid to procure him an eligible curate. The gentleman in contemplation was not at liberty to avail himself of the option ; and Mr. Jebb's choice fell on the Rev. Henry Hartstonge Rose, by whom the curacy of Abington was worthily filled for the next three years.

In 1810, and 1811, Mr. Jebb was constantly resident at Abington glebe ; and, during this space, I saw him only once or twice, when we met casually in Dublin. It was in the summer of the next year, that the friendship with which he already honoured me, first became cemented

stances of the interview, I could only say, that Bishop Jebb *talked* as well as he *wrote*, and that was the highest possible praise. . . From that hour, till the hour of his death, I found him a friend ever ready to give me his advice, and to afford me assistance. To the hours, indeed, and they were not a few, that I passed in his company, I look back as among the happiest and holiest of my life. They are gone, . . but I may truly say of them, they 'have left a relish and a fragrance on the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.'

by social intercourse ; for which, previously, there had been no opportunities. In July 1812, I accompanied my brother and sister-in-law (the daughter of his old parishioner, John Godfrey, Esq., of Beechmount, in the county of Tipperary,) on a visit to Abington glebe ; and, after their departure, remained with our friend, by special invitation, for several weeks. Common, or kindred, intellectual pursuits, and, as he was pleased to think, somewhat congenial minds, made this visit, under Providence, the turning-point of our future lives. Early in the following November, I was examined by Mr. Jebb, for deacon's orders, at Cashel ; and immediately after the ordination, he passed a week with his attached friend my brother, at Fethard, in the county of Tipperary. We were both in Dublin, where I had just been admitted to priest's orders, during the months of April and May, 1813. And a vacancy in the diocese of Cashel occurring at this time, which he thought advantageous for his friend and curate Mr. Rose, Mr. Jebb proposed to my mother * that I should become his curate,

* September 1. 1827, this beloved and honoured mother, made the blessed exchange of time for immortality. The measure of her christian goodness can be fully known, only 'in that day, when God maketh up his jewels.' But her character has been drawn, with the simplicity of truth, by a friend who knew her long and well, . . the late Alexander Knox, Esq. ; and it will be forgiven to a grateful son, if he pays a last earthly tribute to

and reside with him; a proposal which generously threw open the three-fold advantage, of his society, his books, and his guidance in the use

her memory, by embalming it in the words of that great christian philosopher.

‘ Sept. 10. 1827.

‘ My dear Charles,

‘ It was in my mind to write a line to you, to thank you for your continued kindnesses, when I heard of the great affliction, with which it has pleased the all-wise Providence to visit your family. My own sincere regard for the worthy and cordial friend whom I feel myself to have lost, would sufficiently tell me how deeply your heart must be wounded. But I well know that no son was ever more attached to a mother than yourself; and how unspeakably she knit your affection to her from your early years, I myself was in part a witness; indeed so much so, as to attach to her my own cordial feelings; which were ever kept up and increased by her unremitting kindness to myself. But, along with this, I was, in every instance, impressed with her love of goodness; her benevolence to all her fellow-creatures; her anxious zeal to relieve, or aid, every deserving, indeed every necessitous object, which came within her knowledge; and, above all, her uniform solicitude that the religious habits of her own heart should be substantially genuine, and undelusive. If I myself, therefore, do not feel a sensible loss, in her removal to a better world, it is because my long absence has prevented that intercourse, which, from her peculiar cordiality and ingenuousness of nature, was ever interesting to me; and the want of which would have seemed unnatural, while it was practicable to have it. . . I state these feelings, as my unfeigned testimony to my deceased friend. You, I am assured, amid your acutest pains of heart, will have before you, all the considerations, which call forth dutiful acquiescence in the Divine order. But from my heart I pity poor Mr. Forster; though even there, it is a great consolation that James, and Mrs. James, had time to be with him, before the last shock.

‘ Though I am still in fear of my eye, and do not dare to read a single sentence, I could not omit to say something to you, upon so painful an occasion; and I will only add, that one obvious design of Providence, in removing our beloved connexions to the unseen world, . . I may say, of that order of things, of which such removal makes so signal a part, . . is more and more to increase our promptitude in exercising our thoughts

of them. The option, as it well might be, was cordially accepted by both my honoured parents : and, on the 8th of June, 1813, I accompanied my friend and rector to Abington. The time of our arrival is fixed in my memory, by a trait so characteristic of my friend, that I am unwilling to withhold it from the reader. Immediately on our passing, from the post-chaise, to the library, Mr. Jebb said, ‘ I wish to show you my Swanlinbar collection ; the stock of books on which I set out, as a curate.’ To work, accordingly, we went, without a moment’s pause : he hunting out, and handing down the volumes ; and his companion disposing them upon the floor. The task took some time, and no light labour ; for there were between four and five hundred volumes, of all sizes, to arrange. Towards the close of our toil, observing me look fatigued and faint, he reproached himself for thoughtlessness, in having unconsciously over-tasked my strength, and having forgotten to call for some refreshment after our journey ; observing, ‘ I ought to have

and affections, there, whither we ourselves must so shortly follow, and where alone we are fully to realize the ends of our existence.

‘ I rejoice in my dear Friend’s progress. May God bless him, and comfort you, and your poor good father.

‘ Believe me ever yours,

‘ ALEX. KNOX.’

remembered that others are not so strong as I am.' To this slight incident, which happened to mark the commencement of our new relation, Mr. Jebb sometimes referred, in after-years ; and the remembrance of it made him always unwilling to let me aid, in taking down, or putting up, his numerous folios.

I owe the reader some apology for this digression ; which he should have been spared altogether, had not the particulars now related, properly belonged to the life of Bishop Jebb ; and had it not seemed the duty of a biographer, who passed so many years of his life, in one home with the friend, the memory of whose virtues he is about to record, thus to mark the origin, and earlier incidents, of such a friendship.

At the period upon which I have now glanced by anticipation, Mr. Jebb had been exactly three years rector of Abington. From his own rapidly sketched, yet full and circumstantial autobiography, his life has been already carried down to the date of his first settlement there. It remains only, therefore, to give some short account of those intervening three years : of the rest of his life, I was myself an eye-witness and partaker. This account shall be taken, partly from his letters to his family, and partly from my own recollections.

The earlier period of his residence at Abington, as he has himself mentioned, was most uncomfortable in itself, and seemed very unpromising for his future usefulness. His house was lonely, his health broken, his spirits weak ; and his mind, consequently, little equal to continuous exertion. A letter to his friend and brother-in-law, the late Rev. Joseph M^cCormick, gives a painfully graphical description of ‘ his manner of being,’ at the commencement of this life of total solitude.

‘ Abington Glebe, Sep. 19. 1810.

‘ MY DEAR JOE,

‘ I HAD hoped, very long before this date, to give you some account of my settlement and proceedings. The simple truth is, that I had nothing pleasant to communicate ; . . that I have been suffering, for the most part, under more than common depression ; and have been, at once, unable, and unwilling to tease, perhaps to distress, my friends, by grievances, which, however imaginary, have, to me, had all the effect of reality. As I hope and trust that the worst is now over, I cannot bring myself to defer any longer writing, though I have not any thing positively pleasant to say. It is now more than six weeks since I came to this place ; and though

I had both known and relished *retirement*, . . I was, before this change of circumstances and situation, a stranger to *solitude* ; which, whatever fine things poets and theorists may say about it, is, assuredly, neither pleasant, nor profitable : *it is not good for man to be alone*, being, to my clear conviction, independently of the volume where it stands, the dictate of the highest wisdom.

‘ Better prospects are, I will hope, beginning to open ; after being quite *alone*, for several weeks, I have been for three or four days in company with some of my neighbours ; and this variety has not been without its use, as it has made me hug myself, on getting back to the better company that line my walls. But I am promised a visit from my friend Henry Woodward, next week ; which, even in prospect, cheers me, beyond any thing I have experienced in my solitary *séjour*. My best love attends you and yours.

‘ Farewell, my dear Joe, and believe me

‘ your truly affectionate,

‘ J. J.’

In the November of this year, Mr. Jebb was cheered by a momentary hope of an exchange being effected, through the kindness of the Archbishop, which would have brought Mr. M^cCor-

mick into the diocese of Cashel, and himself, consequently, within easy reach of the society of this justly-valued friend, and of his sister and their family. The prospect, however, quickly passed away ; leaving him to contend against bad health, and consequent mental depression, in the solitude which he has described in the letter just quoted. The struggle was conscientiously maintained, and rewarded with progressive success ; as will appear from an extract of a letter to the same friend, dated in March of the following year (1811.): an extract further interesting, as marking that early discernment of the character of the people around him, which, by the blessing of Providence, eventually made Abington the scene, for his country, of much public usefulness, for himself, of most unsought and unexpected general estimation. . . ‘ In answer to your kind inquiries, I am glad to say, that Abington is brightening upon me ; and that, when my heavy burthen of debt for the house shall have been discharged, I trust I may look for much comfort, even in the midst of retirement. We are, as yet, quite unmolested by disturbance. The people are to me civil and accommodating. And, though not well emerged from savagism, I cannot help admiring them, as fine specimens of human nature, with great capabilities, both mental

and moral. Would that they were elicited by a bland, a judicious, and a patriotic policy !’

Still, however, though sensibly improved in spirits by the improving aspect of his situation, he found himself unable, amidst the unsettling circumstances of an unfinished house, and newly-formed establishment, to resume his favourite studies. In October of the same year, he thus expresses, upon this subject (to him of all others the most interesting), his regret at his present inability, mingled with a gleam of hope for the future : for it was his happy nature, always to see sunshine through clouds. . . ‘For myself, I cannot say much. During the last fourteen months, I have been learning the art and mystery of housekeeping ; but, truly, my mind has been deplorably inactive. I was not, I flatter myself, made to indulge, in what Mr. Gibbon is pleased to call ‘the fat slumbers of the church ;’ yet my residence at Abington has, hitherto, been little superior to a long sleep. I still, however, live in hopes of resuming my old mental habits ; and perhaps, after lying so long fallow, the soil may, in due time, produce a better harvest than before.’

While thus accusing himself of mental inactivity, and living only on the hope of a future intellectual harvest, his well-stored scrap-books,

now open before me, correct the honest severity of his self-accusations; and prove that he was effectually, though unconsciously, preparing himself to realize the hope expressed in his familiar correspondence. Looking into these most interesting volumes, I find the same traces, at this period, as at earlier dates, of his various reading, in copious selections, and spirited translations, from the greek philosophers and fathers, together with large extracts from our own moralists and poets, generally accompanied by valuable original criticisms and reflections.

The following translations from Saint Chrysostom, the employment of a single week, August 19..24. 1812, may be instanced as a specimen.

‘PERORATION OF SAINT CHRYSOSTOM’S SIXTH ORATION ON THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.’

‘SAINT CHRYSOSTOM’S FIRST SERMON ON PRAYER.’

‘SAINT CHRYSOSTOM’S SECOND HOMILY ON PRAYER.’

‘PERORATION OF SAINT CHRYSOSTOM’S SIXTEENTH SERMON ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.’

‘SAINT CHRYSOSTOM’S FIRST HOMILY ON THE GOSPEL OF SAINT JOHN’ (unfinished).

Two passages, in one of his note-books, occurring between July 1811, and June 1812, are

so happily descriptive of his own spirit, and of his course through life, that I feel it my duty to give them a place in the present memoir. The first is a free translation, by Mr. Jebb, from Saint Gregory the Great : the other, a meditation of his own.

“ Human applause is the great test of humility. Whenever we are praised by our fellow-mortals, a certain secret pulsation will tell us, whether we are proud, or humble. We may, indeed, and should, feel a complacency, in any favourable testimony of ourselves, which tends to the good of our fellow-creatures, or the glory of our God. But, whoever is blessed with the grace of humility, when applauded, will retire into the depths of his heart, and bring the testimony to a severe examination. The proud man exults, even at praises which he does not deserve : for it is his anxiety, rather how he shall appear in the eyes of men, than what may be his actual state in the apprehension of Almighty God. The humble spirit makes all praise, the matter of deep interior scrutiny ; . . correcting what is amiss ; and recollecting, that all human decisions are to be brought, at the last day, before the great tribunal, and there submitted to a correction and revision, which will, doubtless, in many

instances, fill the assembled universe with astonishment and awe."

'Such (proceeds the translator) are the very just sentiments of Gregory the Great, in his exposition of Job, Lib. xxii. cap. v. p. 566. Some of his own words are inimitably expressive. "Cum humanæ linguæ attestazione laudamur, occulta pulsatione requirimur, quid de nobis ipsis sentiamus."

'If we are delighted with *unmerited* praise, we are in danger of a severe, and aggravated condemnation; if with praise, in some degree, merited, we are in danger, by that very complacency, of losing our eternal reward.

'The habitual remembrance of eternal judgment, is a sovereign remedy against vanity and pride. J. J.'

'The most efficacious manner in which we can act usefully in the immense circle of the world, and for the good of humanity, is to fill our place in the circumscribed circle of domestic virtues, . . . to form around us an atmosphere of love and benevolence. We must do the good that lies within our power: it afterwards belongs to Providence, and not to us, to make that good contribute to the general utility.

'Show me one general, and good result, that

is an effect of the foresight, and the will of man ; cite any thing great and admirable to me, . . and I will show you, perhaps several centuries before, the embryo of that result. Men who were good, and simple, and virtuous, have, without knowing it, forwarded its maturity, by labouring in the narrow sphere of their domestic life.

‘ The magnificent schemes of projectors, eager to do good on a great scale, commonly terminate in disappointment. Why? Because the contrivance is human ; and because man can neither foresee events, nor command instruments, for any period of time, however short ; much less, during the continued lapse of ages.

‘ The simple, unpretending, unnoticed actions of those, who merely seek to perform their daily duties, as they ask their daily bread, often issue in *consequences*, which have the most extended, and the most lasting influences, on the civilization and happiness of mankind. Why? Because man has no share in the contrivance. Because it is, exclusively, the plan and purpose of Almighty God ; whose wisdom foresees all events, and whose power commands all needful instruments :

Who reacheth from one end to another mightily :
And who sweetly ordereth all things.’

The well-known ‘consequences’ of Mr. Jebb’s twelve years’ residence at Abington, . . the portion of his ‘good, simple, and virtuous life,’ upon which we are about to enter, . . afford the best exemplification of the justness of his own reflection.

In September, 1811, Mr. Jebb enjoyed the happiness of receiving, for the first time, under his own roof, his brother, Mrs. Jebb, and their two elder children. During this visit, he accompanied them in an excursion to Killarney and Cork ; conducting them, afterwards, on their way to Dublin, as far as Cashel. In December of this year, he was invited to preach the charity sermon, for the Protestant Female Orphan School, at Limerick : it was preached in the cathedral of Saint Mary, from the text,

‘ They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament :

And they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.’

In May, 1812, his brother-in-law, Mr. M^cCor-mick, paid a visit to Abington. On his return northward, Mr. Jebb had settled to go with him a day’s journey, to the house of a friend, in the county of Tipperary ; but, on the way, met with an overturn, which caused a bad dislo-

cation of the left shoulder. They were travelling, in Mr. M'Cormick's gig, over the steep hill of Silver-mines, upon the road from Abington to Nenagh; and coming to a fissure in the road, made by a mountain-torrent, the left wheel sank into it, the carriage overset, and Mr. Jebb was precipitated down a steep gully, at least ten feet below the level of the road, . . his companion falling upon him. Providentially, Mr. M'Cormick rose unhurt, and was able to procure assistance from the neighbouring peasantry. But, on Mr. Jebb's being extricated from his perilous situation, it appeared that he had suffered some serious injury from the fall. He was removed to the cottage of a blacksmith (the only aid afforded by a wild mountain district), who ascertained the shoulder to be out of joint, and undertook to put it in. His sufferings, during these rude and unsuccessful attempts, (they were long and repeated), were most severe; but they were endured with his characteristic firmness and patience. The operator, at length, pronounced the shoulder again in its place; and the patient was conveyed to the house of a neighbouring clergyman, the late Rev. Thomas Going; where he was most hospitably received, and whence surgical assistance was sent for to Nenagh. On the arrival of the surgeon, the joint, upon ex-

amination, proved to be still dislocated ; a fresh operation was necessary ; and, owing to the height of the inflammation occasioned by the previous treatment, this required, for its completion, the united efforts of two persons, relieved successively, and continued for more than an hour. By the fever which followed, Mr. Jebb was confined to his room for nearly three weeks ; during which he experienced, from Mr. Going and his family, the greatest tenderness and kindness. . . It is most painful to reflect, that this amiable clergyman was eventually numbered among the victims of a system of savage and uncontrolled proscription, the existence of which in Ireland, in the nineteenth century, must remain an indelible stain upon the annals of Great Britain.

The effects of Mr. Jebb's severe accident are incidentally noticed, after his return to Abington, in letters to his friends. . . ' From the elbow down, I have power of raising my hand and arm. I can shave with my left hand, by slightly inclining the head. I can, with less inclination of the head, tie my cravat. And I can easily use my fork. Slight pains, occasionally, I do feel. And I cannot yet at all, or at least very imperfectly, raise the arm from the elbow towards the shoulder.' . . ' My arm is gaining ground. I cannot, indeed, yet raise it: but there is no reason

to apprehend that I shall not recover its use altogether. Meantime, I am free from sensible uneasiness; and can use my left hand as well as ever, for all purposes that do not imply the necessity of raising high the upper joint.'

Those who remember, and have profited by the use, which Bishop Jebb, afterwards, made of that *left hand*, when it alone remained to him, may be disposed to acknowledge, with the present writer, the special goodness of Providence, in thus limiting the effects of the injury above described. Had the shock been a little greater, or the treatment but a little more severe, . . . the attack of paralysis, in 1827, which deprived him of his right hand, might have found him maimed, and left him helpless. But, while the left hand was, at this time, thus mercifully preserved, the shoulder continued to cause pain, at intervals, for several years; nor was the injured joint ever perfectly restored to its natural action.

About the middle of June, he was sufficiently recovered to visit Cashel; where I then met him; and, immediately after, joined him at Abington, with my brother and sister. It was during this visit, that he resumed his inquiry into the style and structure of the New Testament, and the application, to that sacred volume, of the principles of composition, shown by Bishop Lowth to

be characteristic of the Hebrew Scriptures ; . . an inquiry which had been suspended since he left Cashel, and the pregnant results of which have been given to the world, in ' Sacred Literature.' The sketch now drawn up in a few days, was addressed to his old friend and tutor, Dr. Magee, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin ; whose opinion, in the highest degree favourable, operated as a salutary encouragement to the prosecution of his work.

I specify the date of this literary spring the more particularly, because the circumstances which, apparently, gave rise to it, are not unconnected with the history of Mr. Jebb's mind ; which, although, once put in motion, it was active, vigorous, and animated, in the very highest degree, . . generally required some slight impulse, from without, to set it going. In one of his letters he remarks, . . ' I am like a clock ; I cannot go, unless I am wound up.' I must correct the illustration : he resembled rather the pendulum of a wound-up clock ; the slightest touch would set him going.

To a mind thus constituted, familiar correspondence, friendly society, and congenial conversation, were obviously essentials : and if, to use his own affecting expression, ' his spirit, oftentimes, died within him,' when alone, . . all who

knew him intimately, on the other hand, must well remember the life and energy with which he spoke and wrote, when a train of thought had once been kindled, in any of those ways.

In October, 1812, Mr. Jebb's solitude was enlivened, by the arrival of friends from England, whose society none could more fully or justly appreciate than himself; and by a visit from his venerable early friend Dr. Hales, accompanied by his family. And in January, 1813, he, at length, enjoyed the long-desired privilege of receiving, in a house of his own, Mr. Alexander Knox, whom the Archbishop kindly brought to Abington from Cashel. Mr. Knox remained with his friend for about a fortnight. This was his first and only visit; the increasing delicacy of his health disinclining him more and more for distant excursions: their correspondence shows with what affectionate anticipation Mr. Jebb had looked forward to it; and he cherished the remembrance of it with a fond regret, as that of happiness which, in this life, was never to return.

In the following February, he transmitted, through Mr. Knox, to his friend Dr. Magee, a further and enlarged outline of his projected work on the New Testament. In March, he was engaged in preparing a second charity sermon

for the Magdalen Asylum, Dublin; which he preached in April; and which has been published in 'Practical Theology.' Early in June I returned with him to Abington.

In entering on this period of Mr. Jebb's life, I shall, perhaps, best discharge the duty of biography, by simply recalling, and recording my impressions of his mind and character, at the commencement of a daily intercourse, which terminated only with my friend's removal to a better world.

Before he left home, for Dublin, this year, he had been much engaged in collecting and arranging materials, for his treatise on the style of the New Testament. After my return, I found his mind naturally full of this original subject; yet open, at the same time, to every subject of interest, in theology, moral philosophy, polite literature, and criticism; and always ready, by advice, by suggestions, by well-timed encouragement, or by friendly censure, to promote and direct the noviciate studies of others, and to give his friends the full and willing benefit of his own previous labours, and long experience. Among works to be early, and thoroughly, *eviscerated* (as he expressed himself), by a young student in divinity, I recollect my friend's particularly recommending to me, Cud-

worth's Intellectual System, and Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*; as studies calculated, at once, to exercise and discipline the judgment, and to fill and enlarge the mind. The advantages of his consummate skill in the principles of composition, were imparted as freely, as those arising from his extensive knowledge of books. But, while he delighted to commend every successful effort, the correctness of his taste, and the justness of his critical faculty, rendered him difficult to please. His natural, and acquired, severity of judgment, it need hardly be added, greatly heightened the effect of his approval; which was always bestowed with that generous cordiality, which marked that it came from the heart.

He has himself noticed, and lamented, the constitutional defectiveness of his memory. To my apprehension, he possessed an excellent memory, only of a particular kind. If he could not easily recall the facts, he could faithfully recollect and indicate the sources, of knowledge. When information was desired upon any subject, with which he was in the least conversant, he could, at once, tell the work, the volume, and oftentimes the page, where it might be found. Frequently, too, when consulted upon subjects the most remote from his own walk of study, he

has surprized his most intimate friends (such was the excursiveness of his research), by pointing out the quarters where they were best treated of. A memory of this order may be less fitted for the display of conversation, but it is the true memory for the study, and the desk. The writer learned to appreciate it, from the first days of his residence at Abington; and derived continual benefit from it, through the many happy years of his intimacy with Bishop Jebb.

Besides the excursiveness of his reading, one cause of the extent and variety of Mr. Jebb's acquaintance with the sources of general information, lay in what, notwithstanding Mr. Locke's rejection of the word and thing, I must venture to call his *innate* love of books; a taste, which led him, like Mr. Gibbon, to examine every new purchase, with care, before he deposited the volumes upon his shelves.

His friend Mr. Knox once told him, that he reminded him of Pope. I remember being forcibly struck, the first week of my sojourn at Abington, with a resemblance to Johnson; a resemblance often, and independently, remarked by other friends. He one day took me to visit some of our parishioners, in order to introduce me as the new curate; not liking, as a very young man, to put myself forward, I did not

speak; Mr. Jebb observed it, and told me, as we walked home, that I ought to overcome my tendency to silence in company: I replied, that I had been intentionally silent: 'Then, Sir,' was his rejoinder, 'if you were intentionally silent, you were elaborately wrong.' In familiar conversation, his sayings frequently came out with similar force and brevity; and they always recalled to my thoughts our great English moralist; whom he resembled, also, in a poetical vein, in which the critical faculty predominated, and in his early love of long and hard words.

In the course of this year, Mr. Jebb's attention was particularly called to the subject of parochial schools in Ireland, especially as connected with the parochial clergy; in consequence of plans of national education, then in contemplation. In December, 1813, by desire of the Archbishop of Cashel, he drew up, in the form of a letter addressed to his Grace, a paper upon this subject; comprizing, a full exposure of the injustice, and impolicy, of throwing, by legislative enactments, the burthen of national education, upon the clergy of the established church; a short review of the ways in which the established clergy had, hitherto, freely co-operated, . . were willing and ready cordially to co-operate, . . and, with wise

encouragement on the part of the legislature, would be enabled still more effectually to co-operate, towards the promotion of this great object; and, in conclusion, a brief statement of his own views, as to the best means of advancing general education throughout Ireland, under the peculiar circumstances, social, moral, and religious, of the Irish population.

This document was submitted, by the Archbishop, to the Irish government of the day; was well received; and never acted on.

In March, 1814, the long-desired exchange, in favour of Mr. Jebb's brother-in-law, seemed to be effected, by Mr. M'Cormick's appointment, through the kindness of the Archbishop, to the rectory of Mealiffe, in the diocese of Cashel. Mr. Jebb entertained, with the characteristic warmth of his hopeful and affectionate nature, the prospect of family happiness and enjoyment, which now, apparently, opened upon him; and, for several months, his mind was occupied by the cares and anxieties, necessarily attending the migration of a large family, from their quiet settlement in the north of Ireland, to a wild and distant parish in the south. The removal, however, was not to be effected: it was the good pleasure of an all-wise Providence, that the friend and relative whom he so justly loved, should be seized by a hopeless malady; before the end of

the year, his fraternal cares and anxieties assumed a more painful character; nor were they remitted, until his hurried return from England, in June 1815, to witness the close of Mr. M^cCor-mick's sufferings and valuable life.

Mr. Jebb's letter to Mr. Knox, in this moment of affliction, while it thus beautifully describes the spirit of him whom he had lost, unconsciously portrays his own.

Rosstrevor, July 13. 1815.

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ THIS morning, at ten o'clock, my dear friend and relative was released from all human pain and suffering. He expired, without a struggle or a groan, and I have the gratification to think, that his trying and excruciating illness, was made the providential instrument of preparing him for a happier state. He had, honestly, conscientiously, and I do believe with his whole heart, employed the talents and opportunities entrusted to him: and it would seem that, as a reward, he was purified by suffering. He was brought to the innocence, the harmlessness, and purity of a child; and has repeatedly recalled to my mind, and to that of others who attended his sick bed, our Saviour's declaration, that we must be-

come as little children, to enter the kingdom of heaven. It is a great comfort to me that I reached this in time. My sister is wonderfully supported.

‘ Ever most entirely yours,
‘ JOHN JEBB.’

It was amidst these domestic cares and sorrows, that Mr. Jebb employed himself in preparing, and publishing, his first volume of sermons. In a letter to Mr. M^cCormick, dated October 7. 1814, he thus alludes to his contemplated publication: . . . ‘ My literary pursuits were suspended during the late visits ; but I hope to resume them ere long. Six sermons are prepared. Six more will make a small volume : and, should I publish, at the out-set I will hazard no more. How far it may be prudent to come at all, before a full, fastidious, and sermon-jaded public, is a question, however, which I must seriously ask ; and which one or two of my literary friends, will, I know, be candid enough without reserve to answer.’

The friends consulted upon this occasion were Mr. Knox, and Dr. Magee. Their imprimatur was more than justified, by the reception of Mr. Jebb’s ‘ Sermons on Subjects chiefly practical ;’ a volume which, within a few months, passed

through two editions; and which has continued to rise in public estimation through a period of twenty years.

The early testimony borne to the merits of this volume by the public voice, a testimony seconded, with very unusual unanimity, by the periodical criticism of the day, was preceded, or followed, by approbation, to which Mr. Jebb justly attached a still higher value: the approval of minds entitled to pronounce with authority, and whose favourable judgment would have been, alone, a decisive test of the intrinsic value of his labours; and the reception experienced, both by his volume of Sermons, and by the Appendix attached to it, among men of the highest promise, both at the universities, and in the church. Upon the best and purest grounds, this consent of witnesses was deeply gratifying to one, whose single aim, in this first publication as in all his subsequent undertakings, had been, to promote, so far as might be permitted, the good of mankind, and the glory of God. Yet, while duly sensible of these encouraging results, it was his happiness to enjoy a testimony of another kind, which came more home to his heart: this testimony was, the comfort and support derived from the study of his sermons, in many and wholly independent instances, by persons in

deep affliction, by others under heavy trials, and by some 'at the hour of death.' But these fruits belong to a later period.

The Appendix to this volume, relating to the peculiar character of the Church of England, as distinguished, both from other branches of the Reformation, and from the modern Church of Rome, caused, as it is the property of *truth* to cause, an equally strong sensation, in opposite extremes; among Roman catholics, . . . and among low-church protestants. Its foundational principle, the golden rule of Vincentius Lirinensis, which adopts catholic consent as our guide in scriptural interpretation, was assailed, at the time, courteously, acutely, and unsuccessfully, by a correspondent under the signature of Albius, in the *Christian Observer*. The claim of the Church of England to the adoption of this principle, and consequently to the middle place assigned to it in Mr. Jebb's Appendix, has been zealously contested, on the other hand, by Roman catholics; and is, at the moment in which I write, the subject of a controversy publicly at issue, between an accomplished French ecclesiastic, and some distinguished divines of Oxford. With the details of the discussion I am, at present, unacquainted; but the softened spirit in which even the Roman catholic controversy may be con-

ducted (a spirit which it was Mr. Jebb's constant aim to possess and promote, and to the increase of which his writings, it appears, have not a little contributed,) is too happily exemplified, in a letter from the learned Abbé in question, to a friend at Oxford, for the extract to be withheld from the readers of Bishop Jebb's Life: . . . 'J'ai attaqué M. Jebb, quoique j'ai regret; car je l'aime beaucoup.' . . . When will controversial writers learn, that the spirit of charity, while it sheds a grace even upon error, is the best, and only safe, ally of truth?

While thus assailed, however, on the one hand, by the gymnobiblical protestant, and, on the other hand, by the priest-governed Romanist, the principles to which Mr. Jebb's Appendix first recalled public attention, as the true principles of the English reformation, have continued silently, steadily, and diffusively to gain ground. And the Appendix itself is now generally recognized, as an authoritative depositary of those catholic principles.

Of the merits of Mr. Jebb's sermons, as compositions, it is needless to speak: they are before the public; they are in the hands, probably, of all who may read these pages; and ample justice has been rendered, by his contemporaries, to the beauty of their spirit, the depth and richness of the thoughts, and the force, purity, and persuasiveness

of the style. But his manner and delivery as a preacher, it seems the part of his biographer to notice. His manner in the pulpit (it was his natural manner) was grave, impressive, and affectionate : while he read the collect, and the Lord's Prayer, you already felt that the preacher was in earnest : his delivery, easy and unstudied, and rather slow, but full of life and energy, confirmed and increased, with each succeeding sentence, your first impression. His voice, though not strong, was deep and flexible ; and its modulations so justly varied, and the enunciation, especially of the consonants, so clear, as greatly to augment its power. He thought not about action : what he used came with the impulse of the moment ; and was evidently called forth by the importance of the subject, and the interest that his heart took in it. He never committed to memory ; yet a rule which he always observed, both in preaching and reading, imparted to his discourses all the life and animation of extempore address : this rule was, to carry the eye forward, while delivering each sentence, to those which followed, so as to know, beforehand, what was about to be spoken. . . Imperfect as this description is, there are, I believe, many still living, to whom it will recall him as he was, . . as he stood, and looked, and spake, while he enforced, with an

affectionate authority always tempered by meekness, the lively oracles of God. Might I attempt to convey the whole effect, it should be in the words of the great Hooker*: ‘His virtue, his gesture, his countenance, his zeal, the motion of his body, and the inflection of his voice, who first uttereth them as his own, is that which giveth the very essence of instruments available to eternal life.’

A preacher with powers of delivery like these, could not fail to be an accomplished reader. Mr. Jebb’s reading, on ordinary occasions, was of such varied excellence, as always to command attention, and often to call forth the strongest admiration. One excellence, particularly observable in his reading, was, that his command of voice, and powers of inflection, seemed to rise in proportion to the difficulty of the writer’s style. When in England with Mr. Knox, in 1809, he was requested, by a friend, to read aloud a treatise of Robert Boyle’s (perhaps, the most *unreadable*, in this sense, of great English writers.): he readily complied; and, as he proceeded, managed so judiciously the interminable periods, and disentangled so skilfully the long parentheses, as equally to sur-

* I cite this illustrious name with fresh reverence, after a recent pilgrimage to his church and house, in the neighbouring parish of Bishopsbourne.

prize and delight the hearers. The friends who had made the request, remarked, that Mr. Jebb's reading reminded them of that of Mr. Pitt (with whom they had been intimate); and that they had not heard such reading since Mr. Pitt's death.

But it was in the reading-desk, and in the performance of the solemn services of his venerable mother the Church of England, that his powers appeared to the truest advantage. His manner of delivery here, while more subdued, was not less impressive, than in the pulpit. It was manifest to all, that his whole heart was in his service. While offering up his own petitions, and those of the congregation, before the throne of Grace, in the words of our unrivalled liturgy, he never, for a moment, forgot that he PRAYED: a consciousness, above all other means, influential, to draw the hearers to pray also. When reading the lessons, and the psalms, he so entered into the spirit of the sacred penmen, as to give reality to what he read; always reminding you more of the scriptural scene, subject, or characters, than of the reader... This sketch, a plain and faithful record of the impression made upon one, who long enjoyed the high privilege of hearing him officiate, is drawn with the more freedom, because numbers are still living, both in Ireland and in Eng-

land, who formed part of his congregations ; and not a few, I believe, who can recall, and who will own, the likeness.

The autumn of 1814, was a season, to Mr. Jebb, of much cheerful family enjoyment. In August, his brother-in-law, Rowley Heyland, Esq., Mrs. Heyland*, and their family, accom-

* While writing these pages, my pen has been suspended by tidings of the removal of this exemplary person, the *last* of her generation, beyond all earthly thoughts and cares. The following sketch of her character, and account of her peaceful and edifying death, in a letter from her nephew, who will pardon me for inserting it, would be interesting and instructive under any circumstances : it is appropriate here, as relating to a beloved sister of Bishop Jebb.

‘ Dublin, May 4. 1835.

‘ The event, for which my last letter prepared you, has taken place. At half past six, yesterday evening, it pleased God to take my aunt to himself. We had been in expectation of it, for more than a day before, such was her weakness. Early on saturday morning, I was sent for ; and joined with her, my uncle, and her children, in prayer, and religious conversation, which she sustained, with great strength of voice, and with her usual cheerful, and collected temper. After this, she fell into a slumber, from which she wakened but at intervals, till the same hour on sunday morning, when I again saw her. She was then incapable of conversation herself, but desired we might converse around her. After this, until within half an hour of her death, her slumbers were renewed, to all appearance tranquil, and refreshing : . . whenever she did waken, she showed a perfect consciousness ; which never deserted her, until within a few minutes of her departure. At the last, she showed a perfect consciousness of the prayers and psalms, which I continued to read till life was gone, by lifting up both her hands, and moving her lips, at the conclusion of each : the power of articulation having left her. Her death was so very peaceful, that it was some minutes, before we could ascertain, whether she had breathed her last. When all was over, I followed my uncle’s example, when my mother died, by repeating, in her children’s presence, the prayer in the burial service, which returns thanks for such a release.

panied by Mr. Jebb's eldest sister, Miss Jebb, came to Abington. And this family party was succeeded, in September, by the arrival of his brother, Mrs. Jebb, and their two elder children.

It was on this occasion that I first had the happiness of becoming acquainted with that brother, my late honoured friend Judge Jebb. The public merits and services of this truly eminent man, are very generally known, and have placed his name, with honour, among the worthies of Ireland; where his memory is gratefully cherished, and will be had in lasting remembrance, by the good, of every party and persuasion. But none can have known such a man, as he ought to be known, who have not seen him, amidst the duties, and charities, of private and

‘ I know how interested you must feel in all this; both as having known her virtues, and as recognizing, in her, a worthy sister of those, who have, at such short intervals, gone before her. I have not known, it were impossible, I believe, to know, a more faultless character. That remarkable gentleness of disposition, was not the evidence of mere passive virtues: . . . for, in every relation of life, she was always fulfilling her appointed duties, to the utmost of her power. I can well remember how she not merely bore the afflictions of her life, but exerted herself under them. None who knew her, but have experienced her active kindness and generosity; a family quality, in which she was in no respect inferior to her brothers. And in guileless simplicity, and humility, she also resembled them. With all of them, there were the evidences of a heavenly care, prospered through the whole course, of useful, pious, innocent, and happy lives.

‘ Believe me, my dear friend,

‘ Ever affectionately yours,

‘ JOHN JEBB.’

domestic life. In the ground-work of their characters, . . integrity, candour, generosity, high-mindedness, . . never were brethren more in unity, than Judge Jebb and the Bishop : in manner, on the other hand, they were of perfectly opposite styles. Both were characteristically modest, and constitutionally shy : but, probably owing to the influences of their different professions, Bishop Jebb's native modesty and shyness occasioned a degree of reserve, in society, which his brother's daily contact with life enabled him to overcome. Both were naturally playful ; with a vein both of wit, and humour : but the Bishop's manner, though cheerful, was grave, and seldom relaxed, except among intimate friends ; while his brother's was easy, lively, and universally prepossessing. Thus gifted in manner, as in mind and heart, and possessing the additional advantage of a light and graceful person, Judge Jebb was, when in society, what he seemed formed to be the *deliciæ humani generis*.

His outward air and manner, were but the fair reflection of the inner man. His brother, with a pen dipt in the heart, has faithfully depicted his exemplary conduct, in all the relations of life. I can only add, that what he had been to him, as a brother, he became to me, as a friend ; and never was there truer, or surer friendship

than his. This faint tribute to departed excellence will be forgiven to one, who owes to the constant friendship of these kindred spirits, a debt of grateful remembrance, which it is his heart's belief will survive, in other, and better worlds.

In a letter to Mr. M^cCormick, Mr. Jebb thus speaks of the visit just alluded to. 'The visit of Richard, Louisa, and their youngsters, was, to me and my companion Mr. Forster, at least, most delightful. I trust, to the visitors, too, it was not disagreeable. Richard is gaining ground in every good quality he always possessed ; with the addition of good qualities, not, perhaps, before, fully elicited. I believe there are not in the world many such men.'

In the commencement of 1815, Mr. Jebb was busily employed in revising, composing, and preparing notes and illustrations for the sermons of his first published volume. Upon the notes, he wrought *con amore* ; as it had long been his favourite practice, to cull select passages from his general reading, and treasure them in scrap-books, for his own use ; frequently enriching his selections, by original reflections and criticisms. It now occurred to him, that to illustrate printed sermons, somewhat in the same way, might afford an interesting and instructive variety. The ex-

periment was eminently successful : the notes of his volume attracting early, and marked, attention. It was his nature to be often deeply affected, by incidents, and touches of feeling, so slight, as to pass unheeded by the generality of readers : this susceptibility was peculiarly awakened, by the incidental touches of nature, so frequently to be met with in the Old and New Testaments. A favourite scriptural incident of this kind, which he introduced in a note to his sermon on the character of Abraham, may be indicated as an example : see ‘Sermons on subjects chiefly practical’, p. 133. The maternal tenderness of Hannah, and the filial piety of Samuel, so touchingly preserved in the prophet’s mention of the ‘little coat,’ are here brought out in a manner, which, as appeared at the time, completely succeeded in imparting to others Mr. Jebb’s own feeling.

In April, he went to Dublin ; and, early in May, proceeded to London, to superintend, on the spot, the publication of his volume ; which, on the introduction of Dr. Magee, had been readily undertaken by Messrs. Cadell and Davies. Immediately on his arrival in town, he was invited by the worthy son-in-law of his friend Mr. Stock of Bristol, the late J. H. Butterworth, jun. Esq., of Fleet Street, to become his guest, during

the progress of his book through the press ; and the invitation was given in that genuine spirit of English hospitality, to which he has often alluded, and which, to him, was always irresistible. In this convenient neighbourhood, and congenial society, he passed several happy weeks ; dividing his time between the printers, the book-shops, and occasional engagements with his other friends, including an excursion of a week to Huntingdonshire, and Cambridge. His book, meanwhile, came out ; and, on his return to town, he found himself already in the position of a successful author. His name was now in fashion ; his London engagements thickened ; and he enjoyed, in prospect, the delightful hope of re-visiting Mrs. Hannah More, and his friends in the neighbourhood of Bristol, . . when a letter from Ireland announced the alarmingly increasing illness, already adverted to, of his beloved friend and kinsman, Mr. M^cCormick.

How he acted, on receiving this afflicting intelligence, may best be told in his own words. The following extract is taken from a letter which I received from him, dated Rosstrevor, July 21. 1815 . . ‘ Yesterday sennight, at an early hour, my poor brother-in-law was released from his pains. He expired without a struggle or a groan ; and I do humbly trust, that his end was PEACE.

His family have since been graciously supported : they have the human consolation of many most attached, and sympathizing friends, . . for I hardly ever knew a man so deeply beloved, as he that is gone ; and the love extends to his family. But, whether we look to him, or to themselves, . . I do believe that they have, and enjoy, greater than human consolations. For myself . . I have lost (for a while) one of my earliest, most attached, and most serviceable friends. The poor fellow loved me truly : he rejoiced to have seen me in his last hours, and that I was on the spot to assist in comforting my dear sister. How great reason have I to be thankful for the thought put into my mind, that I would leave London, and hasten here ! I have been greatly . . greatly rewarded, for so doing. And what would now be my feelings, had I stifled the movement, . . and remained where I was ! Perhaps I never could have endured the self-reproach of again visiting those English friends, whom I may hereafter, if it please Providence, rejoin without a blush.'

From this scene of family affliction having well fulfilled all the duties of a brother and a friend, he returned to Abington in August, at a time when the county of Tipperary was in a state of open insurrection, and the adjoining county of Limerick on the eve of being placed, also, under

the restrictions of the Insurrection Act. He found his parish of Abington, however, (before his incumbency, a very troublesome district of Limerick) in a state of the most perfect quiet. And now it was, that Mr. Jebb first had practical experience, of the place which he held in the affections of his Roman catholic parishioners, and of the effects, upon the minds of the Irish peasantry, of a life spent in the quiet discharge of duty, and the judicious exercise of unostentatious kindness.

The tranquillity of the parish, and the good spirit of his parishioners, are mentioned incidentally, in a letter to Mrs. M^cCormick, written shortly after his return; a letter further interesting, as expressive of his fraternal affection, guided, equally, by christian wisdom, and practical good sense.

‘ Abington Glebe, Aug. 20. 1815.

‘ MY DEAREST BESS,

‘ YOUR most kind, and excellent letter reached me, just at the time I could most have wished, within about an hour of my return to my quiet home.

‘ The tone and temper of your letter are just what I expected, and, let me add, *all that I could desire*. It is my hope and trust that you will be

enabled to proceed as you have begun ; and then you will find, more and more, every thing co-operating for your good. Mercies and blessings, I humbly venture to predict, are in store for you, which exceed all that are past. Cherish, only, a devotional spirit ; and pray that you may be enabled to cherish it wisely ; and a cheerful, happy spirit, will assuredly not be wanting. You cannot fail, either, to be sensible, that, under the weighty responsibility of such a family, the good and pleasant dispositions of your dear children, afford ground to work upon, which, if rightly cultivated, will produce good fruit in abundance. That you may be prospered and protected in all your ways, is my fervent prayer.

‘ I cannot but greatly approve of your continuance at Rosstrevor, for the winter ; so weighty a business as your final settlement, should not be hastily carried on. Yet I think it probable, that the plan which Richard first thought of, may, on the fullest consideration, prove the most eligible ; that, I mean, of Portarlington. The objections, either to Dublin, or its immediate neighbourhood, are many and important ; the advantages, on the other hand, are, perhaps, rather equivocal. The drawback on Portarlington . . I mean that of *breaking new*

ground . . I am far from overlooking ; and I can enter with sympathy into your feelings upon it : still, it is, I verily believe, far worse in prospect, than it would prove upon actual trial. We are wonderfully formed for adjustment to the varying circumstances of this life ; we are taught to regard, and to pass through life, as a pilgrimage ; but to enjoin our doing so, would be a tyrannous oppression, if we were not gifted with powers for the achievement. Those powers we have. From want of use, we may not know we have them ; from want of submission to the Divine will, we may destroy them ; but, unless we are grossly unjust to ourselves, we may call them forth on every occasion of necessity, or rather, the very necessity itself, will bring them into action. This, in my own narrow experience, I have found to be fact ; and those who are far wiser and better than I am, have borne the strongest, and the most repeated testimony, that such exercise of the *self-accommodating* faculty, invariably adds to the conscious happiness of life. As you justly observe, however, we shall have ample time for consideration ; and I know that you will be well borne through whatever, on full consideration, you are led to adopt, as your future scheme of life.

‘ You will be glad to know, that I found this neighbourhood in perfect tranquillity and peace. No manner of disturbance has occurred here since I left home ; and I am in hopes matters may so remain. We can leave the doors unguarded, and move freely, at all hours ; and I am told, from good authority, that, individually, I am very popular among the inhabitants ; more so than would have been imagined, till my long absence called forth their feelings.

‘ I trust, my dearest Bess, that, here and elsewhere, we shall often meet. Should Portarlington be your destination, its comparative neighbourhood to me would be very delightful ; in all cases, however, we must draw closely together. Adieu ! May God Almighty bless and preserve you and yours !

‘ Ever your most affectionate brother,

‘ JOHN JEBB.’

While thus, at the same time, giving himself to the claims of family affection, and preparing to resume, amidst surrounding alarm, the peaceful tenor of his Abington life, he was not unmindful of his beloved studies. Early in October, he tells Mr. Knox, ‘ I have taken to two things, in which I find comfort already ; and hope,

progressively, to find more and more : the daily reading of a portion of the Greek Testament (meimet in usum); and, also, the reading of Saint Chrysostom on Saint Matthew.' These daily lections in Saint Chrysostom, while they much increased his relish for the writings of that great ancient, suggested a congenial literary employment for the ensuing winter months. He had already translated, we have seen, at an earlier period, some specimens from Saint Chrysostom : he now seriously thought of attempting a translation of one of his larger treatises ; and made choice of that most generally known and esteemed, his celebrated treatise on the Priesthood. The hours devoted to this undertaking, were borrowed from sleep : he rose every morning about four o'clock (his usual time of rising in winter), especially when he had any work in hand); lighted his own fire (a practice, perhaps, adopted from the example of Mr. Knox); and prosecuted his translation until breakfast-hour. In a few weeks, the version was nearly completed ; but, though written, and in many parts rewritten, with his accustomed care, he could not succeed in satisfying his own demands, . . which were certainly very high : for he required, in translations, not only great fidelity, and criti-

cal correctness, but, also, the spirit, grace, and freedom of original composition.* This, in his version of the *De Sacerdotio*, he seemed, to his own ear, not to have sufficiently attained; he, accordingly, laid aside the work; and never after could be prevailed on to resume, or even to re-peruse it. The MS., of which others, probably, would form a very different estimate, is preserved among his unfinished papers.

His own avocations, however, when most interesting to himself, never interfered with his willingness, and readiness, to contribute his best thoughts and counsels, whenever sought, for the direction of others. We have just seen him engaged upon his translation from Saint Chrysostom: about this time, he received an application from his niece, Miss M^cCormick, at the request of a friend, for a selection of such books, as he would recommend for the use of a mother, in the moral and religious training of her children. As inquiries of this nature are not infrequently made; it may be interesting to many readers, and instructive, possibly, to not a few,

* His feeling upon this subject, recalls to mind Dryden's standard of translation: . .

‘ Nor ought a genius less than his that writ
Attempt *translation*; for transplanted wit,
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains, like colder climates are.’

to learn how they were, on this occasion, answered by Mr. Jebb.

‘ Abington Glebe, Feb. 15. 1816.

‘ MY DEAR ALICIA,

‘ I NOT only do not think you presumptuous in writing to me, but I thank you most cordially for the pleasure your letter gave me, and take the best means in my power of showing what I feel, by making an immediate, though, I fear, imperfect answer. On another sheet of paper, I shall write a list of books, which you can enclose to your friend Mrs. R **; confining myself, as I presume she would wish, to those of a religious description, or at least bearing on religion. I fear, when she receives and acts upon it, her opinion of your ‘ uncle’s taste and judgment’ may not rise; at the same time, if I be fortunate enough to point out but one author, that can agreeably and usefully add to the store of such a mind, and the comfort of such a heart, it will be of little consequence, whether the recommender does, or does not sink, to his proper level. You are not, however, to imagine I am indifferent to the good opinion of those, who, like Mrs. R **, unite piety with taste. When this can be honestly attained, it is assuredly to be prized as a blessing, which it would be affect-

ation, or something worse, to slight, . . as it would be vanity, or worse than vanity, inordinately to pursue. I should be glad you would mention to Mrs. R **, that the list is meagre, because I do not like to name books, however useful or valuable, to any considerable portion of which I may have strong objections; and that, even in so brief a list, there are few books, to which I would give unqualified approbation. In reading, it has been my own plan, to select 'here a little, and there a little,' and then to systematize as I could for myself; a circumstance which, in some respects, disqualifies me for the office of being a good literary caterer for others.

'Farewell, my dear Alicia,

'Ever your truly affectionate uncle,

'JOHN JEBB.'

'P. S. Having written my list, which I have endeavoured to make a sort of catalogue raisonné, I send it precisely as my thoughts first occurred, therefore much order cannot be expected in it.

'SCOUGAL'S Life of God in the Soul of Man.

'The title of this little manual may appear somewhat puritanical: but it is free from the slightest puritanical tincture; and is, throughout, no less soundly rational, than it is deeply pious.

It contains, in small compass, a great weight of practical divinity ; the style is pure, and almost elegant, and is remarkable considering the age and country of the writer. He was a Scotch episcopal clergyman, and died about the close of the seventeenth century. Bishop Burnet wrote a recommendatory preface.

‘ WORTHINGTON on Self-resignation.

‘ This little book is rarely to be met with. Less finished and systematic than the former, it is more profound in spirituality. Worthington has sounded the depths of christian philosophy ; and, with his christianity, he incorporated the best and noblest lessons of Plato and his followers, without, however, wandering into the enchanted ground, or among the air-built castles of mysticism.

‘ HOWE’S (the Hon. Charles) Meditations.

‘ This exquisite little book consists of the private thoughts of the virtuous author, thrown down for his own personal edification, and without the least thought they would ever be made public ; after his death, however, partly at the instance of *Night-thoughts* Young, they were printed ; and in truth they are an invaluable treasure. More sober sense, or heart-elevating piety, has rarely been condensed, by any human being, into so small a compass. Mr. Howe had

been much in the world ; in the reigns of Charles and James II. he had been employed on foreign embassies ; but retired, while fortune courted his stay, to his paternal estate, and to the cultivation of his own heart.

‘ LUCAS on Happiness.

‘ This book has been lately republished, and is well known. The first volume, in some parts, will appear dry : the second is admirable throughout, leading on the reader through the most rational course, and by well-marked gradations, to the just end of his being :

Some there are, that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on the golden key
That opes the Palace of Eternity.

‘ To this book may be added Practical Christianity, by the same author.

‘ Two sermons by the learned CUDWORTH.

‘ These contain the essence of practical religion, and, besides, are most learned, eloquent, and philosophical. They are annexed to the quarto edition of the author’s stupendous ‘ Intellectual System,’ and have been lately republished in separate pamphlets, one at Rivington’s, London, the other at Edwards’, Cork.

‘ JEREMY TAYLOR’S Sermons.

‘ These are too well known to need a character ;

we do not hold a taper to the sun. The 3d vol. of the octavo edition is the best worthy of repeated perusal ; and, of that volume, the sermon before the university of Dublin is transcendently excellent. Allowance will of course be made, for the soarings of an exuberant imagination, and for quotations of greek and latin after the manner of his day ; the sense of which, however, is commonly given in English.

‘ The Holy Dying, of the same author, is well worthy of being studied.

‘ The Holy Living, I do not mention, because though, in many parts, truly and deeply edifying, there is an occasional coarseness of manner, which was tolerated in the ruder days of our ancestors, but which has been exploded by the better taste and judgment of to-day.

‘ Taylor’s Life of Christ, has also been republished, and would be a proper companion for the above articles. I see a new life of Bishop Taylor advertized, which, it is presumed, would be worth purchasing.

‘ OGDEN’S Sermons.

‘ I mention these especially for the sake of two admirable little discourses, on the 10th commandment. Other sermons too in the volume, are very instructive. The manner is peculiar ; condensed, pungent, eloquent, witty, and pathetic.

In the whole compass of modern pulpit eloquence, I know not a passage of such genuine, unaffected pathos as the description of a good and bad son, and the picture of the misery of an unhappy parent, at the close of the 11th sermon, on the 5th commandment.

‘BISHOP BUTLER’S Analogy and Sermons.

‘The profoundest works of modern times; which must not be read, except by those, who are able and willing to labour, to digest, and to retain; but which will amply repay those, who study them as they should be studied: displaying the wisdom, consistency, and equity of the divine plans; and laying open the nature of them, at once with the minuteness of a mental anatomist, and with the comprehensiveness of an almost angelical intelligence.’

‘DR. TOWNSON’S Works.

‘Of these, the greater part are subjects of Biblical criticism; a criticism however, uniting, in a singular degree, the character of ingenuity and sobriety, of elegance and learning, of minute research, and yet of mental freedom and enlargement. His discourses on the four Gospels, throw an original light on their design and execution. His harmony and paraphrase of the history of the Resurrection, &c. do away many difficulties; and do so, without ever (as is too frequently the case) creating

difficulties, as it were for the purpose of ushering in an imperfect, unsatisfactory solution. But his sermons are, especially, the part of these two volumes, to which attention should be directed. They are but four in number, and are models in their kind; elegant, simple, unaffected, apparently inelaborate; but they will, on close study, be found the result of deep thought, well revised, and patiently corrected. The sermon on the manner of our Lord's teaching, is among the most finished in our language; that on the Rechabites, in the easiest and most unpretending manner, presents to us the cheerfulness of christian self-denial. His Life, by Archdeacon Churton, is a beautiful sketch; the biography of the character is particularly well drawn.

‘LOWTH’S Lectures on Hebrew Poetry;
translated by Gregory.

‘Whoever has not read this book, has yet to learn, the chief sources of beauty in the Scriptures of the Old Testament. An able friend of mine once said, that, in this work, there is a minor inspiration; and I cannot think he was far astray. From the minute and peculiar structure of the hebrew poetical sentences, to the sublimest flights of poetical invention, a flood of light is poured on excellences, which had for ages escaped the notice of critics, but which Lowth

readers familiar to every reader, who has the least pretensions to judgment and sensibility.

‘ISAAC WALTON’S Lives: Edited by Dr. Zouch. 8vo.

‘The honest simplicity, native candour, untutored eloquence, and genuine love of goodness of Isaac Walton, have stood the test of near a century and a half, and gradually rise in the public estimation. His lives of five most distinguished members of our church, not only do ample justice to individual piety and learning; but throw a mild and cheerful light upon the manners of an interesting age, as well as upon the venerable features of our mother church. Dr. Johnson had thoughts of re-editing this volume. It cannot, however, be regretted, that the task was undertaken by Dr. Zouch, who was more intimately acquainted with theology, and theological writers; and whose ample notes unite rich instruction, and very agreeable entertainment.

‘BURNET’S Lives. Republished, 1815, by Watson, Capel Street, Dublin.

‘I am particular in mentioning this edition, because it has a preface, which is a most just and beautiful defence of our church, from certain puritanical objections; and which, in many important particulars, may serve as a guard against

several prevalent errors of the religious world. The lives themselves are the master-pieces of Burnet. When he wrote of genuine goodness, he seems to have written with an angel's quill. Had he never written more than the sermon for Robert Boyle, the character of Queen Mary, and the brief sketch of Archbishop Leighton, he would have deserved the admiration of posterity.

‘ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON’S WORKS.

‘These writings are often tinged with the calvinism of the day. But, after making every needful abatement, we must confess, that Leighton was a human seraph; uniting the solar warmth with the solar light, and, throughout, exhibiting the purest, most unmingled goodness. His commentary on St. Peter is a treasure of devotion. His theological lectures are the very philosophy of the New Testament; and his meditations on some of the psalms, raise us to those purer and sublime heights, where it was Leighton’s delight and privilege, habitually to dwell.

‘BISHOP HORNE’S WORKS.

‘The good Bishop is a cheerful, pious, elegant companion; rarely profound, but always pleasing, and sometimes eloquent. The openings of his sermons are often beautiful. His preface to the psalms is his master-piece, and deserves to be

read again and again. These are safe volumes to be put into the hands of young people.

‘EDWARDS on the Affections.

‘Though an American and a Presbyterian, I cannot omit this most able writer. He has the phraseology, in many places, of his sect; but living as he did in extraordinary times, and witnessing what is called a revival of religion, he wrote this work for the purpose of detecting false pretences, by which multitudes deceive themselves and others, as to their religious state. There is not, in divinity ancient or modern, a more heart-searching book than this.

‘EDWARDS on Redemption.

‘In this work, the author, with vast reach and comprehension of mind, exhibits christianity as a grand scheme, for the final accomplishment of our Saviour’s Kingdom. His views are, at once, most sober, and most sublime. Unlike modern prophets, he is never wise above that which is written: but then, he has drunk deeply into those fountains, which few have touched with their lips.

‘FLEURY : Discours sur l’Histoire Ecclésiastique.

‘The most enlarged and liberal writer of the Gallican Church. These discourses, on the whole, present the most masterly and philosophi-

cal outline in existence, of ecclesiastical history. The errors of his Church, where they occur, are obvious: he may be read without jealousy or suspicion; for he scorned the artifices of the disingenuous Bossuet.

‘NICOLE. *Essais de Morale, &c.* 25 Vols. 12mo. at Dulau’s.

‘These books, making an abatement for Roman catholic error, are the most extensive and valuable repository with which I am acquainted, of practical piety; manly, solid, scriptural, and every where bottomed on a just knowledge of human nature.’

To this catalogue raisonné, may be subjoined a MS. sketch of a select volume of sacred poetry, found among Bishop Jebb’s papers.

SELECTIONS, MORAL AND SACRED,

FROM THE EARLIER ENGLISH POETS.

1. Spencer’s Hymn of Heavenly Love, Todd’s edition.
2. * * * *’s Hymn of Heavenly Beauty, *ibid.*
3. From Sir John Davies’ Immortality of the Soul, Anders. Poets, ii. 698.
4. Virtue, by Mr. Geo. Herbert, Works, p. 181.
5. Peace, by ditto, *ibid.* p. 233.
6. Character of a happy Life, by Sir Henry Wotton, Walton’s Life, Angl. p. 35.
7. From Fletcher’s Purple Island.
 1. Canto v. stanzas 61 . . 68. Anderson, vol. iv. Canto vii. 1 . . 7.

Canto ix. 2—5. 10. 12—16. 19. 21—23. 30, 31.

Canto xii. 32. (line 1.) 37. 39.

Canto xii. 2—6.

8. Psalm cxxx. by P. Fletcher.

9. From G. Fletcher's *Christ's Victory, &c.*

Justice, Part i. stanzas 10,

11. 15, 16. Ibid. p. 497.

10. From Ben Jonson's *Elegy on Lady Jane Paulet*. Ibid. p. 592.

11. From Ben Jonson's *Elegy on Lady Venetia Digby*. Ibid. p. 595.

12. From Drummond's *Flowers of Sion*. Ibid. p. 659, &c.

I. XVIII. XXV. XXVI. XXVII. XXX. XXXI.

13. Crashaw's *Epitaph on Mr. Herries*. Ibid. p. 728.

14. Crashaw's *Description of a religious House, &c.* Ibid. p. 748.

15. Crashaw's *Paraphrase of Psalm xxiii.* Ibid. p. 712.

In March, 1816, Mr. Jebb resumed, with fresh spirit, his inquiry into the style of the New Testament; which, since his letter to Dr. Magee, had been suspended, by the interruption of other literary avocations. March 29., he writes to Mr. Knox, 'For the last three or four weeks, I have been more busily, and more pleasantly occupied, than for years; having finished, perhaps, three fifths of my remarks, on the hebraic distribution of the New Testament; finished, I mean, so much of the first copy, with a view to publication, more to my mind, and more thoroughly at my ease, than I could have dared to anticipate: the whole will probably run to 300 pages 8vo.'

The subject, as now treated, extended to four large fasciculi, under the title of ‘Remarks upon the style of the New Testament; chiefly with regard to the prevalence of an hebraic structure in its sentences and periods.’ Having advanced thus far, he laid, according to his custom, his papers aside, until the ardour of composition should have subsided. And, upon returning to examine what he had written, he was satisfied that, while a considerable advance had been made upon his former essay, he had not yet reached beyond the selection, enlargement, and more perspicuous arrangement of his materials. He therefore, a second time, calmly relinquished the hope of publication, until a plan should have arisen in his mind, which might give system and unity to his work: nor did he wait in vain: the plan finally adopted, was the offspring of a moment; though the favourable moment was still to be delayed for several years.

Meanwhile, it was the good pleasure of that gracious Providence, in which he ever trusted, that his faith should be exercised, and his patience proved, by other duties, by fresh family afflictions, and by successive attacks of illness of the most alarming kind.

In the summer of this year, he was invited by the Archbishop to exchange the rectory of

Abington, for that of Golden, within four miles of Cashel. Deeply feeling the kindness of this option, yet fearing, at the same time, the effect, upon his future studies, of a removal to a parish, where he must begin as a builder, . . . there being no glebe house ; he begged to leave the decision entirely with his Grace, as a private friend. The decision was, most considerately, made for him in the negative : and he remained, accordingly, at Abington.

He had early, and continually increasing cause for thankfulness, at his continuance in this quiet retreat. Hitherto, the parish of Abington, peopled almost entirely by Roman catholics, had allowed little scope for the duties of the pastoral care. About the close of the year 1816, however, a signal opportunity was, most unexpectedly, afforded, of proving the efficiency, and superiority, of the ministry of the Church of England, in the hands of a pastor like Mr. Jebb, in the face of the Church of Rome itself, and in the person of a member of the Roman catholic communion ; by the happy conversion, at once from Romanism and from infidelity, of a gentleman of cultivated mind, connected both with the Roman catholic hierarchy and aristocracy. The circumstances of this very remarkable case happen to be preserved in a letter, written at the

time, at the request of my mother. A copy of this letter has been lately recovered; and as such a document is likely to possess a fresher interest, than any statement drawn up at this distance of time, I need not apologize for presenting it to the reader.

‘Your wish to learn further particulars of our departed convert, must be complied with. The circumstances of this occurrence, and the case of the individual, are too remarkable to be left unrecorded. I cannot, I will confess, but look upon it as singular, that, in this remote district, our excellent friend should gain to his ministry such a seal, as the most favourable situation, in a long life, could hardly be expected to supply. Is not this somewhat like providential compensation?’

‘The person, respecting whom you inquire, was of an old, and highly respectable, Roman catholic family: on the female side, connected both with the hierarchy, and the aristocracy, of that communion; his mother being niece to the titular Bishop of Cork (Dr. Moylan), and to the late Lord Dunboyne. His own name was R*****. He had married a member of our Church; a widow lady, equally respectable with himself in her family and connections. They had settled, about 15 years since, upon a mountain farm;

which Mr. R* * * * *.’s taste and skill (he was by profession a landscape gardener) converted, at once, into a valuable property, and a most comfortable residence. Mr. R* * * * *, at the age of 15, fell into the hands of a family friend; a man of fortune, a physician, and an infidel. From this gentleman (he had now no better instructor), he imbibed that unhappy taint, which accompanied him, until within a few months of his last illness. In every other respect, indeed, he had lived correctly: he was of gentle temper; just in his dealings; a kind husband, a kind father, a good landlord, and a steady friend. But, on the subject of religion, and especially of revealed religion, he was, not in heart only, but professedly, and profanely, an unbeliever. From his youth up, he had been familiar with the philosophic infidelity of France and Scotland. The writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Volney, with those of their contemporaries and coadjutors, Hume and Gibbon, became his meat and drink. And their principles, he made no scruple to circulate, wherever he was under no restraint of respect, or politeness. In society, however, where this was the case, he knew how, (as we can testify) to behave with perfect propriety. . . Such was Mr. R., when we first became acquainted with him, about three years since.

‘That acquaintance arose as follows. Mrs. R. being a member of the Church of England, and having liberty to bring up her daughter in her own communion, Mr. Jebb, of course, felt it to be his duty to visit her, among his other parishioners. We went there accordingly ; and were so politely received, both by Mr. and Mrs. R., that Mr. Jebb invited them to pass a day or two at the Glebe : they did so : and this attention, it seems, never was forgotten.

‘I now come to more interesting particulars. About nine months ago (as Mrs. R. has since informed us), Mr. R. was engaged, professionally, at a gentleman’s place, in the county of Westmeath. One morning, being, as he thought, quite awake, his mother, who had been dead many years, stood before him at the bedside ; and addressed him thus : ‘ Make your soul * ; there is no time to lose ; you will die next November.’

‘At this time, Mr. R. was in his usual state of health : the incident, however, made a deep lodgment ; and he acquainted Mrs. R. with it, shortly after his return home. In the course of the summer, his health became delicate ; and he was advised to spend a little time at Mallow. He

* An expression current among Irish Romanists, and equivalent to ‘repent and be converted.’

did so : but found little benefit. On his return, the serious impression of the dream still continuing, and coming into rather painful conflict with his infidel doubtings, he said to his wife, ‘ I am not easy in my mind ; Mr. Jebb is a wise and good man ; I will go and open my mind to him.’ He called here, accordingly, while I was absent ; an incident in the conversation gave him an opening ; he just threw out, that he sometimes looked into books, about religious matters ; and that he had lately read, with much satisfaction, Lord Lyttleton on the Conversion of St. Paul. Mr. Jebb, aware of Mr. R.’s thorough infidelity, and conceiving this to be no more than a polite *façon de parler*, did not encourage the conversation : and Mr. R. had not courage to come directly to the motive of his visit. The visit, however, led Mr. Jebb to think of sending a copy of his sermons to his parishioner, Mrs. R. He heard nothing more of the family, until about four weeks since ; when Mr. S., Mrs. R.’s son by her former marriage, called here, to inform Mr. Jebb that Mr. R. was dying ; that Mr. Jebb’s sermons had produced a wonderful change in his mind ; that the Roman clergy had been with him, . . . had talked much with him, but without satisfying ; and that he now expressed an ardent wish to see Mr. Jebb. Mr. S. begged we would go, as it were, to pay a

visit ; and said he knew how welcome we should be. We set out the next morning. On reaching Mr. R.'s, we learned, that he had just given directions to send for Mr. Jebb. It now appeared how providential was Mr. R.'s last visit to Abington, and the consequent gift, to his lady, of Mr. Jebb's volume. Mrs. R. confirmed to us her son's report, that Mr. R.'s change of heart and views was, under divine Providence, to be attributed wholly to the perusal of this book. When first they received the volume, Mrs. R. read one sermon ; and told her husband she greatly liked it : he replied, ' I will not take your report, I will judge for myself.' He took up the book : he read it : and he read it again. The effect, we were called to witness. It was, indeed, marvellous. The conflict between the old leaven and the new, between faith and infidelity, was still severe : but the power of God was upon him, and the snares of hell were fast loosening. Every thing which it was prudent, or possible, to put before a dying man, in the way of evidence*, was put

* His great distress of mind was, that, while most anxious to become a believer in christianity, he found his mind so pre-occupied, by the infidel objections upon which it had been feeding for so many years, as to leave no room for the admission of the opposite truths : the thorns had sprung up, and choked the entrance. It may be satisfactory to some to learn the means, which, in this case, proved effectual to remove so painful an obstruction : it was a quotation from Bishop Butler : he was advised

before him : but this was little, compared with the force that wrought within. Within three days (a brief turn for such a transformation) all doubtings had passed away : a spirit of unbelief, the growth of forty years, subsided into the spirit of a little child. The day before our first visit, two priests had been with him, for several hours ; Mr. R. heard, for the last time, all they had to urge ; and the result of this interview was, his determination to die under the ministry of Mr. Jebb, and in the communion of the Church of England. On visiting him the second time, we found him in a frame so penitent, so humble, and so full of faith, that we had no reason to hesitate in complying with his desire of receiving the holy sacrament ; and there is reason to believe, not more to the comfort of the dying *christian*, than to the edification of several individuals present, who were also partakers.

‘ In the same happy frame Mr. R. continued to the last. On monday, I think, he received the sacrament ; and he expired on friday, the 5th of December. Mrs. R. told us, that, during the intervals of our visits, Mr. Jebb’s name and mine

to meet all those insurgent objections, by Bishop Butler’s profound maxim, ‘ that objections against christianity, as contra-distinguished from objections against its evidences, are frivolous.’ The advice was acted on ; and proved instantaneously effectual.

were constantly on his lips ; and that she believed he would die attempting to articulate them. As Mrs. R. afterwards informed us, it was so.'

Christmas Day, 1816.

It is a remarkable, and a gratifying remembrance, that the happy result, on this occasion, of Mr. Jebb's ministerial labours, did not produce the least unpleasant feeling, on the part of the Roman catholic population, nor the slightest abatement of kindness and good-will, on that of the Roman catholic priesthood ; although, to the latter especially, the whole case and circumstances were necessarily very trying. On the contrary, it seemed to be the universal feeling, that all was fair, and above-board ; and the peasantry of the neighbourhood openly expressed their honest pleasure, at seeing the clergymen of the parish do their duty.

But, as afterwards more fully appeared, there were other, and previous causes of kindly feeling towards the protestant rector, on the part of the peasantry of Abington : causes which must be traced in his carriage towards his parishioners, and his manner of life among them.* It seems

* The peasantry of Abington often expressed their respect for Mr. Jebb's love of books and study ; which they felt became a clergyman. They honoured, also, his exclusive devotedness to the duties of his sacred calling.

right, therefore, to give, in a few words, some account of the plain and simple means, which, from an early period of his incumbency, had secured to him, without thought or effort on his part, the affectionate good-will of a susceptible and impressible, though imperfectly civilized population.

The groundwork of Mr. Jebb's popularity, at Abington, may be said to have been laid in his natural character and deportment: in the happy union of a manly openness and fearlessness of manner, with genuine liberality in all his dealings, and unaffected kindness in the intercourse of daily life. In his correspondence with Mr. Knox, about this date, he thus describes the manner of that intercourse: 'In these trying times, it has been my lot, in common with multitudes of my brethren, to suffer my share of pecuniary inconveniences: it is gratifying, however, to feel, that I have not the least reason to complain of my parishioners, and that we are, mutually, on the best possible terms; nor, on my part, shall any fair and manly efforts be wanting, to keep things as they are: it has been my effort to blend firmness with conciliation; to act with the confidence of a man who is not afraid; and to let it be seen that, in the concessions which humanity, and, during the depreciation of agri-

cultural produce, justice itself would demand, not even the suspicion of danger is an ingredient.'

While acting on the principles, and in the spirit, here expressed, his every act of kindness, whether in the shape of pecuniary remission, or of pecuniary aid, was peculiarly felt and valued for this further cause, . . . that he who showed himself thus liberal of his substance, was, at least, equally unsparing of his personal trouble. Whenever applied to, he was found always ready to hear the case of the applicants ; to advise them for the best ; to draw up their petitions ; to write letters to the proper quarters, in behalf of the widows, or children, or next of kin, of soldiers, or sailors, connected with Abington, or its neighbourhood : attentions gratefully appreciated by the acute and observant peasantry ; who well knew Mr. Jebb's value for his time, and his studies ; and whom, in common with their countrymen, he has justly described, as more sensible to the *manner*, than to the *matter* of kindness.

In his natural manner, when conversing, kindness was blended with authority : this, too, had its effect upon the people. Even when he addressed them most kindly, there was a certain command in his manner ; which, while it rather heightened the effect of his benevolence, always kept alive the sense of respect and subordination.

In his personal intercourse with the population, he had one object habitually in view, . . . to raise them above their too-prevailing habits of servility, by awakening, or endeavouring to awaken, their self-respect; by ‘telling them they were men;’ and teaching them to look, and speak, and stand erect, as free-born human beings. Surprising as, at first sight, it may seem, it was on these occasions, that the authority of his manner became most observable. From the unhappy circumstances of the country, labouring, at once, under the crying evils of the absentee system, and under the consequent oppressions and exactions of the system of middle-men, the Irish peasantry had unhappily learnt to substitute, for the reality of respect, the outward show of a fawning and cringing servility, in addressing their superiors. This, Mr. Jebb could not endure: his nature rose against it: . . . as they stood before him, in whatever weather, with their hats in their hands, he would first request them to put on their hats; observing, that he could not bear to see them remain uncovered; if this did not succeed (as was frequently the case), he would desire them to put their hats on, or he must take his off.* While, even thus, compliance was pro-

* ‘He was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time.’ . . . ‘*I. Walton’s Life of Hooker.*’

cured with difficulty, his motive became soon understood ; and the result, uniformly, was, an increased respect for him, if not for themselves.

The year 1817 opened upon Mr. Jebb under symptoms of indisposition, which were but too fully verified. In February, his state of health was such, that all literary pursuits were inevitably suspended ; and, except in cases of indispensable business, he shrunk even from the commonest letter : in April, he rallied sufficiently to pay his annual visit to Dublin : but in May, he was taken ill, at the house of his friend Dr. Nash, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and confined to his room, for several weeks, by a severe indisposition. When sufficiently recovered, apparently, from this attack, to attempt the journey home, he returned to Abington ; where, at the end of June, he was seized with the most alarming fit of illness (one only excepted . . his last) which he experienced through life. Providentially for the favourable issue, when the attack first came on, my brother and sister-in-law were on a visit in the house ; and the difficulties attending a bed of pain and sickness, in a lonely country-house, were thus, in a great measure, removed, or alleviated, by the constant presence and attendance of attached and anxious friends. His complaint, at the commencement, appeared to be only an unusually heavy bilious attack ; attended with fever, and

pain about the chest and heart : the pain gradually increased (the other symptoms continuing), until the violence of the paroxysms, and the appearance of decided jaundice, declared the attack to be one of gallstones, of the severest kind. The disorder continued at the height for more than a month ; the spasms repeatedly returning with such violence, as to threaten life ; at one moment, a spasm in the region of the heart, seemed to the sufferer himself the approach of death ; and, in all human appearance, he must have died, had another such returned : its recurrence was mercifully averted : and, after five weeks of intense suffering, frequently amounting to agonies, which he more than once intimated that nature could not long endure, his sympathizing friends had the great happiness to see him, early in August, returning towards convalescence, though necessarily very weak, and worn to the shadow of what he had been.

Throughout this trying crisis, his patience, his cheerfulness, his willing acquiescence in the disposals of his heavenly Father, will never be forgotten by the friends who ministered round his bed of pain. Once only, when the frequent paroxysms were succeeded by intense continuous pain, he said, he trusted it was not wrong in him to ask of God, that, if this pain were to last,

God would release him, . . . 'for,' he added, 'it is more than nature can endure.' At another time, he expressed a fear, that his future days would be days of like suffering ; from the prospect of which he prayed, if it were God's will, that he might be delivered. Such fortitude, mingled with such sensibility to suffering, under the constant control of christian resignation, had never been witnessed before by those around him, and have never since been witnessed by them, excepting in himself.

It being decided by the physicians, that, as soon as sufficiently convalescent to travel, Mr. Jebb should proceed to Cheltenham, the considerate kindness of Archbishop Brodrick facilitated an arrangement with a common friend, by which provision was made for the duties of Abington parish, and I was set at liberty to accompany him. We set out, accordingly, for Dublin, the first week in August ; passed a few days with his brother ; and early in the following week sailed for Holyhead. The weather proved most favourable for our journey, and for the scenery of North Wales, which Mr. Jebb had always much enjoyed, and by which, he now seemed refreshed and recruited : but, on reaching Leominster, the carriage exercise brought on a slight relapse, which detained us there for several days. From

Leominster, we took the road by Ludlow and Ross ; a circuitous route, which united the enjoyment of fine natural scenery, with the higher enjoyment of memorable historical associations. Opportunities like this, Mr. Jebb accounted among the best restoratives of health, both in mind and body ; and he was proportionately thankful for them. Of this delightful part of our journey, he thus writes to Mr. Knox : ‘ By a pleasant detour, we enjoyed the classic ground of Ludlow Castle, and Ross ; the historical importance of the former, sunk, in my estimate, before the delightful associations of Comus ; and the richly diversified scenery of the latter, was heightened by the panegyric strains of Pope ; not, however, without some drawback, on learning, that, in a few particulars, the panegyric was indebted for materials, to poetical amplification.’

At Cheltenham, which Mr. Jebb visited without interest, and took leave of without regret, we passed three tedious weeks ; experiencing, during our stay, for the first time, the loneliness of solitude in a crowd. His heart and thoughts often returned to Abington, and to his library, where, excepting in illness, he never felt alone. A letter to Mrs. James Forster, written at this time, thus represents his feelings, and our manner of being.

Cheltenham, Aug. 27. 1817.

‘MY DEAR MADAM,

‘IT is much more than time that your patient should give some account of himself, and his movements, to the friend, whose invaluable kindness cheered and alleviated so many hours of indisposition, at the hermitage of Abington. In truth, I now look back to that time, much less as a season of suffering, than of enjoyment. I do not, indeed, pretend to the stoicism, which affected to account bodily pain no evil ; but I am ready to maintain, against a dozen score of grumblers, that the evil may be so compensated, as to be very tolerable at the time, and altogether pleasurable in the recollection. To have a tooth drawn, even by Dr. Blake, I am not prepared to say I should esteem a positive pleasure ; but I am sure that to look in the face, and to hold the hand of a sympathizing friend, at the moment of greatest pain, would increase my fortitude ; and I am equally sure that, in after-thought, the kindness of that friend would be for ever associated with the remembrance of the operation. Just so it is in the present case, . . only that the care, the kindness, and the interest of my friends, were called forth and sustained for a succession of weeks. To have been thus ill, and thus attended, makes a man dearer to himself. I will

not pain you by saying all I feel ; but this I will say, that I hope and believe I shall never think but with gratitude and pleasure of JUNE . . JULY 1817.

Charles has already reported, in two letters to his mother, our progress to this place, together with the opinion &c. of Dr. Boisragon. I shall not, therefore, attempt telling a told tale : of what remains, I have not much to say ; the melancholy prevalence of heavy rain has confined us pretty closely to Cheltenham ; and, within Cheltenham, we lead a life about as eremitical and ascetic, as in the solitude of Abington : we see, indeed, and speculate, upon many strange faces ; we do not, however, come into sufficiently close contact, to judge of the mind by the conversation. . . We scarcely know a creature here ; and the few we do know, we scarcely see ; our hours being unfashionably regulated by concern for our health ; we leave the well at or before 9 o'clock, . . after that hour, the fashionables flock there, and to that class our friends belong, or would be thought to belong. Thus it is through the course of the day, . . we are rarely at any spot at the precise time, when other people are there : now and then, we may see and be seen by chance ; and we, for our parts, see little to admire in the crowd ; . . while the crowd, if it, or any part of

it, cast a thought on us, probably sets us down for two methodist parsons.

By your kind introduction, we had hoped to be settled in the ONLY lodging in Cheltenham : that lodging, however, was occupied ; still your introduction was valuable and useful ; the good-natured Mrs. Only ferretted out a lodging for us in the High-Street . . the whole house to ourselves . . an opening in front, commanding a fine view of the opposite hills, . . in the rear, a nice garden, separated by a mill-stream from the walks to the Chalybeate wells, . . and a delicious prospect from a little room in which we dine. Our landlady lives at a larger house, at some distance ; and she leaves to take care of us a very nice female attendant. We have been fortunate in meeting a capital servant out of place, the brother of my brother's butler . . a man of excellent character . . quite up to the department of own man, yet not in the least saucy. When I think of this prosing, uninteresting detail of trivialities, I am ashamed : but what can I write ? of this country and its inhabitants we have seen little ; and, till the weather changes, can hope to see but little ; our own minds (at least for number one I can answer) are far from fertile ; the waters are somewhat stupifying ; and outward circumstances are not highly exhilarating ; still, we keep

up our noble spirits ; and are vegetating very tolerably in contented dulness.

I beg my kindest regards to your good husband, to Mr. and Mrs. Forster, &c.

Farewell, my dear Madam,

Ever your obliged and grateful friend,

JOHN JEBB.'

The monotony of the walks and pump-room of Cheltenham, was, however, relieved, by the presence and kindness of an old College friend, the Rev. Peter Maxwell, and by the acquisition of one or two agreeable acquaintances. The skilful treatment of Dr. Boisragon, meanwhile, forwarded Mr. Jebb's recovery, and abridged his stay ; and the receipt of letters from English friends, both at Bristol, and in the neighbourhood of town, expressing affectionate interest in his early restoration, and cordial wishes to welcome him once more among them, by the happy effect which it had on his spirit (always deeply influenced by genuine kindness), greatly conduced to the improvement of his health. Released, at length, by his physician, from further use of the Cheltenham waters, we proceeded thence to Bristol, where Mr. Jebb had formerly passed, in company with Mr. Knox, some of the happiest days of his life ; and in the neighbour-

hood of which, he was now about to renew that happiness, under the hospitable roof, and in the truly congenial society of his old friend, Thomas Stock, Esq., of Henbury Court. Here we remained, until the close of September; having accomplished, during our stay, a visit of two delightful days to Mrs. Hannah More, and her last surviving sister, Martha, at Barley Wood.

Among these friends, Mr. Jebb's health and spirits seemed daily to gain ground; until, on the 29th of September, we left Henbury for London; visiting, on the way, our kind friend, Captain (now Admiral) H. Vansittart, at Bisham Abbey, in Berkshire.

To himself, and to his companion, Mr. Jebb's visit to London, at this time, proved fruitful in present enjoyment, and interesting remembrances: it was also rendered memorable to us, by a narrow, and most providential escape from drowning. Arrived at Richmond, my friend proposed, as I was to enter the great city for the first time, that we should approach it by water, and that my first view of St. Paul's should be from the river. Without entering into the details of the voyage, it is sufficient to say, that the danger was apparent and imminent; but we landed in safety, with the feelings, and I trust

the thankfulness to Providence, of deliverance from a watery grave. Mr. Jebb's sense of this providential deliverance, was characteristically deep and lasting: in a letter written September 30. of the following year, I find this allusion to our common peril and preservation: 'Have you thought lately of the risk we ran, and the preservation we experienced, on the Thames, this time twelve-month, . . . that is to say, on saturday, October 4th?'

Into the details of our residence, at this period, in town, and in its neighbourhood, which, in consequence of Mr. Jebb's experiencing a severe relapse, was prolonged to the beginning of November, I do not mean to enter, lest they should needlessly swell the memoir: to him, the circumstances were familiar, while, to his companion, every thing was new; and the kind interest which he took, as his friend's introducer and conductor, sensibly added to his own enjoyment of London life. It may suffice generally to notice, that the time which was not filled by other engagements, or nearly three weeks of our stay in the neighbourhood of town, was spent under the hospitable roof of Mr. (now Sir Robert Harry) Inglis, and in the society to which his friendship introduced us. Among the names with which Mr. Jebb now formed, or renewed

acquaintance, should be mentioned those of Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Stephen, senr., Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Charles Grant, senr., and the late amiable and accomplished Earl of Guildford, better known as Mr. Frederic North.

At Lord Guildford's we met, as people meet at great London dinners, the celebrated M. Humboldt, and his brother the Prussian ambassador ; Sir Humphrey Davy ; and (one of the most interesting of the guests) the late Rev. Thomas Rennell.

But while friendship thus zealously ministered to Mr. Jebb's comfort and enjoyment, the return of his painful malady awakened fresh alarm ; and nearly half the term of his London visit, was consumed upon a sick bed. But his bed of sickness was in the house of a friend ; and his affectionate heart most deeply and gratefully felt the providential solace. During this indisposition, his spirits, too, were frequently and delightfully cheered by the converse of Mr. Wilberforce, then on a visit under the same friendly roof. Mr. Wilberforce spoke much of their common friend Mr. Alexander Knox ; and of the impression left upon his mind by Mr. Knox's eloquence and genius.*

* An impression, I may add, which continued strong and vivid to the last. Christmas 1832, Mr. Wilberforce remarked to the present writer, that he had never been so forcibly struck by any conversation, as by that

Upon our return to Ireland in November, we enjoyed the opportunity, at Bellevûe, of seeing that genius and eloquence contrasted, with the well-known powers of another eminent Irishman, the late Mr. Grattan. The comparison only showed Mr. Knox to higher advantage. Mr. Grattan's epigrammatic brilliancy in conversation, although his naturalized manner, gave too constantly the impression of labour and effort : Mr. Knox's rich tide of thought, delivered in a majestic, yet easy and natural flow of well-chosen expression, taught you, at once, to admire and forget the speaker, in the interest and importance of the subject. Upon this occasion, Mr. Grattan drew, with great power, the characters of his greatest political contemporaries : having described the oratory of Mr. Pitt, and of Mr. Fox, he proceeded (suited the action to the words), 'But, Sir, there was none of them like Burke . . there was none of them like Burke : *he* grasped America with one hand, and India with the other ; and extended the blessings of liberty and civilization, to opposite quarters of the globe !' It was impossible to hear without emotion this splendid eulogy, pro-

of Mr. Knox. 'It is now,' he observed, 'more than two and twenty years since we met, yet the power of his conversation is as fresh in my mind, as if I had been listening to him yesterday.'

nounced upon the first of Irish statesmen, by the first of Irish orators. Mr. Knox instantly caught the historical association ; and turning to the friend who sat next him, he laid his hand upon him, and said, ‘ You are the youngest person in this company : and ten, twenty years hence, remember, *and remember to tell*, that *you* have heard MR. GRATTAN eulogize MR. BURKE.’

But to return. Before we take leave of this visit to England, a rapid sketch of what he saw and enjoyed, in Mr. Jebb’s own words, may be not unacceptable to the reader. In a second letter to the friend, to whom he had written from Cheltenham, he thus describes the growing interest of our excursion.

‘ Tunbridge Wells, Oct. 9. 1817.

MY DEAR MADAM,

WILL you, at the risk, or rather with the certainty of much tautology, accept a few lines, from one who cherishes the memory of your past kindness, and the persuasion that that kindness is not likely to diminish, in consequence of time or distance ? Charles is writing to his mother : his letter, in addition to those already dispatched by him, will doubtless anticipate all that I could tell ; still, you will like to see under my hand too, that we are well and happy ; that

we have enjoyed a fine country, glorious weather, houses and palaces, rich in historical, heroical, poetical, and religious associations; that we have been received, and I might say been taken to the bosoms, of the most estimable people, with a cordiality which could not be exceeded, if we had been their nearest and dearest connections; that we have still around us, and before us, yet untasted pleasures, to be drank in, I trust, with temperance and gratitude, before our return home; and, in a word, that our tour has, in all respects, exceeded our most sanguine expectations; and cannot fail to leave behind it mementos in our minds and hearts, to be the food, at once, and medicine, of some of those less cheerful hours, with which, such is the lot, and such the weakness of humanity, we must hereafter be occasionally visited, and so visited for our good.

Charles or I might give you heads of our excursion . . . Henbury . . . its beautiful vicinity, its exquisite church, its most worthy and good-natured Rector . . . our walks, our drives . . . Tintern, Piercefield . . . and above all, the invaluable family, whose society heightened the zest of every scene, with an hilarity ever salient, yet never overflowing the just measure of sedate and christian self-possession. Thence we might

transport you to that Inn,* like a nobleman's lofty mansion, once the residence of the good Duchess of Somerset; where all was in character with the associations of the place, and we might have almost thought ourselves the respected guests of an absent great family, whose hospitality was communicated to, and exercised in proxy by their faithful domestics. . . Thence to Bisham Abbey, the seat once of learning and religion, . . the scene afterwards of courtly grandeur, illustrated by the royal presence of Elizabeth, and now the abode of true English, unaffected hospitality. Thence to WINDSOR, . . a word which implies all that is most transcendently dignified, in English greatness; . . a place which derives a yet deeper, though more melancholy interest, from being the last earthly stage of the pilgrimage of our good old, afflicted King; whom we trust God hath chastened because he loves him; and is preparing him by a mysterious, but doubtless, if we knew all, a most gracious process, for a higher than an earthly throne. . . Thence to Hampton, whose matchless inhabitants, . . the master-pieces of Raphael's genius, make us almost the personal spectators of our Lord, and of his chosen followers.

* The Castle, at Marlborough.

Thence to the enjoyment of the most select and choice society at * * * * *, the house of the late admirable * * * * *; and thence, finally, to the friendly, and vigilantly wakeful kindness of * * * * *, who are devoting themselves, their time, their thoughts, and every accommodation at their command, to the promotion of our enjoyment, . . showing us a country rich in natural beauties, . . richer in places beyond my present power of enumeration, which overflow with the most interesting associations; . . Knowle, for example . . where, after having been overwhelmed and appalled by the terrific UGOLINO of Sir Joshua Reynolds, we were at once soothed and elevated by the best *original* resemblances of our greatest English and Irish worthies, . . Milton, Newton, Shakspeare, Locke, Pope, Addison &c. &c. . . Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, &c. . . of all this, and much more than this, we might give you a dry catalogue, and that catalogue would extend through pages: I leave it then for you to judge, how much there must be to be remembered, how much to be told, in the hours of cheerful and friendly intercourse, to which I yet hopefully look forward, in the retirement of Abington. And, flattered as I am by your estimate of Abington (the partial estimate of friendship), I

trust that, with the additional inducement of such narratives, I may be fortunate enough to induce a repetition of your last most kind visit; not indeed a repetition of the cares and troubles which you so magnanimously underwent, but a repetition of social intercourse, such as we and those we love are attached to, as among the happiest ingredients of a happy life.

That you and your's, that Mr. and Mrs. Forster, &c. may, as heretofore, be shielded from that pestilence, which now walketh at noon-day, is my fervent wish and prayer: accept, for yourself and them, my most affectionate regards.

Ever, my dear Madam,

Your obliged and faithful friend,

JOHN JEBB.'

Of Mr. Jebb's pursuits, after his return to Abington in November, one of his scrap-books contains some interesting memorials. Readers of a poetical taste may be gratified by the insertion, as specimens, of two short critiques, written at this time.

90. Nothing is more characteristic of cheerful religion, than its faculty of converting, if one may so speak, the darkest shades, into the most beautifully diversified lights. This is finely ex-

emplified, in Addison's version of the twenty-third Psalm : *The Lord my pasture shall prepare*, &c. : In the space of six short stanzas, we have, there, 'a sultry glebe . . a thirsty mountain . . bare rugged ways . . devious solitary wilds . . dreadful shades . . a barren wilderness . . fainting . . panting . . weariness . . wandering . . pains . . paths of death . . and those paths overspread with gloomy horrors.' What an assemblage of terrible images ! yet the whole English language does not, perhaps, afford a more delightfully cheerful little poem. Such is the transmutative power of religion.

91. Mr. Gilpin, in his observations on the Wye, pronounces 'Grongar Hill' to be defective in the execution, considered as a landscape, painted with words instead of colours. It wants contrast, he says, of fore-ground and distance. The objects immediately beneath the eye, and those more remote, are marked with equal strength and distinctness : the trees close at hand, are distinguished by their *shapes* and *hues* ; and the castle afar off, by the *ivy* creeping on its walls. . . Where the describer is supposed to stand, the former must be visible, the latter could not ; and therefore should not have been mentioned.

The objection has its plausibility ; but, after

all, it will perhaps approve itself no more, than the objection of a mere painter.

It is not the objection of a man of moral sensibility; for who would sacrifice to a technicism of art, those specialties of description, which set us down in the midst of the venerable pile, and interest us in every fragment of it; and, by a train of gentle and melancholy emotions, prepare us for one of the most touching moral applications in English poetry; for which, be it observed, had we been kept at a distance, according to the rules of perspective, we should not have been sufficiently interested spectators: the moral would seem forced on us. As it is, the poet seems but to anticipate our own natural reflection, upon the scene before us.

It is not the objection of a poet; for what is the trifling change of scene here implied, to those rapid glances from heaven to earth, and earth to heaven, which are the poet's immemorial privilege?

It is not the objection of a philosophical critic. And here I am happy to give a passage from Mr. Dugald Stewart, which, I apprehend, affords (without adverting to this case) a complete vindication of my favourite DYER. He is led to quote, and to observe upon, those lines of Gray:

‘ On a rock whose *haughty* brow
 Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes, the poet stood.
 Loose, his beard and hoary hair
 Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.’

Of these lines, the first two present a picture, which the imagination naturally views from below: the rest transport us to the immediate neighbourhood of the bard, by the minuteness of the delineation.

‘ As an obvious consequence of this rapidity of thought, it may be worth while here to remark, that the conceptions of the painter, which are necessarily limited, not only to one momentary glimpse of a passing object, but to one precise and unchangeable point of sight *, cannot possibly

* I remember a remark, in point to this criticism, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, upon the famous picture of the resurrection of Lazarus, now in the national gallery. I shall beg permission to introduce it here. Having felt an awkwardness of effect in the position of the left hand of our Lord’s figure, I had ventured to mention the feeling to Sir Thomas, and to ask his opinion. He said the criticism was just: that ‘ the unity of the picture was destroyed, by the painter’s yielding to the wish to catch two moments. . . The language of our Lord’s action is clearly two-fold. With the right hand he points to the attendants, as in the act of pronouncing the words, *Loose him, and let him go*; while the left is raised, as in the moment of saying, *Lazarus, come forth*. Rembrandt would not have been guilty of this fault. . . The real merit of Rembrandt is not understood. His capital excellence, is in his powers as a dramatic painter. In this department, he has no equal. Raphael would often suffer himself to be seduced from strict adherence to the characters of his personages, by the impulse of his genius; and would sacrifice correctness to some poetical

give expression to those ideal creations, the charm of which depends, in a great degree, on their quick and varied succession ; and on the *ubiquity* (if I may be allowed the phrase) of the poet's eye. No better illustration of this can be produced, than the verses just quoted, compared with the repeated attempts, which have been made to represent their objects on canvas. Of the vanity of these attempts, it is sufficient to say, that, while the painter has but *one* point of sight, the poet, from the nature of his art, has been enabled, in this instance, to avail himself of *two*, without impairing in the least the effect of his description, by this sudden and unobserved shifting of the scenery.'

Dyer, like Gray, was both a painter and a poet ; and he most properly did not sacrifice the prerogatives of the superior, to the limitations of the inferior art. We may well believe, that he accurately knew what he was doing. At the opening of the Poem, he invokes Painting merely as an *auxiliary* ; and he was careful that the auxiliary

beauty. Not so Rembrandt : nothing could draw him aside from historical truth. You never find an error of this kind in his pictures.' Sir Thomas now mentioned, that he had in his own possession Michael Angelo's sketch of the principal group, for the picture of Sebastian del Piombo ; together with a letter from that painter, desiring him (Michael Angelo), at the wish of Sebastian's employers, to fix the sum which he should have for painting the picture.

should not incumber with her help : ‘Come and *aid* thy sister muse.’

A letter from Mr. Southey, received in December, drew from him the following observations, upon the character, and providential agency, of Wesleyan methodism.

‘ Abington Glebe, Dec. 26. 1817.

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ ILLNESS alone prevented me returning thanks, for your most acceptable letter of the 6th, immediately on the receipt of it. Approbation like yours is no ordinary stimulus ; for, however it must humble one, by inducing a comparison with the great worthies of the Church who have gone before, it will, I trust, prove an additional incitement to my inquiries in what path they walked, and to my earnest, though humble efforts, to follow in the same. Never, indeed, was it more needful, to resort to first principles ; and perhaps even some of the excellent of the earth, may, in the present day, be too little careful to ascertain the quality of the zeal which animates those, with whom they are in the habit of acting.

‘ It gives me sincere pleasure to know, that you are engaged in writing the life of Wesley : it is impossible not to regard him as a great providential instrument, who has already served, and who

perhaps, hereafter, will much more extensively serve, the noblest purposes in the system of christianity. Valuable as his life and labours have been, in their influences upon his own immediate followers, and especially among the lower classes of society, I am far from thinking those results, either the most important, or the most perfect consequences of Wesleyan methodism. At the very commencement, he and his brother thought, that the chief providential purpose of the association, which they formed within the Church, was, to excite, in the Church itself, a spirit of christian emulation. That purpose has already been substantially attained ; and I am convinced that multitudes, both in and out of holy orders, who know little more than the names of Wesley and of methodism, have, indirectly, imbibed the best principles of his writings, divested of much that was objectionable, (though probably even those things were indispensable ingredients) in the practices, the economy, and even the religious opinions of the body at large. Methodism, in a word, has been a powerful resuscitator ; and those who have been resuscitated, may and will be advanced in the religious life, by what John Wesley said and wrote, in proportion as the vital energy of his system shall be divested of the uncouth drapery,

with which it was encumbered. In a life of this extraordinary man, by a writer of enlarged and comprehensive views, and raised above all sectarian prejudice or predilection, there will be abundant opportunities of making such a separation and divestment.

‘I wish it were in my power, satisfactorily, to answer your queries, respecting the small progress of methodism in Ireland. In the first place, however, is it certain, taking into account the circumstances of the country, that the progress has been small? At the last conference, it appears by returns, that the numbers in England, Wales, and Scotland, were 193,670; the numbers in Ireland 21,031. The disproportion, I will allow, between the methodists of Great Britain and Ireland, exceeds the disproportion between the gross population of Great Britain and Ireland. But then, I doubt whether the Roman catholics can fairly be taken into account; and, in that case, methodism may be truly said to have made a greater progress, among the legitimate subjects of it, here, than in the sister island. My grand reason for leaving the Roman catholics out of the question, is, that no Roman catholic could, at any period, have become a methodist, without, by that very act, ceasing to be a Roman catholic; while

members of the church of England, or the kirk of Scotland, might, at all periods, in this country, join the methodist society, without, in any measure, forfeiting their place, in their respective communions. Of late, indeed, in consequence of innovations introduced from England by the ambition of the preachers, . . . methodism, in this country too, has assumed the character of *dissenterism*. Still, however, many of the body are firmly attached to the established church ; and, even with respect to future proselytes, the change from one form of protestantism to another, will be infinitely less violent and revolting, than it could be, from the Roman catholic religion, to a dissenting system. I have not spoken of the influence of the Roman catholic priests ; this would, doubtless, be largely and vehemently exerted, to keep their flocks from the infection of methodism ; but I do not think there has been much occasion to call it into exercise. Our Roman catholic population cling to their religion, with all its grossnesses ; they love it, as the faith of their fathers ; they would fight for it, as the religion of Irishmen ; they revere it, as what they believe to be the exclusively genuine catholic and apostolic christianity ; and, on all these grounds, I think it would be idle and extravagant to expect much accession, from the

ranks of popery, to the ranks of methodism. It must be added, too, that the Irish Romanists, have, within their own system, substitutes, for the most fascinating features of Wesleyan methodism. Their priests, like the itinerant methodist preachers, are drawn from their own rank of life ; the practice of oral confession, corresponds to the practices observed in the class and band meetings ; and the number of religious confraternities, into which the lowest, and least educated can gain admission, constitute, as it were, a thorough system of methodism, within the heart of popery itself. It may now be asked, Are the poor deluded victims to be for ever outcasts, without an effort for their recovery ? I would answer, that, bad as things unquestionably are, there is still much religion among them, and that religion is progressive ; that they have a submission to the will of God, as *his* will, which I never have met, in equal vigour and producibility, among the lower classes of protestants ; that they submit with resignation to sickness, want, famine, as to visitations sent by the Almighty, instead of clamouring against them, as injuries inflicted by the misrule of man ; that their habits, though slowly, are yet certainly improving ; and that I trust they are advancing towards a preparedness for that state of things,

when an improvement in the Roman catholic priesthood, and Roman catholic gentry, will open a door for a reformation of the body at large.

‘As to Quakerism, I do *not* think it has been progressive in Ireland. How it first gained a footing, I cannot say; probably by the migration of members, from other countries; but they have not sought to make proselytes, nor has the increase of their numbers been more than can satisfactorily be accounted for, by the natural growth of a singularly regular, sober, moral, industrious, and wealthy people; the growth, I mean, by simple transmission from father to son.

‘When I look back at the long nothing, with which I have trespassed on your time, I am absolutely ashamed; but neither my health, nor leisure, now admit of such compression into narrower bounds, as would make *πλειον ἡμῖσιν παντος*. Permit me, however, to mention, that, for information respecting methodism, and its founder, I would refer you, and should feel happy to introduce you, to an excellent friend of mine; who knows more of both, than most of John Wesley’s followers. You may have heard of Mr. Alexander Knox of Dublin. He was the close, and chosen intimate of John Wesley; and though

not a member of his society, knew the very secrets of his heart. For a long course of years, he has intimately known, and wisely marked, all the movements of the body ; and has thought and re-thought upon the subject, with the enlarged, but pious comprehensiveness of a true christian philosopher. Had you any queries to make of such a man, I should be happy in being the channel of conveying them, and in endeavouring to procure a speedy answer.

Believe me, dear Sir,

With sincere respect and esteem,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

JOHN JEBB.

In April, 1818, Mr. Jebb was engaged in the composition of a sermon, preached at the opening of the chapel of the Female Orphan House charity school, near Dublin: the discourse was published, by request, at the time; and has been since re-published in 'Practical Theology.' At the same time he employed himself, in compliance with the wish of a valued friend at Oxford, in an elaborate critique upon the able and original Bampton Lecture Sermons, then recently given to the public, by the Rev. John Miller, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College. In the judgment

of Mr. Knox, this paper was considered one of his very best pieces of writing. It will be found in its place among the Letters.

In October, a communication from his friend Dr. Joseph Stopford, relative to a projected work to be entitled ‘Scriptural Illustrations of the Liturgy of the Church of England,’ drew from him the following remarks; remarks the more valuable, as coming from one, who had himself penetrated and imbibed the inmost spirit of that Liturgy; and whose liturgical discourses have supplied, what had long been a desideratum, a *practical* examination of the chief Services in our inestimable Book of Common Prayer.

‘ Abington Glebe, Oct. 16. 1818.

‘ Few things are more desirable, than that the youthful members of our Church should be early taught to know, and drawn to feel, what a treasure is embodied in our Liturgy: and, in many respects, your scriptural illustration promises to help this good purpose on its way. Indeed, it seems quite indispensable that any popular, and especially any catechetical elucidation of our Common Prayer, should trace and develope the relationship, between that venerable Service, and the Sacred Volume; the more so, because *litur-*

gico-scriptural coincidences are often most instructive and affecting, where they are least obvious to the superficial glance. In this respect, how widely does our Service differ from that, which was prepared by Richard Baxter, and which the Puritans would have gladly substituted in its room! *There*, indeed, scripture language is obtrusively familiar; and what is the consequence? All competent judges must feel, that, while the letter of Scripture overflows, its spirit is suffered to evaporate. One text shoulders away another; in its turn to yield to the intrusion of a third; and thus, in the rapidity of violent succession, the mind is left without time to pause on any given passage, and extract, and feed upon its sweetness. In our Service, on the contrary, the words of Scripture are sparingly employed, and naturally blended with appropriate original composition. Sometimes, a single text is touched, as it were, by a gentle, yet forcible allusion; frequently, a brief clause of Scripture, is no less accurately, than devoutly, exfoliated and expanded; and, yet more commonly, the essence of several passages is extracted, and concentrated in some one weighty, impressive, and affecting sentence of petition, intercession, and thanksgiving.

‘These, and various other modes of incorpo-

rating Scripture in our Liturgy, will, doubtless, in due season, and by fitly prepared instruments, be fully brought forth into light: and, when this is done, it will probably be admitted, that, in the nature of things, such a work could not have been produced, *in one age*, by one man, or by any combination of men; and that nothing short of the successive and accumulated wisdom and piety of many ages, enlightened by the Church's own experience, and guided, also, and guarded, by a diviner inspiration and controul, could have *so* fathomed the depths of Scripture; *so* drawn from its recesses 'full many a gem of purest ray serene'; *so* nicely discriminated, between vital, essential, everlasting truth, and those temporary accompaniments, which, from time to time, were permitted to assume its semblance; and, especially, *so* brought home to the capacities of the young, and imperfectly instructed, those deep *interiorities* (if I may be allowed the expression), which will ever be the refreshment and delight of the most pious worshippers. Meantime, one cannot but rejoice in every effort, that seems preparatory to such a consummation; and in this view it is, particularly, that I am gratified by your interesting catechism.

'I will not, however, affect to say, that, both in matter and manner, there may not be passages,

in which I cannot quite go along with you. Were I to enjoy the pleasure of conversing with you once more, as in years that I never can forget, it is possible that I might take the liberty of suggesting some of my doubts; as it is, I shall only put one *query*, whether it might not be desirable to follow up several, if not all the scriptural quotations introduced, each by a brief, but clear question and answer, elucidative of its meaning? For example; at the bottom of p.9. you ask, ‘What assurance of reconciliation through Christ is given us by St. Paul?’ . . The answer is, ‘God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; for he made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. 2Cor.v.19.&21.’ Now, would not such a passage require some explanation? And may there not be danger, in presenting such passages, *unexplained*, and dis-severed from the context, to be lodged in the memory *as insulated propositions*, very possibly, and too probably, *with some false meaning annexed*, ‘secundum modum recipientis’? The single passage just referred to, might, if it fell into a vicious soil, become a fruitful seed of antinomianism. It may, indeed, be said, that it is the part of the catechist to guard against such

mischievous, by oral exposition. But, alas, if we distribute catechists, according to the vulgar classification of good, bad, and indifferent, in which of these classes, think you, will the largest number be found? I fear it may be said, without undue harshness, of the great majority, that what they find unexplained, they will leave unexplained. Now, my notion certainly is, that, to the youthful mind, an *unexplained chapter* may be dangerous; but my apprehension is, that an *unexplained verse* may be still more dangerous. The chapter, by the variety of objects presented, so divides attention, as to prevent any one paragraph from making an exclusive, or paramount impression; the verse, coming singly, will impress itself powerfully on the mind; and, if it be taken up erroneously, a lodgment of error is made, which perhaps can never after be expelled; for, be it observed, in this case, error will be sanctified, by the conviction that it is the word of God. Bishop Horsley has very satisfactorily proved, that ‘no prophetic Scripture is *self-interpretative*’; and, however it may be conceded, on the one hand, that several instructive chapters may approach to self-interpretation, I presume it will be admitted, on the other hand, that scarcely any *single text*, especially in the writings of St. Paul, is endued with this faculty.’

While thus ready to employ his pen, and impart his best thoughts, at the call of friendship, the subject of his projected work, on the style of the New Testament, was still revolved, at intervals, in his mind. And, in October, he submitted to Mr. Knox the sketch of a plan, in the form of Lectures; in which he proposed not to confine himself to the technicalities of hebraic distribution, but to enter on an explanation of the style of that sacred Volume more at large, as a matter of taste.

Just at this period, and when preparing, in all singleness of heart, to dedicate the powers which God had given, to the illustration of His holy word, a circumstance occurred, which showed, that his past faithful services in the Church of Christ, had been neither unobserved, nor forgotten, by his fellow-men. To the unfeigned surprise of his family, and to his own, particular inquiry was now made respecting ‘Mr. Jebb, the author of an important volume of Sermons, which had attracted attention in the highest quarters:’ this inquiry, made by a personal friend of the Prince Regent, at the instance of a Prelate in the immediate confidence of his Royal Highness, left no room for doubt, that the eye of the Sovereign had been directed towards him; and satisfied, at least, the friends of whom

it had been made, that he was not likely to be left permanently to pursue that *secretum iter*, which he had ever loved, and which, hitherto, it had been his portion and privilege uninterruptedly to enjoy.

Early in the spring of 1819, Mr. Jebb was requested to preach the charity sermon, for the Whitworth Fever Hospital: he had long given up charity-sermon preaching: but the request came from his brother, a first request, and he willingly complied. In February, accordingly, he went to Dublin; but, immediately on his arrival, was taken so ill, as to render his appearance in the pulpit of St. George's Church impossible; and, as the time allowed of no other course, the sermon which he had prepared for the occasion, was read by another clergyman. His illness assuming a serious character, and a stoppage of the nostrils, from which he had suffered much inconvenience, for many years, becoming now distressingly oppressive, additional medical advice was called in; providentially the adviser was a surgeon. Mr. Jebb mentioned, as a minor symptom, the painful impediment; which, on examination, proved to be polypus, of long standing, and formidable extent. A second eminent surgeon was consulted, and an immediate operation decided on.

It lasted one hour and twenty minutes; Mr. Jebb's old friend, Mr. H. Woodward, was present by his own desire; and Mr. Jebb remembered, with grateful affection, to the close of life, the support and comfort which he experienced, through a painful, prolonged, and hazardous operation, from feeling his hand clasped in the hand of a Friend. That friend, who is spared, and I trust may long be spared, to the church of Christ, will forgive this mention of him.

In the timely illness, which led to the discovery of a complaint that had lurked for years undetected, the hand of a good Providence was, within the year, more clearly seen, from the occurrence of a fresh family affliction, the death of Mr. Jebb's beloved sister, Mrs. M^cCormick; occasioned by the same complaint; which, in her case, had got, unawares, beyond the reach of medical treatment: . . . a few months later, and this must have been her brother's case also. This bereavement, which took place in the August following, lay long, and heavily, upon his affectionate heart: though, so well balanced was his mind, that earthly trials, whether in the case of others, or in his own, never obtained mastery over his inward cheerfulness, and never long interrupted his more serious avocations.

His great original work on the New Testament

(with the exception, perhaps, of Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, the only original work of scripture criticism produced, since the day of his illustrious predecessor* Bishop Lowth), the favourite object of his thoughts and studies for nearly twelve years, was now, at length, to be successfully executed. The process of any *inventive* effort of the human mind, will always be interesting : that of an effort essentially connected, with the first of studies, and the best of books, must, in the estimate of every well-regulated mind, possess a more than ordinary interest. The merit of originality, in the truest sense of the word, belongs to 'Sacred Literature.' The author has himself left on record, in his private papers, the amount of his obligations, to his friend Mr. Knox, upon the subject of the occasional occurrence, in the New Testament, (a phenomenon which had been previously noticed by Archbishop Newcome and others) of specimens of the peculiar manner of composition, which Bishop Lowth had proved to be the prevalent manner of the Hebrew Scriptures : . . this amount, consisted in the conversational notice of 'three or four short passages, not more than about four lines each.'

* In more than one sense, since, by a remarkable coincidence, it happened, that Dr. Lowth had been actually nominated to the Bishopric of Limerick.

These passages, I can well remember to have heard Mr. Knox cite in conversation; and he used them, not with the most distant conception of their serving as indexes to the general structure of the New Testament, but exclusively for interpretative purposes: one of these passages, his favourite specimen, was Rev. xxii. 11. :

ὁ ἀδικων, ἀδικησάτω ἐτι·
 καὶ ὁ ῥυπων, ῥυπωσάτω ἐτι :
 καὶ ὁ δικαιος, δικαιοθήτω ἐτι·
 καὶ ὁ ἅγιος, ἁγιασθήτω ἐτι.

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still,
 And he that is filthy, let him be filthy still:
 And he that is righteous, let him be righteous still,
 And he that is holy, let him be holy still.

This verse, Mr. Knox, with intuitive discernment, rightly contended to be formed upon the principles of hebraic parallelism, as laid down by Bishop Lowth; and, advancing upon those principles, as rightly maintained, that, in each related couplet, the sense of the second line rose above that of the first; that, as *filthiness*, marked a degree of wickedness, beyond mere *unrighteousness*; so *holiness*, denoted a gradation of goodness, beyond mere *righteousness*. Mr. Knox produced no additional evidence, for he possessed

none ; but, in this one passage, he made the important discovery, which Mr. Jebb's independent labours eventually, and most fully established, . . of the law of *climax*, or of the cognate or gradational parallelism, as a fundamental feature of the hebraic manner of composition.

At this point, and from these slight beginnings, Mr. Jebb took up the subject : and his first step, made on the day following his friend's first conversational notice of the passages in question, was the important and decisive discovery, that the Sermon on the Mount was constructed, throughout, according to the laws of the hebraic parallelism : a result of which neither Mr. Knox himself, nor others who, like him (as Mr. Jebb subsequently ascertained), had noticed detached passages in the New Testament as thus constructed, had ever so much as dreamed. From the Sermon on the Mount, he advanced, by experimental induction, through a series of discoveries, which demonstratively established the general identity of the style and structure of the New Testament with that of the Old : adding, in the progress of his inquiries, to his friend's discovery of the climax, the equally important, and less obvious, discovery of the *epanodos*, or inverted stanza, . . the most complex of all the hebraic moulds of speech : a form of stanza,

which, like the climax, had wholly escaped Bishop Lowth. Mr. Jebb's successful application of these principles to some of the most difficult contexts of both Testaments . . the eighty-fourth Psalm (which Bishop Horsley himself had given up as undecypherable) . . the hymn of Zacharias . . and the Apostles' prayer, . . Acts iv. 24 . . 30 . . has excited the admiration of his critics ; and will be more and more highly valued, in proportion as those sacred volumes become better understood. The merits of 'Sacred Literature,' viewed wholly apart from its discoveries in the New Testament, may be gathered from the single and incontrovertible fact, that, without it, Bishop Lowth's great work on the Old Testament is essentially inadequate and imperfect : those forms of hebrew parallelism, which, from their complexity, must, while undiscovered, most impede, and, when discovered, most advance, the interpretation of Scripture, having wholly escaped the observation of that eminent writer.

I have already remarked, that Mr. Jebb's mind resembled a clock ; the least touch . . a hint in a letter, a passage in a book, a word from a friend . . would put it in movement : but it was seldom self-moved : it commonly required this touch. A remarkable exemplification of this constitutional, rather than mental peculiarity, oc-

curred in the circumstance, which finally led to the production of Sacred Literature.

In the beginning of August, 1819, I was about to leave Abington for some weeks, on a visit to my Father and Mother, then residing at Wicklow. The evening before I set out, partly from solicitude for my friend's health and spirits, as he was to be left quite alone, and also from solicitude for the completion of his long-suspended work, I endeavoured to lead the conversation to the subject, by requesting him to allow me to look over his latest MS., which had lain unlooked at, in the drawer of his library table, since the spring of the preceding year. He at once perceived my object; smiled; and said, . . . 'I see what you want: you want to set me at work upon those papers; but it is a failure, and I do not wish to be reminded of an abortive effort.' On seeing me look disappointed, however, he good-naturedly yielded to my wish, and gave me the unfinished MS. As I looked it over, I read some passages aloud: he became interested; discussed the subject with new life; and closed the evening in excellent spirits. The next morning I left home. And my first information as to the result of my experiment, was contained in a letter from Mr. Jebb, dated August 15, of which the following is an extract: . . . 'Phelan has not come; nor

I believe will he ; but I get on alone very well : have taken hugely to my work, . . have written a new fasciculus and a half, comprizing $18\frac{1}{2}$ closely written pages &c.' . . Each of these pages, it will be observed, averaged from five to six pages of the printed volume ; and the fasciculus and a half, now composed, included to the end of the fifth section, or more than one fifth of the entire work. This portion of Sacred Literature, the plan and composition being altogether new, was thus finished for the press, within a fortnight from the date of the above-mentioned conversation.

The work proceeded with such equable rapidity, that, in less than three months, the first copy was completed ; in somewhat better than two months more, after a short pause, a second copy was made, and prepared for the press ; and, on the 17th of April 1820, Mr. Jebb proceeded to London, with the MS. of his finished work : the whole time employed in the composition, the collection of materials for the notes, and a double transcript, being somewhat less than five months.

Both the MS. copies here noticed, are still in being : that which passed through the printers' hands, having been rescued, and preserved, by the good taste of a friend. Having mentioned the rapidity with which they were written, it

would be unpardonable to leave unnoticed the interest of these manuscripts, as specimens of caligraphy : they are written, throughout, with scarcely the trace of an erasure ; and (especially the first copy) in a hand, at once, so minute and finished, as to resemble copper-plate. The remark of a learned friend, on examining the greek characters in one of these MSS., was, that if a fount of greek type were cast from them, it would rival Porson's : that of Sir Henry Halford, on learning that two such manuscripts had been executed within five months, .. ' I no longer need seek the cause of your Lordship's illness : *it is written there.*' The observation was but too just : it is an affecting corroboration, that the medical gentleman afterwards employed to ascertain, for the satisfaction of the family, the nature of Bishop Jebb's malady, stated, as the result of his examination, that the vessel, whose rupture occasioned the paralysis, was so minute, and so slightly affected by the circulation, that it could have been ruptured, *only by the over-action of the mind* : to which cause alone, therefore, he considered the paralytic seizure to be attributable.

The reception of Sacred Literature was favourable, in a degree very far exceeding the author's moderate expectations. The first edition had been fixed at 750 copies ; but the experienced

judgment of the publisher extended the impression to a thousand. The demand justified this extension ; although it is well known that the most favourable reception of works of criticism, implies a much more limited circulation, than occurs in most other kinds of literature. The public taste, and the periodical journals, were again cordially united, in favour of the work and of the author. To these articles I have pleasure in referring, both as able summaries of this original work ; and as fair, though necessarily imperfect, expositions of its character and merits.

Soon after its publication, a copious analysis appeared, in Mr. Hartwell Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Bible ; an early, and gratifying indication of the place, which Sacred Literature had already taken, among standard works of scripture criticism. The author's friend, Mr. Alexander Knox, was deeply impressed and interested by this more lasting tribute. He expressed his satisfaction in terms, in which the zeal of personal friendship is characteristically tempered, by the spirit of christian philosophy : . . ' I suppose there has scarcely been any instance of such a testimony, so prompt, and so practical, as that in Horne to your book. I assure you I saw it with the sincerest satisfaction ; the more so, as I am well aware that time will not damp,

but strengthen, this wonderfully early celebrity. There is a hand of Providence so visible in all this, that it seems to give a special character of awfulness, to this just and natural source of deep and rational gratification.'

To Mr. Knox himself, it may here be observed, the plan and details of the work had all the freshness of novelty: it having (with the exception of the first five sections) been read by him, for the first time, in the printed volume; the author justly judging it to be essential to its successful execution, that the plan, the composition, and the responsibility, should be exclusively his own.

The character of Sacred Literature has long risen equally above, the partial estimate of friendship, and the passing testimonies of the day; one early tribute, however, so justly and eloquently expresses the sentiments inspired by its perusal, . . . sentiments which will find a responding voice in the breasts of very many of its readers, . . . as to claim an honourable place, in connection with that best monument to his memory, in the Life of Bishop Jebb.

'The time we have spent in the consideration of this important volume, has not, we trust, been unprofitably employed. We have risen from its perusal, not only with unfeigned respect for the

piety and talents of its author, . . but with an increased veneration for that sacred Book, which he has studied with so much success. The truth of Augustine's eloquent testimony to its rich and varied excellency, was never more forcibly impressed upon our minds. . . The Scripture so speaketh, that with the HEIGHT of it, it laughs proud, and lofty-spirited men to scorn; with the DEPTH of it, it terrifies those who with attention look into it; with the TRUTH of it, it feeds men of the greatest knowledge and understanding; and with the SWEETNESS of it, it nourisheth babes and sucklings.* *British Critic for January, 1821. p. 22.*

* To this anonymous tribute, in common justice to the subject, it is my duty to subjoin the testimony of a name, already venerable in the history of our church, as a happy example of the compatability of much learning, and deep scholarship, with almost apostolic zeal and labours. The reader may probably anticipate the name of BISHOP MIDDLETON.

‘ Calcutta, 17 Jan., 1822.

‘ REVEREND SIR,

THE delay, which has attended my acknowledgment of your obliging present of your “ Sacred Literature,” will hardly be deemed consistent with the feeling, with which that acknowledgment is now made. Your volume, however, arrived during my absence from Calcutta, on my last visitation to Bombay and Ceylon; and, though some months have elapsed since my return, my time has been subject to so much distraction, that I could not, till lately, give to your work the degree of consideration, which I was sure it would merit; and I was unwilling that you should suppose, if indeed such a supposition were possible, that I felt little interest in the very curious question, which you had undertaken to discuss.

‘ I cannot say, Sir, that I had ever considered the doctrine of parallelism, otherwise than as relating to the Old Testament, and as laid down

After the publication of Sacred Literature, and a little time passed with his friends in the

by Bp. Lowth, and Schoetgen, in his ninth dissertation; and that, too, by no means very fully and attentively. I recollect, indeed, that when I was engaged upon the Essay, to which you have done such unmerited honour, it did occur to me, that the Hymns of the Blessed Virgin and Zacharias exhibited peculiarities, much resembling the style of hebrew poetry; but the inquiry did not fall within my plan, and I had no immediate inducement to pursue it. I had no notion, however, that parallelisms the most legitimate might be traced, through various parts of the New Testament, and especially in the discourses of our Saviour, as you have shewn in some beautiful and conclusive examples; none of them more striking than St. Matt. xi. 28. . 30, and vii. 24. . 27, and indeed, throughout the Sermon on the Mount. It is also interesting to observe the result of some of your comparisons of the Old Testament with the New; especially in that conclusive inference, deduced from comparing Ps. ii. and Acts iv., in favour of the Divinity of our Saviour. Upon the whole, I am abundantly satisfied that you have established your main point; and I congratulate you on having been the first to introduce into the criticism of the New Testament, a principle, which will be found auxiliary to other, and independent methods of interpretation. It is, indeed, delightful to know, that scriptural, as well as scientific truth may be elicited, by various and unconnected processes, and that, too, even in minutiae, as some would represent them, though, in the true interpretation of Scripture, nothing is unimportant: in more than one instance, you have, on the evidence of the parallelism, decided in favour of readings, to which I was led by a method of analysis, founded in other views and principles: *you* have, however, the advantage of being able to shew, that what is true, is beautiful: your translations exhibit the Scripture, in a light the most engaging to taste and piety.

I confess, Sir, that, with respect to hebrew metre, though I am convinced that its laws have not been ascertained, and that, at any rate, the Psalms, in Bishop Hare's arrangement, "halt ill on Greek and Roman feet," I have always had a notion, that some metrical arrangement exists; and the Prosodies of the Eastern languages, some of which employ in their poetry, artifices quite as elaborate as the parallelism, and yet reject not metre, nor even rhyme, tend to confirm the *suspicion*: I am not, however, prepared to state, that, with regard to hebrew, it is anything more: and I regret that the very little leisure afforded me, by the harass-

neighbourhood of London, and near Bristol, Mr. Jebb returned to Ireland. In the November following, he was presented, by the Archbishop of Cashel, to the Archdeaconry of Emly; an appointment made, as his Grace intimated, entirely on public grounds, and to mark his sense of the services rendered by Mr. Jebb, both in the diocese, and to the Church at large.

Some years before the period at which we have now arrived, an acquaintance had been

ing duties of this vast Diocese, will not allow me to prosecute an inquiry, for which my situation may seem to afford peculiar facilities. I admit, however, that your examination of the doctrine of parallelism, and your having found it in the New Testament, does tend to discountenance *any* theory of hebrew metre: it is not to be expected, that metre will be found in the discourses of our Saviour; and if not, then the presumption will be strong, against the existence of any metrical distribution among parallelisms, which seem to be constructed upon the very same principle, as those found in the New Testament. Of the *interpretative* value of the parallelism, in the Old Testament, I have never doubted; and in a passage which I had lately occasion to consider (Ps. ix. 19, 20.) I incline, on that ground alone, to the English version, notwithstanding that the ancients and Bp. Horsley prefer a rendering, which gives, indeed, a most important, and even prophetic sense to the passage, if it be just.

I should perhaps apologize to you for the length of this letter, which, however, might have been still longer, if I had not been subject to frequent interruptions, and this was not the day for making up the dispatches for England: but, above all, I request you to accept the assurance of the sincere respect and esteem, with which

I am, Reverend Sir,
Your much obliged
and faithful servant,

‘ To

T. F. CALCUTTA. ’

The Venerable
Archdeacon JEBB.’

formed, which about this time ripened into intimacy; and which proved a source of great happiness, during the remainder of Archdeacon Jebb's stay at Abington, as well as afterwards, when called to the duties of the See of Limerick. The friend here alluded to, was Colonel Bourke (now Major General Sir Richard Bourke, K. C. B., Governor General of New South Wales). About the year 1814, on the conclusion of the peninsular war, Colonel Bourke had returned, from the service of his country in Spain, to reside upon his property in the neighbourhood of Limerick. At the house of his uncle, a parishioner of Abington, Mr. Jebb and he occasionally met; but, as he was often absent, and had no residence upon his estate, several years elapsed, before acquaintance was changed into a friendship of the closest intimacy, and (I may add) of truly fraternal affection. In the society of this inestimable friend, and of his amiable family, were passed the happiest days, both of my friend's Abington, and of his Limerick life. The private worth with which we now became conversant, could be fully known by those only, who, like Mr. Jebb and myself, were admitted to his 'days retired from vulgar noise,' in the bosom of his happy family at Thornfield: his public merits (merits since more widely made known, by his

conduct in the high stations, which he has been called successively to fill) are recorded in the eulogy pronounced by Bishop Jebb, in his place in the House of Lords, in June, 1824. This tribute, it is my duty to preserve in the Life of Bishop Jebb; whose desire I know it was, that the memory of their pure and disinterested friendship (a friendship eventually cemented by family ties) should survive them. . . ‘I bear in my heart an absent friend, the kinsman and the pupil of the great Mr. Burke; a man worthy of the pains bestowed upon him, superior to the expectations entertained of him, . . yet those expectations were high, at the time they must have appeared sanguine. Such a man it were presumption in me to eulogize: I will only say, that foregoing all that is estimable and delightful in the best English society, the first society in the world, . . when he returned from the service of his country covered with honourable scars, he retired to his native land, to his few paternal acres, to the bosom of his tenantry; and there devotes his time, his thoughts, his heart, his sound practical wisdom, his distinguished talents, to the improvement of the peasantry of Ireland. But the praise of General Bourke has been publicly proclaimed in this country; it is yet more touchingly pronounced at home, in the daily and

nightly prayers and blessings of an attached and grateful population.'

In February 1821, Archdeacon Jebb went to Dublin, in order to preach the Act sermons, for the degrees of B.D. and D.D., at the annual University Commencements. His English sermon, for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, was upon S. John v. 39, . . SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES. OR : YE SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES. In this discourse, he proved, by an argument which may safely be pronounced unanswerable, that the *second* of these versions is the true rendering of the original, and of our Lord's meaning : the sermon stands as Discourse XIV. in 'Practical Theology.' Before he could prepare and preach his second English Act sermon, for his Doctor's degree, he was attacked by bilious fever ; continued seriously ill for several weeks ; and was consequently prevented from completing the sermons required for his degrees. The courtesy of the University, however, allowed him to postpone their delivery ; and both degrees, accordingly, were now conferred. In August, Archdeacon Jebb was again summoned to Dublin, to join in the tribute of national respect, upon the expected visit of his late Majesty George IV. to Ireland. Upon this occasion, nearly his first appearance at Court,

(he having been but once before at the Vice-regal Levee, in compliance with a gracious intimation that his attendance was expected), his works were presented to the King, by the then Lord Lieutenant (Earl Talbot), and were most graciously received and acknowledged. His own reception was equally gracious: adverting to the previous presentation of his volumes, his Majesty condescendingly thanked him for this mark of dutiful respect, concluding with the assurance ‘I mean to pay them all attention.’ The letter which contains these particulars, shows, at the same time, how little his heart or thoughts were in such matters. ‘What with royalty, visiting, and the lassitude-infusing heat of the weather, I have been a miserable non-correspondent: yet home has been always in my thoughts; and I could, at any time, most joyfully get away from this imposing scene, to saunter with you in our broad walk, or confer with you in the book-room.’

Very different occupations, and wholly novel and unexpected circumstances, awaited his return to Abington. The King’s visit to Ireland (the only one ever paid by a monarch of the House of Brunswick) had been a scene of universal harmony and joy: his departure was the signal for a fresh, and formidable insurrection. Of the troubles now on the eve of explosion, the

County of Limerick was unhappily the focus. Breaking out first on the Courtenay estates, in the western district of Limerick, they spread, with fearful rapidity, in the opposite direction; their progress being marked, every where, in fire and blood. Immediately previous to this calamitous crisis, and while Archdeacon Jebb was still in Dublin, an incident had occurred, (a providential incident, if we may judge by the results) which brought the protestant clergymen of Abington parish, first into unexpected contact, and then into as unexpected influence, with their Roman catholic parishioners. The details of this incident need not be given: it will be enough to mention, that, at the instance of his friend General Bourke, the writer had been led to interpose between two parties, contending over a grave, in which both claimed a right, in the church-yard of Abington. A young man of daring spirit was saved, on this occasion, from committing murder, and (he being armed, indeed, but alone against a multitude,) in all probability, from being himself murdered in return. His father, and his family, part of a great fighting faction, were grateful for this service; and were further, and more deeply gratified, by an appointment being procured for the penitent offender (whose offence was mitigated by the

circumstances of the case . . he having been engaged in defending, as he thought, from violation, the grave of his mother) as a constable of police. Under the impulse of these feelings, the father of the young man waited on Archdeacon Jebb, upon his return to Abington; apprized us of the impending troubles, and of their certain extension to the neighbourhood of Abington; and concluded by proffering the services of himself and his clan, to arrest the progress of insurrection into our hitherto peaceful district; the local position of which, as bordering on the mountains which separate Limerick from Tipperary, rendered it peculiarly important, in a military point of view; while, in the but too possible event of disturbance penetrating into these fastnesses, the amount of the population, estimated at nearly ten thousand, must form a fearful accession to an already formidable insurrection.

Archdeacon Jebb instantly saw all the prospective advantages, and cordially entered into the good spirit, of this unprecedented proposition. In the moment in which the proposal was made, his resolution was taken; when * * * * * withdrew, he immediately said, 'I will see our friend Mr. Costello (the Roman catholic parish priest of Abington), and propose to him our holding a meeting, next sunday, after divine service, in his

chapel ; in order to our entering into resolutions for the preservation of the peace, in our hitherto peaceable and loyal parish.' The proposition was made and met in the same spirit. The Roman catholic pastor entered cordially into his views : and it was agreed, that, upon the following sunday (December 16.), the clergy of the two communions should meet, after morning service, in the chapel of Murroe ; and the Protestant rector, and the Roman catholic priest, should successively address the people, from the altar : ' a transaction (Mr. Jebb truly observes to Mr. Knox), the like of which I suppose never occurred, since the Reformation.' The appointed day arrived ; and we proceeded, accompanied by General Bourke, after church service, to the chapel. Having ascertained that the celebration of Mass was over, we entered ; advanced, through a crowded congregation, to the altar ; and Arch-deacon Jebb having been presented, at the close of an impressive exhortation, to his flock, by the priest, he addressed the people, from the altar, for fully half an hour. He was heard with breathless attention : some were affected to tears. All eyes were rivetted upon him, as he told the men of Abington, that he lived among them without a fear ; that his doors were unbolted, his windows unbarred, . . and that they should re-

main so ; for that the only safeguard he sought, WAS IN THE HEARTS OF HIS PARISHIONERS * : that he had now lived among them more than ten years ; and had always found them, what he knew he should ever find them, a loyal, a peaceable, and an affectionate people.' By men, women, and even the little children, this appeal was eagerly listened to ; and the Resolutions, which he held in his hand, and which were proposed for adoption at its close, were received with a silent, but unanimous lifting-up of hands : the children, immediately in front of the altar, straining their little arms, that their hands, too, might be seen. . . At this affecting sight, several persons, at the same instant, cried out, . . 'The very children are lifting their hands !' The farmers and peasantry emulously crowded to the altar-

* An extraordinary proof of the strength of this safeguard, Mr. Jebb had experienced some years previously. A man of noted character, connected with a gang of robbers, had lived within a stone's throw of Abington glebe ; after committing many distant depredations, it was at last determined on, by this robber and two of his companions, to attack the glebe-house. Knowing the defenceless state of the house, they met, accordingly, at night, armed with blunderbusses, on the steps of the hall-door ; when the wife of the leader of the gang, our near neighbour, discovering their intention, suddenly made her appearance ; and declared, that, 'if any of them raised a hand to attack Mr. Jebb's house, she would herself swear against and prosecute them, though it were her own husband.' The robbers were at once panic-struck ; and retired without raising any alarm ; leaving the inmates of the house wholly unconscious of their danger and deliverance. *Tierney*, (the husband, and head of the gang) afterwards fled the country : when the fact transpired.

rail, to subscribe their names, or their marks, to the proposed Resolutions ; and what they then voluntarily promised, when the hour of trial came, they manfully performed. While the whole surrounding country became a scene of fire and bloodshed, Abington parish, to the end of the disturbances, continued (to borrow the expression of a distinguished statesman *, who paid a visit to Archdeacon Jebb immediately after their termination), ‘like Gideon’s fleece, the only inviolate spot.’ Higher testimony was afterwards borne, from an humbler quarter. An eminent English barrister happened to pass through the disturbed country at the time, travelling between Waterford and Limerick. As the coach passed within sight of Abington Glebe, the coachman pointed towards the house, distant about four miles, and invited the passengers to look at it : ‘That house,’ he said, ‘is the residence of Archdeacon Jebb ; the parish in which it stands, is the only quiet district in the country ; and its quiet is entirely owing to the character and exertions of the protestant Rector.’ This anecdote was told about three years ago, by the learned Serjeant to whom it occurred, to Richard Jebb, Esq. of Lincoln’s Inn, in company with whom he happened to travel ; and the mention

* The present Right Hon. Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will, I know, permit me to number him among the friends of Bishop Jebb.

of whose name led to the inquiry, whether he was related to a clergyman in Ireland, of the same name, residing at Abington, in the county of Limerick. The querist was unaware, that this clergyman was no other than Bishop Jebb, and that he was addressing himself to his nephew.

To return to Abington, and the eventful winter of 1821. By Archdeacon Jebb's provident care, at the suggestion of a judicious Roman catholic friend, a small military party was stationed in the parish, to aid the parishioners in keeping out insurgent emissaries and marauders; the local disturbances, in the south of Ireland, being usually first set on foot, by the agency of strangers, from other parts. The precaution in the present instance, though effectual, was perhaps unrequired; for it afterwards appeared, that, upon some threats being held out of a hostile visit to the parish, and to the glebe house, on the part of the neighbouring insurgents, . . as they were reported to express themselves, . . 'to punish the people of Abington for their loyalty,' . . this true-hearted people had voluntarily, and secretly, pledged themselves to each other, that any attempt upon Abington Glebe, should be the signal for the parish to rise *en masse* upon the stranger assailants: . . the intention of course became known, for the threatened attempt was never made.

The following Resolutions, drawn up by Archdeacon Jebb, having been read to the parishioners from the altar, and having received their signatures, were printed, and posted up in the most conspicuous situations through the parish.

ABINGTON RESOLUTIONS.

At a general meeting of the Inhabitants and Landholders of the Parish of Abington, held at Murroe, on the 16th December, 1821., the following Resolutions, proposed by the Rev. Archdeacon Jebb, Rector, and seconded by the Rev. T. O. B. Costello, Roman catholic clergyman, of Abington, were unanimously agreed to.

RESOLVED, that we, his Majesty's loyal subjects, the Inhabitants and Landholders of the Parish of Abington, in the County of Limerick, are animated by a lively sense of gratitude to our benignant Monarch, for his late paternal visit to, and kind approbation of, his Irish subjects.

RESOLVED, that we unfeignedly lament, that any portion of our fellow-countrymen can have so soon forgotten the kindness of their Sovereign,

and contributed, by the violation of the laws, to dim those prospects of future beneficence, which his Majesty's gracious deportment, while among us, opened to our view.

RESOLVED, that we altogether disapprove of those secret associations, and private meetings, which, in opposition both to the letter and the spirit of our free and glorious constitution, have, for some time past, unhappily prevailed, in different parts of this country.

RESOLVED, that we consider it a gross offence against the laws of God and man, to administer, or take, those oaths, which, under the seal of secrecy, have been tendered, and still are tendered, by designing persons, to many of our deluded fellow-countrymen.

RESOLVED, that we have learnt with deep sorrow, and hold in utter abhorrence, those barbarous atrocities, which, in consequence of such oaths and meetings, have been lately committed, in this, and the adjoining counties.

RESOLVED, that we rejoice in the peace and tranquillity hitherto maintained in this parish of Abington; and are determined, by every means in our power, to preserve to ourselves this honourable distinction.

RESOLVED, that we do hereby pledge ourselves to each other, in the presence of God, to

use our best exertions, toward preventing the introduction among us of any unlawful oaths, or secret meetings : and we do, one and all, hereby promise and engage to discountenance, and, if practicable, bring to public justice, any seditious emissaries from other quarters, who may attempt to disturb this peaceable and loyal parish.

These Resolutions, and their happy effects in preserving unbroken, amidst surrounding disturbance, the peace of this part of the country, soon became known in England. Upon the circumstances being communicated to the King, his late Majesty expressed his Royal satisfaction ; observing, that, ‘if he had but a few more such subjects, he should need neither troops, nor Insurrection Acts, in Ireland.’ In the house of Commons, public testimonies of the most honourable kind were borne, by the highest authorities, on opposite sides of the House.

The published Speech of the Right Honourable Charles Grant (now Lord Glenelg), formerly Chief Secretary for Ireland, April 22. 1822, on Sir John Newport’s motion on the state of Ireland, contains the following eloquent tribute to the public services of *an Irish country clergy-*

man. . . ‘But I repeat, that the basis of advancement must be the mutual good-will of the people. Whatever other measures you may adopt, you can hope to make but little progress, unless you secure this object; and if this object be first attained, the adoption of other measures will be comparatively easy, and even the necessity of them will be in some degree superseded. . . Let us not believe, Sir, that the task, of creating or diffusing such a spirit of reciprocal kindness is hopeless. True it is, indeed, that when passions and prejudices, inflamed by ancient and bitter recollections, are involved, many obstacles must intervene, and the end to which we aspire may, for a time, seem to be withdrawn to a distance almost unattainable. But let us not despair of the ultimate result. We know that the best feelings, and the loftiest passions, are on our side. We know that the sanctions of authority and experience are in our favour. Whenever the experiment has been fairly tried, it has completely answered. I could give many examples of such success, but I shall limit myself to one, with which I shall conclude. I offer it as an additional demonstration of the important truth, that habitual kindness, and real honesty of intention, will always find their reward, in the sym-

thies, and in the conduct, of those towards whom they are exercised.

‘ In the county of Limerick, Sir, there is a parish, untouched to this moment, by any of the disorders which have distracted that country. It is nine miles from the city of Limerick, and in the midst of all the horrors of which we have heard. It contains a very crowded population, almost entirely Roman catholic ; yet, in that parish, the Protestant clergyman keeps no arms, nor has he in any respect increased the fastenings or defences of his house : and, at night, he sleeps in security, confiding in the protection of Providence, and the goodwill of his Roman catholic parishioners. The neighbourhood has been visited by these nightly marauders, and many excesses have been committed, but, in this parish, not a single outrage has taken place. In the course of last December, there occurred, in the same parish, a memorable scene. On a sunday in that month, the Roman catholic priest summoned his flock to a meeting in the Romish chapel, and there, at the altar, presented to them the Protestant clergyman of the parish. The people were not assembled for the purposes of worship, but the place, and the day, gave a solemnity to the meeting, and sanctified its object.

The Protestant clergyman, from the altar, addressed the people. He gave to their conduct the applause which it merited; and exhorted them, in the most earnest manner, to continue the same course of loyalty and good order. His address, which occupied half an hour, was heard with breathless attention; and the result was, that, at the close of it, the people, with one voice, and with acclamation came forward, &c. . . The present state of the parish attests their faithful observance of the voluntary engagement. . . Now Sir, to what must we ascribe these effects? Not to any sudden burst of enthusiastic kindness, suspending, on a special occasion, habitual distrust and estrangement; not to a momentary impulse urging the Protestant and the [Roman] catholic to unite, for a particular purpose, . . no, but to a settled and regular habit of conciliation, between the Protestant and the [Roman] catholic clergyman, between the Protestant clergyman and his [Roman] catholic parishioners: a habit formed and built up, during a kindly intercourse of twelve years. It is the result, therefore, of a system, silently matured in the time of peace, and at length manifesting its efficacy in the hour of danger.'

Nearly two years after, February 10. 1824., Viscount Althorp (now Earl Spencer), in his speech

on the state of Ireland, is thus reported to have noticed the case of Abington parish, and the conduct of the Protestant Rector (now Bishop of Limerick), in just proof of the importance to Ireland of the maintenance of a resident Protestant clergy. 'The next point on which he would call for information, respected the residence of the clergy. He conceived it to be impossible for any man to look to the state of Ireland, and not feel the necessity of having a resident clergy. If, as they must all be convinced, it was of great importance, to have a good resident clergy in this country, it was infinitely more important, situated as Ireland was, that there should be an efficient resident clergy there. The landed proprietors in England were far more numerous than those in Ireland, and it was of primary importance that men of fortune should be induced, as far as possible, to reside in the latter country, and to do every thing in their power to promote its welfare. He could quote the instance of a Reverend person, who had lately, and he believed very properly, been promoted to the See of Limerick, to prove the utility of a resident clergy. That Reverend person, during his residence in his parish in [the county of] Limerick, had acted so prudently, that, notwithstanding the confusion which reigned around,

no outrage had occurred in that particular parish. He was not at all acquainted with Dr. Jebb, the Bishop to whom he alluded, but he knew that what he had stated was founded on fact.' *See Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, vol. x. p. 119 . . 20.

In the House of Lords, the name of Bishop Jebb commanded equal respect, and obtained similar honourable mention. The Earl of Darnley, in his motion on the state of Ireland, April 8. 1824., took occasion to introduce, and eulogize, the public character and services of the Bishop of Limerick. . . 'I have particular satisfaction in affording my humble tribute of applause to a Right Reverend Prelate (the Bishop of Limerick) whom I see in his place, and who has evinced the true Christian feeling, which ought to distinguish his office and sacred profession. To such as have not read it, I would recommend the perusal of his Visitation Charge to the clergy of his Diocese; in which will be found those genuine principles of benevolence and charity, which, if universally felt and acted on in Ireland, would produce a very different state of things, from that which now actually exists in that country.' *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. xi. p. 243.

While zealously engaged at Abington, in

promoting the best interests of the people, by securing, through a well acquired, and wisely exercised influence, the preservation of the public peace, it pleased divine Providence that he should be doubly tried, by the hopeless malady of his excellent sister-in-law Mrs. Jebb, whose happy end has been already described, and by the death of his revered friend, Archbishop Brodrick, whose character he has fully portrayed, in a sermon preached at the Primary Visitation of Archbishop Laurence.

He was now engaged to preach the annual Sermon for the Dublin Female Orphan School, (a cause which, upon the death of the celebrated Dean Kirwan, he had, in 1806, most successfully advocated): he proceeded to Dublin to fulfil this engagement; and on his sermon, which he published, being presented to the Lord Lieutenant (Marquess Wellesley) as President of the Charity, his Excellency immediately appointed him one of his chaplains, and notified the unexpected appointment through Archdeacon Jebb's friend and tutor, Dr. Magee, then Bishop of Raphoe, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. At this period, there were two vacancies on the episcopal bench in Ireland; and the Bishop of Raphoe finding that, as matters stood, it was

right that his friend should remain in the neighbourhood of Dublin, he advised accordingly; intimating, in confidence, that his name was in contemplation. It afterwards appeared that his name had been now selected, sent over to England, and approved by the English Government; and that his elevation to the bench, at this time, was delayed, only in consequence of a decision, that one of the vacant Archbishoprics should be filled from England. The affectionate interest in his concerns, and the tender consideration for his feelings, shown by Bishop Magee, during this period of involuntary suspense, were deeply and gratefully felt by his old pupil. It was the anxiety of a brother, or a parent. And when the immediate prospect had closed, the Bishop would not allow his friend to leave Dublin, without apprizing him that, but for the unforeseen arrangement alluded to, he was to have been the Bishop; observing, ‘I need not tell you to keep this information a secret; your own good sense will sufficiently secure its remaining so.’

Returned once more to Abington, Archdeacon Jebb found new calls of duty awaiting him there. The disturbances of the preceding winter had been followed by famine: England now came forward, with her characteristic generosity, to relieve the distressed population: and, this bene-

volent object accomplished, such was the overflowing measure of English liberality, that a large surplus remained still unappropriated, in the hands of the Committee which had been formed in London. A letter received in June by Archdeacon Jebb, announced the wish of the London Committee, that one so well known in England, by his character, and public services in Abington parish, would consent to aid them, in the best, and most effectual distribution of that surplus fund: the letter enclosed an order for 200*l.*, to be unreservedly at the Archdeacon's disposal for the good of the people. Having weighed the matter well, he came to the conclusion, that the benevolent design of the Committee would be best met, by employing this money in the manufacture of implements of industry, to be distributed among the people of Abington, *as a reward for their exemplary conduct during the late troubles.* Accordingly, all the wheelwrights in the Parish were forthwith put in requisition, and several hundred wheels and reels were put in hands, with a view to encourage, or rather to introduce, the linen manufacture, . . the chief external source of the superior prosperity and civilization of the population of the north of Ireland. Informed of the appropriation of their munificent gift, the London Committee followed

it up by an additional donation of 100*l.*, in token of their approval. A portion of the bounty was applied to aid the peasantry, by providing work for them ; the task set, and accomplished, being the lowering of a steep and difficult hill, which obstructed the market-road from Abington to Limerick. The residue (more than two thirds of the entire grant) was expended, under Mr. Jebb's own eye and direction, in providing a supply of *well-seasoned* implements for the linen manufacture, . . exemplary discipline being required and employed to secure care in the making, and good quality in the materials, of the wheels and reels ; which were simultaneously distributed among the parishioners of Abington, assembled, for the purpose, at the Glebe house : the greatest possible precautions being used in the distribution, to correct the prevailing evils of the country, . . namely, jobbing, importunate solicitation, and private favour. Archdeacon Jebb's principle of counteraction here was, that none of the parishioners should know whether they were, or were not, to obtain wheels or reels, until the day of distribution ; when none were to attend, but those who had been duly summoned : while he had secured, by wide and strict previous inquiry, that the distribution should be as fair, as equitable, and as comprehensive, as human

foresight could make it. Those of the peasantry who least understood the process, were most astonished by the result. When told, in the earlier stages of preparation, that it was perfectly useless to make applications, . . . 'How then,' was the answer of the applicants, 'are we to get the wheels?' On the day of distribution, to their great surprise, it appeared, that the relative merits, wants, and claims of his parishioners (a population of at least 8000), were as well known to Archdeacon Jebb, as if he had himself visited every family, and inspected every cottage. Complainants there were few or none: for even disappointed candidates (there were necessarily many) acknowledged and admired, in this transaction, the exercise (to the peasantry of the south of Ireland a novel thing) of pure and impartial justice.

In the eyes of political economy, and of modern legislation, busied in the application of *notional* remedies, to *practical* evils, these details, perhaps, may appear trivial: be it so: 'my appeal is made' (to use the strong saying of my departed friend upon another subject), 'from the present times, to the wisdom of past ages, and of ages yet to come.' For, if the past history of mankind shall (as most assuredly it will) ever again be acknowledged as our guide, it is neither in the high-sounding projects of political

theory, nor in the hollow quackery of temporizing expedients, but in scenes like that which has been just described, domestic scenes which come home 'to men's business and bosoms,' that the true improvement and prosperity, not of Ireland only, but of every country under heaven, must be sought and found. Let the clergy . . the resident clergy . . of Ireland, (according to the counsel of my Lord Althorp) be wisely maintained and encouraged*, . . let the absentees of Ireland return to their abandoned posts, . . and let both a resident clergy, and a resident nobility and gentry, emulate the example of mingled firmness and kindness, of wise benevolence, and equal justice, bequeathed to them unconsciously, at Abington, by Bishop Jebb, . . and Ireland may yet become a prosperous and happy land, raised equally above the arts of demagogues, and the influences of superstition.

On the first of August Archdeacon Jebb went to Dublin, to preach his turn at the Chapel Royal. In the beginning of November he was again on duty, as chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant. His sermon on this occasion, was the first of his course of sermons on the Liturgy, which have

* As they yet will be. Is not the country, even now, with a generous inconsistency, giving to the oppressed clergy of Ireland, by the hand of the people, what, by the hand of the legislature, it would seem to take away?

since appeared in Practical Theology. It gave great satisfaction. By the urgent request of a college friend (the late lamented Dr. Phelan), this sermon was repeated, on the following Sunday, in the chapel of Trinity College: a circumstance which led to the mention of a testimony once borne to Mr. Jebb as a preacher, by that very learned, and very singular man, Dr. Barrett, late Vice-Provost of the University of Dublin. Some members of that learned body were discussing the relative merits of preachers: 'Well, gentlemen,' said Dr. Barrett, 'you may say what you please, but the best sermon I ever heard, was one from Mr. Jebb, on the Liturgy.'

His turn of duty performed, he was about to leave town, when he was detained by an intimation from the Archbishop of Dublin; on the 19th of November, he received an official summons to attend the Lord Lieutenant, at the Phoenix Park; it was to offer him a Bishoprick; and a few days after the announcement then made by his Excellency, he was appointed to succeed his kind old friend Bishop Elrington, upon his Lordship's translation to Ferns, in the see of Limerick. The spirit in which he received the first announcement of his elevation, will be best shown from his letter to myself, written immediately after his audience of the Viceroy.

‘ Tuesday, Nov. 19. 4 o’clock P.M.

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM to be the Bishop : . . I ask your prayers . . . Nothing could be more flattering than the Lord Lieutenant’s expressions : but the more this appointment rests on presumed qualifications, the greater and the more solemn is the responsibility.

God bless you !

Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB.’

His return to Abington, as Bishop-elect of Limerick, was hailed with universal joy by the Roman catholic population ; . . a joy, damped only by the feeling, that they were about to lose the friend and benefactor, who had lived among them for more than twelve years, in the constant exercise of kindness, which came from and went to the heart, without one jarring note, in that long period, to break the full harmony of mutual good-will. He was met on the border of the parish, by a body of the peasantry, who would not be withheld from taking off the horses, and drawing his carriage, preceded by a band of rustic music, considerably more than a mile, to Abington Glebe : and this expression of attachment was presently followed, by an affectionate address from his Roman catholic parishioners,

drawn up by the Roman catholic pastor, and with his signature at its head.

He who relates these things, was himself an eye-witness of them. By the disposal of Providence, which, in its unmerited goodness, has raised up to him another gracious protector, he has ceased to be a member of the Irish branch of the United Church: but he should feel himself unworthy of having been 'the daily companion, and own familiar friend,' of the eminent Prelate whose life he records, . . and, as well, of the great cause towards which, under such guidance, his pursuits and studies have been drawn for more than one-and-twenty years, . . were he not here to record his humble, but most solemn conviction, a conviction grounded on the practical experience and observation of nearly fifteen years' residence at Abington or in Limerick, that, in the resident clergy of the Church of England inhabiting among them, the Roman catholics of Ireland possess a moral, a civil, and a social blessing, which, if the hand of man once rashly take away, or even materially diminish, . . the power of Omnipotence can alone replace.

We have now reached the close of Bishop Jebb's course, as Rector of Abington; and as none seem better entitled to offer counsel, than those whose counsels are illustrated by their

conduct, I shall conclude this portion of my task, in the words of his own prophetic warning to the legislature of these countries, eleven years ago.

‘ The great *desideratum* towards the internal improvement of Ireland is INSTRUMENTALITY ; a link between the government, between the legislature, between the great landed proprietorship, and the people. It were folly, however, to speak of instruments, in a mere mechanical sense. A *moral instrumentality* alone will cement together the frame of society in *any* country ; and in a country, from unhappy circumstances, much *demoralized*, moral instruments are infinitely needful. Such instruments we have in the Irish clergy : to say the least of them as a body (with rare individual exceptions), an educated, liberalized, well-conducted order of men ; stationed, at proper intervals, throughout the whole country ; regimented, if I may so speak, under the authority of superiors ; disciplined and marshalled for simultaneous movements ; and forming a great chain of intercommunication, from one extremity of Ireland to the other. Now, in what manner could we supply the place occupied by these men ? Parliaments cannot create, Parliaments are not competent to create, materials such as we possess

at this moment. Let Parliaments beware how they *destroy*. They will be altogether powerless to fill the chasm. Take away the fabric of our established Church, and you take away the *nucleus* of our national improvement. A resident gentry we have not : a substantial yeomanry we have not : a body of capitalled manufacturers we have not. Humanly speaking, I do not see what it is, in the least improved parts of Ireland, that we have to rest upon, except the clergy. Here is the only sure provision extant, for disseminating, through all quarters of the land, the wildest and most remote, equally with the most cultivated and peopled, an educated, enlightened, and morally influential class. Here, and here only, is a provision for an interchange of moral instruments, between the north and south, and east and west, which, in due time, may and will produce a community of improved character in all the provinces. For, let me ask, what educated northern would voluntarily migrate to the south, what native of Leinster to the west of Ireland, unless induced by some such prospect of immediate or eventual provision, as the Church establishment holds forth ? The salutary influence of these changes, I have seen, I have felt. And if the government of the country raises, as I trust and believe it will, fit and qualified per-

sons to the higher ecclesiastical stations in Ireland, the resulting benefits cannot fail to be of constantly increasing magnitude. . . Setting aside, therefore, my feeling as a churchman, and viewing the subject as a man solicitous for the social, political, and moral welfare of my country, I would exhort those who are in power to pause, and to weigh well the probable, and even the possible results, before they make any alteration in the system of our Church establishment. I would recommend to the deliberate attention of all constitutional statesmen, of whatever party, the wise and profound resolution of Mr. Burke : “ Please God,” said this great man, “ I will walk with caution, when I am not able to see my way clearly before me.”’ . . *Bishop Jebb. Speech in the House of Lords. June, 1824.*

SECTION III.

IN January, 1823, Archdeacon Jebb was consecrated Bishop of Limerick, in the cathedral of Cashel, . . the scene, in former years, of his ministerial labours; of those professional duties, and that practical experience, which alone can fully qualify even the most competent and gifted minds, to direct and superintend the labours of others. It was late in February, however, before he was enabled, upon the removal of his venerable predecessor to Ferns, finally to take leave of Abington, and to enter on the arduous duties of his diocese. The interval was passed in provident exertions for the welfare of his old parishioners, and in the affectionate interchange of offices of kindness and good-will.

Before the end of February, the Bishop removed to Limerick; whither I attended him as chaplain. Early in March, he was obliged to attend the meeting of the Board of First-Fruits, in Dublin. A letter from thence, dated March 26., thus names the day for holding his primary

ordination: ‘ I have fixed sunday, the 13th April, for the ordination. You will have to examine the candidate solely on friday the 11th, and on saturday we will examine him jointly.’

Upon this most solemn part of the office of a christian bishop, no father of the ancient church went beyond Bishop Jebb, in his own sense of responsibility, and the consequent strictness of his rules and requirements. He ordained for his own diocese only; and, until withheld, by the visitation of God, from ordaining personally, he would neither grant, nor accept, letters dimissory. His view of the subject, was the result of long experience: while in the diocese of Cashel, he had been Archbishop Brodrick’s examiner for orders, for more than fifteen years; and each succeeding year, and each fresh examination, augmented his heartfelt conviction, that, in the examinations for holy orders, the best interests of the church, and of religion, were at stake: that TO GUARD THE ENTRANCE OF THE SANCTUARY, was the most effectual human security for the welfare of the Church of Christ. In this connection, he often quoted, with cordial approval, an anecdote related of an eminent puritan divine, Dr. Anthony Tuckney, master of St. John’s College, Cambridge, and Regius Professor of Divinity, during the usurpation: one of the first

scholars of his day. The anecdote is told by Dr. Salter, in his preface to ‘Eight Letters of Dr. Anthony Tuckney, and of Dr. Benjamin Whichcote,’ first published in his edition of Whichcote Aphorisms. . . ‘In his elections at St. John’s, when the President, according to the cant of the times, would call upon him to have regard to the *godly*; the master answered, no one should have a greater regard to the truly godly, than himself; but he was determined to choose none but scholars: adding very wisely, . . . They *may* deceive me in their *godliness*: they *cannot* in their *scholarship*.’

Actuated by such views and principles in the discharge of his delegated trust, as examiner for the Archbishop of Cashel, Bishop Jebb’s first thoughts, and most serious attention, when raised himself to the episcopal office, were directed to the consideration of the best way and means of bringing them more effectually into operation. He began by preparing, for previous diocesan circulation, printed cards of his courses, for deacon’s, and for priest’s orders; each course being made as wide and comprehensive, as might seem compatible with a *solid* preparation on the part of the candidates. This step taken, he proceeded to lay down preliminary rules, designed, at once, to guard against the admission to exa-

mination of fundamentally incompetent or disqualified candidates ; and to insure a more perfect knowledge, than could be acquired by *vivâ voce* examination, of the actual preparation of each admitted candidate. By the first of these rules, each candidate was required, before the commencement of the examination, to read a portion of the Liturgy aloud ; in order to ascertain that he was not unfitted, by any natural or acquired defect, from the distinct and devout performance of divine service. By the second rule, the candidates were obliged to give proof of a competent proficiency, in the ground-work of all theological attainment, . . familiarity with the text of the Greek Testament, . . by translating a portion, the candidate deacons from the Gospels, or Acts of the Apostles, the candidate priests from the Epistles. Failure in either of these preliminary trials, excluded the parties from further examination. By the third rule, all candidates for orders, were required to furnish written notes of their preparation, in each of the works, comprized in the printed course : a golden rule, which effectually provided, 1. against that ready quickness of acquirement, which will often be found to cloak a shallow preparation ; 2. against a natural timidity or slowness of enunciation, which sometimes will conceal, from the

most careful examiner, true and solid attainments ; and 3. against imperfect justice being rendered, to proficiency of the best, and most extensive kind.

Bishop Jebb's examination for holy orders, conducted upon these strict principles, was continued for three days ; each day's examination lasting for six hours. In the course of the inquiry, special stress was invariably laid upon the proficiency of the candidates, in a critical acquaintance with the Greek Testament ; portions of which, as a further security of their competence, they were required to translate in writing, in presence of the examiners ; the versions thus made being submitted to the Bishop's inspection, who himself examined on the third and last day. As the concluding trial, he gave a subject, upon which the candidates were required to write, within the last two hours, without any aid beyond the use of a Bible and Concordance.

The fruits of this strictness were, even from the outset, apparent, in an extent of preparation, and quality of answering, which more than met the hopes and expectations of the diocesan : the gentlemen presenting themselves for holy orders in the diocese of Limerick, generally speaking, manifested an interest in their sacred studies, and a desire to acquit themselves well, fully proportioned to the

pains bestowed in raising, in this most important respect, the tone of the diocese above the ordinary standard. Valuable and durable evidences of this good spirit still exist, in the copious, and, not infrequently, critical abstracts of the examination course, submitted for inspection, conformably with one of the rules, by the candidates for holy orders : the scholarlike appearance, and beautiful execution of several of these MS. volumes, might challenge comparison with the note-books of practised writers ; and would impress, at first sight, rather as the productions of trained divines, than of candidates for ordination.

But Bishop Jebb's great aim, in these preliminary cares, was to kindle and diffuse, among the rising generation of his clergy, a spirit of professional study ; to lead them to regard their ordination course as the alphabet only, or index, to their future theological labours ; and thus, so far as in him lay, to bend their thoughts and hearts, practically and experimentally, towards the fulfilment of their solemn ordination pledge, ' that they will apply themselves wholly to this one thing, and draw all their cares and studies this way.' With this special view, a usage, which he had introduced in his examinations at Cashel, was continued, and it is believed with the best

effects, at the diocesan examinations in Limerick. The oral examination was closed by an address to the assembled candidates, in which the cultivation of their own minds and hearts, by daily and diligent application to the best studies, was pointed out to them as the only adequate means to qualify them for acting effectually, in the discharge of their public and parochial duties, upon the minds and hearts of others. One practice (a habit, the happy effects of which he had long known by good experience) he especially recommended to every young clergyman, . . . that a day should never be suffered to pass by, without the careful perusal of a portion of the New Testament, in the original ; not critically, but practically, and as a means of religious improvement.

This short notice of Bishop Jebb's ordination course and rules, which soon attracted interest and attention beyond the diocese of Limerick, is due to the intrinsic importance of the subject. The beneficial consequences of those regulations were early perceptible, in the studious habits, no less than in the professional zeal and efficiency, of the clergy now ordained ; who, in several instances, ascribed their growing love of sacred studies, wholly to the effect produced on their minds during their examinations for orders. The love of study, and the spirit of research, thus

wisely awakened, naturally led from the want to the desire, from the desire to the purchase, of books: and some time after his great illness, the Bishop was at once cheered and affected by the sight of a well-chosen list of theological works, to the amount of nearly 150*l.*, judiciously put into his hands by a late eminent Dublin bookseller; being the average annual expenditure, at that one house, out of the private fortune of a young clergyman, one of the most distinguished answerers at both examinations for orders, and then an humble curate in the diocese of Limerick. Nor did the spirit of inquiry, thus inspired or called forth by the regulations of Bishop Jebb, terminate in the purchase, . . it has led also to the production, of important works: the *Origines Liturgicæ*, a work long a desideratum in English divinity, and for which the Church in these countries is indebted to the learned labours of the Rev. William Palmer, now of Worcester College, Oxon., owes its idea and design to the well-directed workings of the author's mind, when a candidate for orders, preparing for examination at Limerick.

The bread thus cast upon the waters, it is my happiness to know, and my duty to make known, after many days continues to be found: in the examinations now held in the diocese of

Limerick, the same course, the same rules, the same impartial strictness, are maintained, in the spirit as well as in the letter, under the administration of a Prelate, one of whose first public acts was to express his determination to tread in the steps of his predecessor: while, among the clergy, an association has been formed, of which the Vicar General of the diocese has been chosen permanent chairman, the object of which is, to promote among themselves that thoughtful spirit, and those studious habits, the foundations of which were laid by BISHOP JEBB.

On Thursday, June 19. 1823, the Bishop held his Primary Visitation, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick. The Charge delivered on this occasion, and since re-published in Practical Theology, is too generally known in these countries, to leave room for calling attention, in this Memoir, to the important principles, and the instructive precepts, which are there unfolded and laid down; with that happy union of sound good sense and affectionate persuasiveness, which characterizes all Bishop Jebb's writings. It may suffice to observe that, high as the Bishop's name already stood in England, this Primary Charge, as will hereafter appear, greatly increased and extended his reputation with the English public.

In entering upon the government of his

diocese, his fundamental maxim for his own guidance was, to govern by *principles*, to the total exclusion of *expedients*. Three rules which he prescribed to himself from the outset, in the exercise of his patronage, may be instanced as examples : . . the first was, that he would never make a promise, nor hold out a hope, to any persons whomsoever ; the second, that he would not allow of exchanges of benefices, under any circumstances whatsoever ; the third, that no living in his gift should ever, on any account, be placed at the disposal of any lay patron, any bishop, or of the Government itself. His inflexible adherence to these conscientious rules, while it secured to himself, during the administration of eleven years, uninterrupted peace of mind, and the unshackled exercise of an unbiassed judgment, in the consideration of circumstances according as they arose, . . was never attended with the slightest practical inconvenience. On the contrary, so great was the respect for his character, and such the sense entertained of the purity of his motives, that the Irish Government itself, to the honour of the minister then in power, upon one occasion was known to declare, in offering promotion to a late dignitary of the diocese, that Government would not interfere with the patronage of the Bishop of Limerick.

The Primary Visitation of the diocese of Limerick was followed, in the autumn of the same year, by the Triennial Visitation of the Archbishop of Cashel. The Bishop now attended Archbishop Lawrence to Tralee, and Killarney ; and held his own Primary Visitation of the diocese of Ardfert. This visit to Killarney was rendered painfully memorable by a lake storm, to which both Prelates were exposed, and which was attended with loss of life : a large sail-boat being overset, almost under our eyes, the owner taken up senseless, and one of the crew, the son of a poor widow, drowned : a row-boat, with two soldiers in it, was upset at the same moment ; the poor men were rescued from the water, after a long struggle, and carried, likewise senseless, to an adjoining island. None, who witnessed, can easily forget, the awful moment, when the boat which saved Captain Wyse, bore him past that in which the Archbishop and the Bishop of Limerick were, and hailed it to the assistance of the other sufferers ; nor the feelings with which, on landing at Lord Kenmare's side of the lower lake, we found Captain W.'s dog, who had swum from the centre of the lake, where the accident happened, and continued to howl mournfully by the water's edge, as the party stood for nearly an hour, waiting for the return of the boat with

tidings of the sufferers, under the distressing apprehension (happily an erroneous one), that among them was numbered a son of our venerable host, the late R. T. Herbert, Esq., of Cahir-nane ; a state of suspense painfully aggravated, by the presence of the Father.

Shortly after Bishop Jebb's return to Limerick, a most afflicting calamity occurred, which, while it shed a universal gloom, keenly affected the diocesan ; who well knew and valued the friend whom he had now to mourn. This event was the sudden death, by a fall from his gig, of the Vicar General of Limerick, the late Rev. William Deane Hoare. In this good, and simple-hearted man, the Bishop had found one, in whom he could place every reliance, both as his official, and as a private friend. They differed materially, indeed, in their theological views ; but their differences were such as may subsist between good, and never will disturb the harmony of wise, men. The Funeral Sermon delivered, by Bishop Jebb, on this solemn occasion, while it portrays the character of that faithful servant of God, is a monument to his memory more durable than brass or marble, . . for it unfolds scriptural views and principles which can never die, respecting the future state, the instant consciousness, and immediate blessedness, of 'the dead who die in the Lord.'

The universal sympathy now called forth at Limerick, by this sudden removal of an exemplary clergyman of the Church of England, was in accordance with all Bishop Jebb's most cherished feelings, and was proportionately grateful to his heart. The Roman catholic clergy, with the venerable titular bishop at their head, walked in the procession, as far as the entrance of the west door of the Cathedral, arm in arm with their protestant brethren. The Church was thronged, almost to suffocation, with members of both communions. And the preacher was heard by the assembled multitude with a stillness, which those only, who witnessed and partook the solemn emotion, can conceive. The Bishop's sermon was printed, nearly simultaneously, in Dublin and Limerick ; the Dublin impression being insufficient to meet the public anxiety for copies of a discourse, which, both in subject and spirit, might fitly be regarded as the property of the universal Church of Christ.

It now appeared, that the principles upon which Bishop Jebb had lived and acted, while Rector of Abington, had lost nothing of their virtue, by his transfer to the See of Limerick. As in the humbler station, he had been on the best and happiest terms with the Roman catholic priests and their flock, so in the higher, he became on terms, at least equally good and

happy, with the Roman catholic bishop and his clergy. The venerable Bishop Toughy, while he conversed with him as a friend, honoured him as a christian bishop, and advised with him as fellow-labourers in the vineyard of their common Lord. The spirit of their ecclesiastical superior, diffused itself among the Roman catholic priesthood of Limerick. And one of the last walks taken by Bishop Jebb through the streets of that city, presented the gratifying sight of the protestant Bishop walking, arm in arm, with a Roman catholic priest; who, on taking leave, turned, and bent the knee, as to his own ecclesiastical superior.

In the second year of an episcopate, thus well and wisely commenced, Bishop Jebb was summoned, from the cares of a particular diocese, to take his part in the more general care and guardianship of pure religion in these countries, as one of the representative Bishops of the Church in Ireland. The crisis, at which he was thus called forth to engage in this, to him, wholly novel field of duty, was most alarming. For a considerable time previous to the year 1824, the Irish branch of the United Church had been the mark, and victim, of successful, because incessant and uncontradicted calumnies. The newspapers, the clubs, the Houses of Parliament themselves, had been made the medium of

studied, or undesigned, misrepresentations; aiming as much, on the one hand, to depreciate the character of the Irish protestant clergy, as, on the other, to exaggerate the revenues of the Church establishment. Upon this subject, and upon this alone, the laws of society seemed to be suspended: assertion was, every where, accepted as proof; no incredibility, however enormous or absurd, surpassed the false appetite of public credulity; and it may be instanced as a single example of the stage of this epidemic, that a strong-minded, and independent member of the legislature, by no means unfriendly to the established Church, stated to the present writer as his simple and sincere belief, the result of the best and widest information he could collect from Ireland, that the actual receipts of the Irish Bishoprics, varied from 15,000*l.*, to 40,000*l.* per annum each! His astonishment was great, when apprized of the real truth, . . . that the Irish Bishoprics and Archbishoprics, taken together, scarcely averaged 5,000*l.*: yet, upon information such as his, have been commenced, continued, and not concluded, the attacks, both in and out of Parliament, upon the endowments of the Church in Ireland.

Such were the nature, extent, and hardihood of the misrepresentations, and such the consequently disordered state of the public mind in

England, which the Bishop of Limerick was called to encounter, in the single session of his parliamentary life. He well understood, and deeply felt, the crisis : and he prepared, humbly yet fearlessly, to meet it, in the true spirit of his sacred calling, . . in that ‘quietness and confidence’ which ever were ‘his strength.’ Early in January, 1824, he left Limerick for London ; making Dublin his road, in order that he might devote a few days to the society of his brother ; who, in the preceding November, had been bereaved of his admirable wife.

The Bishop reached London the latter end of January. At former periods, his occasional visits to the metropolis, had been those of a retired private clergyman, occupying himself in the publication of his learned labours, and personally known only within a limited circle of intimate friends. He was now very differently circumstanced : while his well-established reputation, as a scholar and divine, gave its just weight and prominence to his station in the Church, his public services at Abington, and his Primary Charge, had rendered his name universally popular : and it would be difficult, if not impossible, at this distance of time, to convey any just impression of the respect, the cordiality, I might with stricter correctness say, the enthusiasm of

the reception, which awaited him, as Bishop of Limerick, in England. It were little to repeat, what at the time was said, that his name was now the fashion : it will more justly describe the general feeling to remark, that that affectionate interest, which he had ever experienced in the chosen private circle of his English friends, and which he has himself so gratefully commemorated in the earlier pages of this Memoir, seemed now diffused, not only through good society at large, but through every class of the English public. To the unfeigned surprize of one, whose life had been passed, hitherto, in remote provincial retirement, and who had ever loved and followed (to borrow his happy expression, in his Memoir of William Phelan) ‘ the high and lonely walk ’ of thought and study, . . . Bishop Jebb now found himself at the height of public favour ; and that there was no way of escape from the penalties of that unbought popularity, which the generous spirit of England, when suffered freely to flow forth, seldom fails to inflict upon the possessor of a ‘ fair fame.’

The object of a popularity like this, could not, indeed, be literally unaware, but, in spirit, he lived as one wholly unconscious, of the space which he filled in the public estimation. In his retirement, he had ever religiously cultivated

that humbleness of mind, which formed one of the most marked characters of his happy nature : and, amidst the public gaze, while ever mindful of the dignity of his sacred office, the grace of humility still shone the most conspicuous among his eminent virtues. His nearest friends could not discern the slightest change in the childlike simplicity of his heart and life : or, if they could, it was only that he had become more childlike.

Shortly after his settlement in Curzon Street, the Bishop found, that, amidst the business and engagements of London life, the mornings afforded the best, if not the only opportunities, of really seeing and enjoying his friends. He tried the experiment, accordingly, of asking, occasionally, a few friends to breakfast : and it answered so well, as to induce him to give weekly breakfasts, during the remainder of his stay in town ; a practice which he resumed, whenever afterwards resident for a time in London. At these quiet 10 o'clock breakfasts, which were often honoured by eminent, and much frequented by rising young men, there was a flow of interesting anecdote, and of animated conversation, seldom to be met with, at least in equal freshness, at more formal entertainments. The guests themselves seemed fully sensible of this ; some of them not infrequently abridging their very limited rest,

after a late debate in the House of Commons, that they might be present at the Bishop of Limerick's saturday breakfast-table.

Among the most interesting of those guests in Curzon Street, may be named, for they are no longer living, the Rev. John Davison, of Oriel College, Oxford, and Mr. Charles Butler, late of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Davison's manner was peculiar : but the mind which shone through it, richly repaid you, for an exterior of singular coldness and reserve. His conversation was sententious . . almost epigrammatic ; but it was evidently unaffected, and in character with the very original cast of his thoughts. As he went on, he kindled : and in proportion as he disclosed himself, we became more and more satisfied, that a cold outside covered a warm heart. Upon the important subject of national education, Mr. Davison and Bishop Jebb held sentiments nearly identical. On one occasion, when Mr. Davison started and led the conversation, he threw out strong doubts and objections to the prevailing rage, for diffusing knowledge among the lower classes : knowledge, *per se*, he conceived quite as likely to produce bad, as good consequences ; he thought the power of reading to be about as operative *morally*, as the faculty of hearing ; for the term *education*, he would substitute *train-*

ing, . . i. e. early discipline of the temper and passions ; for which he thought the plough a better instrument than the national school. *His* discipline, he would connect with the arts of industry, not with ideal knowledge. . . The readers who may wish to compare these sentiments, with those in Bishop Jebb's discourse on Transmissive Religion (Practical Theology, vol. i. pp. 214. . 40.), will have the advantage of forming, or regulating, their judgment, by the light arising from the consent of two such minds.* Upon the

* Upon the subject of general education, Dr. Johnson has expressed sentiments, so opposed to the views in fashion in the present day, and, at the same time, so entirely coincident with those entertained by Bishop Jebb, that to quote the passage from his favourite author, will be doing his views the best justice.

‘ The truth is, that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are *not* the great, or frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the *first* requisite is, the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong ; the *next* is, an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove, by events, the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and Justice, are virtues and excellencies of all times, and of all places ; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary ; our speculations upon matter, are voluntary, and at leisure. Physiological learning is of *such rare emergence*, that one may know any other half his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics, or astronomy ; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.

‘ Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools, that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation ; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians.

‘ Let me not be censured for this digression, as pedantic, or paradox-

principles of education above indicated, Mr. Davison and the Bishop were much interested by the plan, then in its infancy, of establishing Infant Schools* ; in which, while the acquirement of mere knowledge necessarily formed a very subordinate consideration, there must exist, in the ductility and malleableness of the materials, the best and happiest opportunities for the exercise of discipline and training.

Mr. Charles Butler's conversation was in a very different style ; but peculiarly interesting and pleasing. Without being remarkable, either for strength, or depth, it was characterized by a vein of reflection, and a spirit of benevolence, which gave a double charm to his easy and lively flow of language. In anecdote, he abounded and excelled. A characteristic anecdote of Mr.

ical ; for, if I have *Milton* against me, I have *SOCRATES* on my side. It was his labour to turn philosophy from the study of nature, to speculations upon life ; but the *innovators* whom I oppose, are turning off attention from life to nature. They seem to think, that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the stars. *Socrates* was rather of opinion, that what we had to learn was, how to do good, and avoid evil :

ΟΤΤΙ ΤΟΙΣ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΙΣ ΚΑΚΟΝΤ' ΑΓΑΘΟΥΤΕ ΤΕΤΥΧΤΑΙ.*

Life of Milton. Works, Vol. ix. p. 97, 98. ed. Lond. 1796.

* The Bishop had recently visited the infant school, established by Joseph Wilson, Esq. of Clapham, in Quaker Street, Spital Fields. He was equally struck with the principle of these institutions, and with its application, and observable effects : the infant-school system continued, to the last, the only modern invention in education, which met his full approval.

Burke may be given as a specimen : it merits a place in Mr. Prior's valuable life of that illustrious senator. . . 'One who knew him well was used to say, that, if you could afford to wait and hear him out, he was the best man in the world to look for an opinion from : but that, if you were in a hurry, he was the very worst. Let him run on, and you would be amply satisfied ; look for a direct answer, and all was over.' . . The slightest incident was, at some times, sufficient to divert Mr. Burke, irretrievably, from the gravest subjects. Pending the celebrated Begum question, Sir Philip Francis went down express to Beaconsfield ; carrying with him the notes and materials of a speech, which he had prepared with great care and labour, in order to lay them before Mr. Burke, and to have the benefit of his advice and correction. On his arrival, he was told that Mr. Burke was in the garden ; whither he at once hastened, as there was no time to lose. Sir Philip announced his errand, and produced his papers : but Mr. Burke, holding towards him a grasshopper, which he held in his hand, ran on thus : . . 'Did you ever consider the conformation of a grasshopper ? I never studied it before, and am quite delighted by it. It is a singularly beautiful creature ; and well deserving of attention. I don't know that I ever remarked

so delicate and perfect a conformation.' . . 'But, Sir,' rejoined the annoyed Sir Philip, 'I have brought all my papers on the Begum question, and want your advice : if you would hear the speech that I have prepared, there is not a moment to be lost.' . . 'The Begum question : oh yes : let me hear your notes by all means.' Sir Philip drew forth his papers, and began. He had proceeded some way, and felt that he had quite got hold of his auditor, when Mr. Burke broke out . . 'I should be glad to know the classical name for the grasshopper. I doubt, indeed, whether they had any name for it. They *say* the Romans called it *cicada* ; but I apprehend the *cicada* was altogether of a different species.' Sir Philip was struck mute ; pocketed his papers, and returned to town. The Begum question was lost in the chirpings of a grasshopper ! *

* Perhaps, however, *this grasshopper*, suggested one of Mr. Burke's happiest, and most splendid images, in his Letter on the French Revolution. In the hands of true genius, the smallest things will become great.

The character of Mr. Burke's genius, displayed throughout his first great work, is inscribed on the title-page of that splendid production : an affecting occurrence, near the close of his career, marks how truly *the sublime* was his native element. The fact rests on the information of a friend, who had it from Mr. Ellis, an eye-witness. This highly-valued friend will I know authorize its insertion. When Richard Burke was dying, it was thought necessary to remove Mr. Burke from the room, lest his son should expire in his presence ; the poor Father, accordingly, was led, or rather hustled out : the patient's room was up one pair of stairs ; Mr. Burke, on being removed from it, went down stairs, and out

But the Bishop's residence in Curzon Street, at this time, is, by the present writer at least, to be remembered and commemorated upon other ground, than the enjoyment of congenial society: it placed him in the near neighbourhood, and introduced him, not to the acquaintance merely, but to the intimate friendship of one, whose professional skill, under Providence, eminently aided to prolong, and whose private regard largely contributed to cheer and gladden, the closing years of life: it is with mingled feelings of gratitude, affection, and respect, that I here venture to add the name of SIR HENRY HALFORD; whose house, and whose heart, were alike open to Bishop Jebb, from the hour in which they first met, to that in which our honoured Friend exchanged time for immortality.* But I may not further anticipate.

into a bowling-green immediately behind the house; just as he reached the bowling green, a window of his son's chamber was thrown up with violence: . . Mr. Burke took it as the signal that Richard had breathed his last, . . when he instantly faced the open window, fell upon his knees, and, with hands uplifted towards heaven, apostrophized the departing spirit.

* Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 13, 14. None will more cordially subscribe the sentiment of the Son of Sirach, than the present learned President of the College of Physicians. The art of healing, in his classical orations, assumes its primitive, and proper rank, . . the dignity of *ethical science*.

Bp. Jebb thus expressed himself, after reading one of Sir Henry's treatises (1831), previous to its delivery at the College of Physicians.

Bishop Jebb's fine natural taste for music has been elsewhere noticed. His ear was susceptible both of melody and harmony, in a very high degree. But, while he felt and enjoyed, as few enjoy and feel, both 'gentle airs,' and 'concord of sweet sounds,' it was in sacred music, and especially in the oratorios of Handel, that he took delight. The concerts of ancient music in Hanover Square, conducted as they still were in 1824, afforded gratification of the highest and purest kind to a taste like his; and his sober and homefelt enjoyment was heightened, by the presence of congenial friends. Among the friends whom he chiefly met in London at this period, may I be permitted to distinguish by name, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., and Mr. Haviland Burke, of Lincoln's Inn, only grand-nephew and representative in blood, of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. Sir Thomas Acland's friendship with the Bishop, one of long standing,

'I cannot for a moment doubt, that a series of such medico-moral treatises, will not merely do credit and service to the cause of medicine, but, under Providence, may, in the most important concerns, have the happiest consequences, in giving a right direction to the minds of that class of mankind, which, above all others, ought to feel, that in the midst of life we are in death. I esteem it a blessing of inestimable value, that Sir H. Halford unites his testimony with those of Boerhaave and Haller, to the truth and value of the Christian revelation. His testimony must have weight, and I trust that some, at least, will be induced to tread in his steps.'

arose out of their mutual intimacy with Mrs. Hannah More ; and, through his instrumentality, a new friendship was now formed, as true and firm, though, by the disposal of an all-wise Providence, not long-lived as his own. The amiable and high-minded nobleman, to whom Bishop Jebb now first became personally known, and with whom, as soon as known, he became thus closely and cordially intimate, was the late lamented Thomas Lord Lilford. The Bishop's Primary Charge, it afterwards appeared, had prepared the way for this intimacy. Lord Lilford had read it with deep interest ; and had been led, by the perusal, to feel, and to express, a strong desire to become acquainted with its author. There seemed, however, little prospect of this wish being realized ; belonging, as they did, to different countries, and not meeting, or likely to meet, in private society in London : when, at the ancient concerts, Lord Lilford unexpectedly found, that, in Sir Thomas Acland, they possessed a mutual friend. In this way were brought together two men, who, from a similarity of nature, producing a cordial and entire sympathy of views and feelings, seemed formed to be to each other, 'as the friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' Nor did the friendship of Lord Lilford terminate here : it

was his desire and delight to make the Bishop intimately known throughout his own connections, both in London and in Lancashire; and other friendships sprang up out of this stock, and continued to spread and strengthen, long after the hand that formed, and the heart that fostered them, were at rest.

From the pleasant paths of private friendship, we return to Bishop Jebb's public, and parliamentary duties. During the earlier part of the Session, he had been a silent, but no inattentive observer, both of the usages of the House, and of the signs of the times. In the debate upon Lord Darnley's motion, for an inquiry into the state of Ireland, there was a general expectation, on both sides of the House, that the Bishop of Limerick would take part: still, however, he preserved silence; under the conviction, that his peculiar duty, as a representative of the Church in Ireland, could best be discharged, by reserving himself for a subject more directly connected with that Church. With this view of his line of duty, he calmly let pass intermediate opportunities: nor did he speak, excepting in short and effective vindications of two personal friends, the late Archbishop of Dublin, and a private Irish clergyman, against most unprovoked public attacks, until thursday, June 10, when the ques-

tion of the Irish Tythe Commutation Bill was brought forward, by the Earl of Liverpool, in the House of Lords.

It is not, I feel, my province to review, in its details, the speech, upon this occasion, delivered by Bishop Jebb. Its general merits are well known : would that its views and principles were wisely studied and applied. Whether regarded as a full and faithful exposure of the real evils of Ireland ; as a triumphant vindication, against all the calumnies of its enemies, of the Irish branch of the United Church ; or as an invincible argument for the political importance, both to Ireland and the empire, of maintaining, in its integrity, the Irish Protestant Episcopal establishment, . . that speech, it will suffice here to observe, remains unanswered and unanswerable.

The house was taken by surprize : a debate not having been anticipated. The Bishop spoke for upwards of three hours. The general opinion, at the time, appeared to be, that the speech had but one fault, its length.

But Bishop Jebb had spoken, neither with a view to consult public opinion, nor to court public favour, but simply to do his duty : and, next only to the witness of a good conscience, he derived his highest satisfaction from two private testimonies, . . the testimonies of men not

more eminent for their genius and eloquence, than for their christian piety and virtue.

Mr. Knox, who measured the coming storm with the prospective eye of a philosopher, while he felt its approach in the spirit of a true son of the church of England, thus conveys the impression made upon him by the Bishop's printed speech. 'The subject was continually before me; and I saw not how the multifarious falsehoods, which were gaining more and more the blind acquiescence of even well-meaning persons, were to be competently met and refuted. It was lamentably obvious, that too many did not care, and none thoroughly knew, any thing about the matter. This *desideratum* your speech has supplied; and, if the clergy and friends of our Irish branch of the Anglican church, do not feel themselves more obliged to you, than to any other individual for the last hundred years, I can only say, they see the business with eyes differing from mine.'

One of the last survivors of the Augustan age of British oratory, himself a brilliant model, as well as a veteran judge, of parliamentary eloquence, Mr. Wilberforce, in a letter to a common friend, has happily left on record the estimate which he had formed of the varied merits of this speech, and of the rank to which it stood entitled in the

annals of parliamentary debate. Writing in the following September, Mr. Wilberforce asks, . . ‘Have you read the Bishop of Limerick’s speech? It is one of the most able ever delivered in Parliament; and I cannot but feel some indignation, when I remember the coldness with which it was spoken of by many, who ought to have felt its excellencies with a keener relish. But they did not expect a debate, and were in haste to get away to their dinners.’

The coldness here alluded to, so far as it prevailed, arose, it is to be feared, from a very different cause; and Mr. Knox has assigned it: ‘it was lamentably obvious, that many did not care any thing about the matter.’ Upon this occasion, the Bishop found the advantage, and his opponents felt the effects, of his early training in the debates of the Irish Historical Society. His perfect self-possession, and happy readiness in rejoinder, in particular, made and left a powerful impression. When describing, with the graphic fidelity of one who had seen and known what he described, the poverty and privations of late years endured by the Irish clergy, he was assailed with loud cries of ‘hear! hear! hear!’ from the opposition benches. ‘Yes, my Lords,’ was his instant and resolved reply, in a voice which at once restored silence and atten-

tion, ‘and I say HEAR! HEAR! HEAR! and I wish the noble lords who cheer, would accompany me to Ireland, and there visit the humble residences of the parochial clergy, and there see, with their own eyes, the shifts and expedients to which those respectable men are reduced. One noble baron, I am sure, from his generous nature, would, on his return to this house, place himself by my side, and say to your lordships, “Listen to this prelate : what he tells you is the truth.” ’

The effect of this speech upon the public mind, was long seen and felt, in the altered tone of general conversation. Those calumnies, which had once borrowed the stamp, and obtained, for a time, the currency, of sterling truth, instead of being loudly urged, were now scarcely whispered. For a season, at least, a better spirit, more just because more generous, prevailed. The strict parliamentary scrutiny into the state of Ireland, and into the revenues of the Irish branch of the united church, subsequently carried into effect, has served only to exemplify and evidence the accuracy of Bishop Jebb’s statements. And if his memorable speech on the church in Ireland, shall cease to be productive of the most valuable and growing benefits to that his native country, it can be only in con-

sequence of statesmen closing the eyes of their understanding, to the important truths which it assembles, and the no less important principles which it unfolds.*

While thus acquitting his conscience, in his place in Parliament, as a representative Irish Bishop, he was not the less ready to engage, when called on, in the more sacred duties of his office. On Sunday, May 9, he had preached, from Acts xi. 26., upon the origin of the Christian name, in the parish church of St. John, Clerkenwell, in behalf of the funds of the General Philan-

* Since writing the above, ample justice has been done to this part of my subject, in the published speech of the Bishop of London, in the House of Lords, August 24, 1835. It is with no common satisfaction that I add this recent and public tribute, to the testimonies borne, at the time, by Mr. Knox, and Mr. Wilberforce. . . 'Is it not obvious,' observes that eminent Prelate, 'that they (the Roman catholic peasantry of Ireland) must be injured, and not benefitted, by the withdrawal from among them of the most constantly resident, the most active, the most benevolent class of Irish gentry? Is that description too strong? Permit me, my Lords, to confirm its truth, by quoting the words of one, who, while he lived, was one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish Church, and who died, deeply regretted by all its friends, the late Bishop Jebb. That excellent prelate delivered a speech in this house, in the year 1824, which he afterwards printed, and which has been more than once republished. It well deserves the perusal of every one, who wishes to understand the real state of the Church in Ireland. The statements which that speech contains have long been before the public, and to this day, my Lords, not one of them has been controverted. The testimony of Bishop Jebb, valuable as it is in itself, is the more so, because it is the testimony of one, who was at all times animated with a spirit of the utmost liberality and kindness towards the Roman catholics, and who, as he deserved, was respected and loved by them in return.' *Speech of Charles James, Lord Bishop of London, on the Irish Church Bill.*

thropic Society ; and, in the midst of preparation for his speech, he found time to compose, at the request of a friend, his discourse on TRANSMISSIVE RELIGION, . . which was preached on sunday, June 13, for the Philanthropic Society, at Mitcham, and on the following sunday, before the parent society, at their chapel in Surrey Road. The former of these sermons was published, at the time, by request : and both have since appeared, in his last original work.

Just at this time, an opportunity very unexpectedly arose of effecting an object, which the Bishop had had long, and near at heart, the making inquiry after the unpublished sermons of the late Rev. Thomas Townson, D.D. . . The account of this matter, and of the friendship to which it gave birth, we possess in Bishop Jebb's own words, in the Preface to his private edition of Dr. Townson's Discourses : it is far too interesting to need apology for its introduction in the Bishop's Life. Alluding to the late Archdeacon Churton's edition of Dr. Townson's Works, he thus relates the occurrence : . . ' From this publication, the editor felt an increased interest in the works of Dr. Townson ; with which, as separately published, he had long been familiarly acquainted. One dear friend, in particular, raised this interest to its height ; and from him

the wish was imbibed, which has been cherished for nearly eighteen years, that, at least, a volume of these discourses [a specimen only had been published] might be given to the world. But how was this wish to be accomplished? They who entertained it, were altogether unknown to the possessor of the manuscripts; and, not having any proper channel of introduction, they could not obtrude themselves on his notice. Therefore they were silent. Still, however, the wish was unabated by the lapse of years. And when, in 1824, the editor, then attending his duty in Parliament, offered to execute any commission for his friend, the answer was: ‘I have but one commission to give; get tidings, if possible, of Dr. Townson’s manuscripts.’ It happened, by an extraordinary coincidence, that, the day after receiving this answer (June 17), the editor, for the first time, and quite unexpectedly, found himself in company with the very person whom he then most wished to see; with the friend of Dr. Townson, and custodee of his papers; in a word, with Archdeacon Churton. An acquaintance thus commenced, which soon ripened into friendship; and thence grew the confidential trust, which authorizes the appearance of the present volume. This incident may

not be uninteresting to the reader; to the relater, it is matter of humble gratitude.'

With the close of the session, the Bishop was released from parliamentary duty, but not from the more congenial claims of private friendship. In addition to his old friends near London and Bristol, he had now other friends to visit, and fresh English hospitality to partake of, before his return to Ireland. One of the first of these visits was to the University of Cambridge, the *alma mater* of the Jebb family.

Through his friend the Rev. A. J. Carrighan, then fellow of St. John's, now Rector of Barrow, near Bury Saint Edmond's, Suffolk, he had been honoured with a flattering invitation to graduate, *ad eundem*, at the approaching Cambridge Commencements. On wednesday, June 30, accordingly, he left town; and, after a visit of two or three days to Lady O. Sparrow, at Brampton Park, in Huntingdonshire, reached Cambridge on the 3d of July. During Commencements, he was lodged at St. John's College; where (as indeed in the University at large) he experienced a cordiality of kindness, happily in unison with his own affectionate nature, and which he ever after cherished in his grateful remembrance. In public and in private, during his stay, every thing

which could be done by that learned society, was done, to mark the estimate formed of his character, and the sense entertained both of his professional, and of his parliamentary services. And while St. John's College was his chosen and adopted home, the hospitalities of the other chief Colleges, and Heads of Houses, were such, as to make him feel himself at home throughout the University. He has noticed, as characteristic, the deep and tender sorrow with which he first left College: his kindred feeling towards Cambridge will not lightly be forgotten, by the assembled friends, who witnessed and partook the emotion, with which, on the afternoon of July 7, he took leave of them, and of the University of his fathers, at the venerable gate of St. John's.

On saturday, July 17, the Bishop finally left town. The remainder of July, and the whole of August, were occupied in the fulfilment of his different engagements, in distant and opposite quarters of England. To himself, whose turn of mind may be best represented in his own lines, . .

‘ For sure thou lov’st domestic joys,
And hours of intimate delight,
And days retired from vulgar noise,
And converse bland, that cheats the night,’ . .

this was a period full of present happiness, and fruitful in interesting recollections : and, while he thus intimately conversed with that ‘best English society,’ which he had recently and justly characterized as ‘the first society in the world,’ .. the friends among whom he lived were, at least, equally alive, to the high interest and instructiveness of his familiar conversation. Constitutionally shy and reserved, it was only in the hours of domestic intimacy, with congenial minds, that Bishop Jebb could be fully known : but here he pre-eminently shone : wit, anecdote, and sometimes lively repartee, were naturally and attractively blended with his graver discourse. But though, with the poet, he could pass, in happiest interchange, ‘from grave to gay,’ he never (such was the benevolence of his nature) was known to turn ‘from lively to severe.’ The social intercourse, however, which is most profitable in itself, and most pleasurable in the recollection, is, perhaps, that, which it is least possible to embody into shape. Avoiding, therefore, particulars, with a single exception, I shall mark only, by a few notices of dates and places, a slight outline of the Bishop’s course homeward, in bringing to its close this very remarkable year of his life. On the evening of saturday, July 17, he reached Middleton-Cheney

Rectory, in Northamptonshire, the residence of the friend of Dr. Townson, the late truly venerable Archdeacon Churton. This first visit fixed a friendship with that excellent man, and with his hopeful family, which, I may say, had been already commenced, when they first met in London. The head of this good and happy family (since gone to his reward) is known by his works: the chosen friend of Townson, and worthy to have been his friend, his memory will ever live associated with that honoured name and memory. Of his sons, one may be recorded here, for that 'one is not,' the late Rev. William Ralph Churton, M. A., sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, afterwards domestic chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, when Bishop of London. To fine talents, assiduously cultivated, this universally beloved and lamented young man united a native elegance of manners, and a child-like innocence, which made him the delight of all who knew him. Snatched (September 4. 1828.) from the Church on earth, at the early age of twenty-seven, his 'Remains,' a modest but valuable private memorial of the love of his surviving brothers, still live to tell what he would have been.

. *Nec fungar*
Inani munere:..

‘The brethren,’ who mourn his early doom, ‘sorrow not as others which have no hope;’ and, to the eye of faith, the ‘*fata aspera*’ of the *heathen* poet, becomes transformed into the CHRISTIAN’S everlasting crown!

July 19, the Bishop left Middleton-Cheney for Guilsborough, also in Northamptonshire, the hospitable vicarage of the late Rev. Thomas Sikes, a locality mournfully memorable in English history, as the head-quarters of the republican army, on the eve of the battle of Naseby Field. From thence, July 22, he proceeded towards Bristol; and descending the Wye from Ross, arrived once more, on the evening of the 24th, at Henbury, and under the roof of his old friend Thomas Stock, Esq., where he remained till August 4. From Henbury he moved to Wells in Somersetshire, pausing, on the road, for a day at Barley Wood, with Mrs. Hannah More. August 5, he reached Wells, and was received at the Palace by Bishop Law, with the hereditary kindness which had long subsisted between their families. August 9, he retraced his road by Ross and Hereford (where *en passant* he visited the venerable Bishop Huntingford), on his way homeward by Lancashire, and Scotland. And, on August the 14th, arrived at Knowsley Park; whence, with the fresh impressions of as

great personal kindness, and as true family enjoyment, as could be compressed within so many days, on Monday the 23d, he set out for the Cumberland lakes, and Keswick. Here, a day at Mr. Southey's, in his society, and that of Bishop Hobart of New York (whom he had previously met in town . . and whose acquaintance laid the foundation of his growing interest in the American episcopal Church) far outweighed, in Bishop Jebb's estimation, all the beauties of the lakes, which yet no one more thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed. From Keswick, entering Scotland by Carlisle, he visited Edinburgh for the first time; saw, and preached in the fine episcopal church of the venerable Bishop Sandford; visiting, on the way, the Royal ruins of Linlithgow; passed through Glasgow, where, at the sight of the still reverend, though mutilated and subdivided, cathedral, he deeply partook, only in a milder spirit, Dr. Johnson's emotion, when looking at like specimens of the reformation of John Knox; and thence embarking at Greenock for Belfast, rested for a few days with his beloved sister, and the M^cCormick family, at Rosstrevor; from whence, before the close of September, he returned to the duties of his diocese, by the time named for holding his annual visitations. At Christmas he

was joined by his brother, accompanied by his family ; and the year 1824, which had proved, from its commencement, one of the most useful and memorable, closed, one of the happiest years of a happy life.

While in London, the Bishop had intimation given him of a strong wish entertained by ministers, that his views and opinions respecting Ireland should be brought more fully before Parliament and the country ; and that it was in contemplation, accordingly, to examine him as a witness, before the Committees of both Houses, then recently appointed to inquire into the state of Ireland. In the spring of 1825, the intimation was renewed, provided always that attendance on the Committees did not materially interfere with the Bishop's convenience. But, while he held himself in readiness to proceed to London, if summoned, his sense of higher duties made him most desirous, if practicable, to remain this year at his post. The apprehended summons did not, however, arrive : and the only examination to which he was eventually subjected, did not take place until the following year, when he was examined, in the Committee-room of the House of Commons, before the Emigration Committee ; and his evidence, which gave high satisfaction, afterwards

published in its unequal and miscellaneous, but still very valuable and important Report.

In April he had the gratification, to him no ordinary gratification, of receiving a letter, which I must venture to give, throwing myself upon the indulgence of the Right Reverend and venerated writer to excuse its insertion : this letter possesses a double interest, as the first communication received by Bishop Jebb from the American Episcopal Church, and as coming from the venerable President of that Church, the head of the House of Bishops :

‘ Philadelphia, April 18. 1825.

‘ MY LORD,

IN the beginning of the late winter, I received from New York three volumes, which your Lordship had done me the honour to present to me, as appears from an inscription on the blank leaf of each volume.

However unequal in value the return for your kindness, I have taken the liberty to address to your Lordship two productions of my pen : one of them, being ‘ Memoirs of the Episcopal Church ’ in this country ; and the other, a Discussion of the Calvinistic and Arminian controversy, in two volumes. From letters of my friend Bishop Hobart it appears, that he intended

to be in London, in the course of this month. As he will certainly make some stay there, before his return to his native country, I shall direct them to his care, to be left for him with Messrs. Charles Rivington and Co. Booksellers, London : submitting to him the proper mode of conveying them to your Lordship.

Although to your Lordship it can be of no importance, I take the liberty to say, that I perused the valuable volumes sent to me, with great interest ; and, in respect to the treatise on Sacred Literature in particular, that it opened to me a new field, on the ground of Holy Scripture. I had been long acquainted with the parallelism of the poetry of the Old Testament, as displayed by Bishop Lowth ; and had been sensible of the advantage of comprehending an entire sense, in one poetic line : but the extension to the New Testament of this property of the Old, did not occur to me, until instructed in it by the volume referred to.

As a citizen of the United States, I avail myself of the opportunity of thanking your Lordship, for the very valuable information contained in your late speech in the House of Lords, on the subject of the Church and the clergy in Ireland. Our country abounds with representations of a very different description ; and we have very little to

oppose to them, carrying so much authority from the character of the speaker, and from the place in which so open an appeal is made to facts.

That your Lordship may long continue a blessing to the venerable Church, which the Church in these States claims as her mother, is the wish and prayer of

Your Lordship's very humble servant,

WM. WHITE,

Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church,
in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.'

The early part of the summer of this year was devoted to his ordinary Visitations, and to a progress through the united dioceses, for the consecration of several new churches. These duties accomplished, he returned home about the end of May.

In addition to the society of part of his own family, the unexpected arrival of his friend Sir Thomas Acland, and promised visits from other valued English friends, had the best effect on the Bishop's spirits; for he had always found both his studies, and his duties, prosper best, when he could bring around him in his own house, a few congenial friends. This gleam of sunshine, however, was presently clouded; and soon heavily overcast. Immediately on his return, he was

taken seriously ill ; and the successive shocks which he sustained during this illness, brought it to an alarming height : his sister at Rosstrevor was seized with apoplexy ; and the account that her death might be hourly expected, reaching her brother on his own sick-bed, brought on a constitutional determination of blood to the head so violently, as to cause the most serious alarm for his safety : by prompt and copious bleeding, the immediate danger was averted ; and he was cheered by most unexpected accounts of his sister's revival, when the melancholy tidings arrived of the death of the very friend, whom he hourly expected ; and who was taken to a better world, on the eve of a journey to Ireland, which had been kindly planned with the express view of joining the Bishop at Limerick. How his affectionate heart was wounded by this blow, it is equally impossible for me to forget or express : but he bowed, with his wonted spirit of resignation, to the will of his heavenly Father. The following entry in his scrap-book, from the pen of a common friend, will speak his feelings better, than any words of mine :

From the Courier of Tuesday, June 12. 1825.

THE LATE LORD LILFORD.

It may truly be said of this excellent and lamented nobleman, that he possessed, in a

high degree, all the qualities which are best calculated to ensure respect, and conciliate esteem. Firm in his religious, moral, and public principles, he manifested in his deportment a conscious, but unassuming integrity. His understanding was clear, acute, and highly cultivated; as a public speaker, his talents were considerable, but the exercise of them was so controlled by his natural modesty, that they were not to be called forth, except under the impulse of a strong and urgent sense of public duty. The qualities of his heart are too well and painfully attested, by the deep sorrow of his most amiable family, of his numerous friends, his tenants and domestics, by all of whom he was ardently beloved and revered. To him the beautiful language of Shakspeare may most justly be applied : . .

‘ His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, . . ‘ This was a man !’

Limerick, July 15. 1825.

But although tis invaluable friend was thus suddenly withdrawn, the effects of his friendship survived him : the Bishop had the pleasure of receiving this year at Limerick, Mr. (now Lord)

Stanley, the friend of Lord Lilford ; and who was then preparing to build and reside upon Lord Derby's estates, in the neighbourhood of Tipperary. Originating in common zeal to promote the best interests of Ireland, the mutual respect and regard already subsisting between Mr. Stanley and Bishop Jebb, suffered no abatement from the opportunity now afforded of nearer intercourse. With regard to the true interests both of Ireland and the empire, may I be permitted here to observe, that fixed political principles, and firmness in adhering to them, constituted the Bishop's standard, in judging of public men.

Always alive to the calls of family affection, his sister's still critical state determined him to visit her in the north of Ireland ; and he availed himself of this opportunity, to carry into effect a wish, which he had cherished for many years, . . . namely, to revisit the affectionately-remembered scenes, of his school-boy days, at Londonderry, and of his early ministerial labours, at Swanlinbar. It enabled him, also, to view, for the first time, the Giant's Causeway, and the romantic coast of Antrim ; to visit, after a separation of several years, his valued and attached friend, the Rev. Richard Herbert Nash, D. D., near Newtown-Stewart, and his early College intimate, the Rev. Edward Chichester, in the neighbourhood of

Armagh ; and largely to experience the courteous and cordial hospitality of the nobility and gentry of the northern counties. Upon one incident only, a most interesting and affecting one, of this tour, his biographer would here pause : for it bears a testimony to the ministry of Bishop Jebb, such as rarely falls to the lot of the true christian pastor. As the Bishop returned, one day, to his carriage, after viewing by permission, as a passing stranger, the fine seat of a person of high rank, he was met and accosted, outside the gates, by the proprietress, who, with many apologies for so unusual a course, told him that, having learnt it was the Bishop of Limerick who had just visited her castle, she was unable to deny herself the satisfaction of personally acknowledging the debt of gratitude, which she had long owed to Bishop Jebb, for the great profit and comfort derived from his volume of Sermons ; which, for the last ten years, had been her daily study ; and from which she had received strength and consolation, under the heaviest earthly trials and afflictions. It is needless to say that the Bishop was deeply touched by this address, or that he felt great regret that his previous engagements rendered it impossible for him to profit by the invitation, with which it was accompanied, to return to the house as a welcome and honoured guest. They

never met more, in this world : but the mutual kind feelings, thus incidentally awakened, were kept alive by occasional letters, in acknowledgment of presentation copies of the Bishop's other publications. One of these, the last, may not unappropriately close this pleasing passage of his life.

‘ Dublin, Nov. 31. 1830.

‘ MY DEAR LORD,

I WAS most particularly gratified, two days ago, by receiving an unexpected and most valuable gift from your Lordship, of two volumes of your late Sermons, that I had never before seen.

Just at this moment it was peculiarly grateful to my feelings, having been for some time in a very weak and low state of health. I have already begun the perusal of them, and from the little I have as yet read, felt the same gratification I have ever experienced, upon the reading of your former works. Whether I shall ever live to finish them, seems at present to be uncertain : but whether living or dying, I trust you will conceive me most truly thankful for these and all favours bestowed upon me, and believe me, my dear Lord,

Your most grateful and obedient servant,

H. M.’

The Lord Bishop of Limerick.

Both are now gone to that better country, where earthly obstacles no longer interrupt the communion of the perfected spirits of the just : where the faithful pastor, and the children which God hath given him, shall know even as also they are known ; and shall meet together, in everlasting fellowship, to partake their divinely apportioned recompense of reward ; when ‘they that are wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever !’

At Derry, the Bishop had the pleasure of passing an evening, with the sisters of his old and favourite master, the Rev. Thomas Marshall : at Swanlinbar, after an absence of three and twenty years, he met, with a pastor’s feelings, some whom he had catechized, and others whom he had baptized ; but the village itself, in his day a fashionable resort, had been long deserted as a watering-place, and was already fallen into decay. Retracing his steps to Rosstrevor, he returned to Limerick, early in July, by the midland counties ; stopping on the way at Edgeworthstown, (a well known name,) where he was hospitably welcomed by the present accomplished owner, Thomas Edgeworth, Esq., and much interested (while doubtful of the eventual benefits) by the singular, and apparently successful experiment of that gen-

tleman, for blending, without confounding together, by their education in a common school, the different classes of society.

Domesticated for the rest of the year with his books and papers, neither the cares of his diocese, which he watchfully superintended, nor the society of his friends, which none more cordially valued, could turn away the Bishop's thoughts from studies, always connected with the highest interests of the church, and of religion. By the kindness of Archdeacon Churton, the whole of Dr. Townson's MS. sermons had been entrusted to his custody, with a view to the selection of a portion, at least, for publication. These valuable MSS. he now critically examined, in order to make the selection, which he gave subsequently to the world.

In January 1826, in consequence of a discussion relative to the Homilies, raised by the *theological* inquisitions of the Commissioners of Education, the Bishop was led to examine . .

I. The kind and degree of authority given, by the church of England, to the Books of Homilies : and

II. The eligibility of distributing those books, at the present day, among children, as catechetical premiums ; especially in a country circumstanced as Ireland is.

These two questions he treated, in a letter, addressed to his friend the Rev. C. R. Elrington, D. D., then Fellow of Trinity College, now (1835) Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. This Letter, since republished, in which he undertakes to prove, 1. that the Books of Homilies are wholly without authority, and unbinding, as articles of faith ; and 2. that they are altogether unfitted, not only for the use of children, but for indiscriminative perusal or distribution, at the present day, . . has been justly pronounced one of the closest and most perfect specimens of conclusive reasoning, upon a theological subject, that has appeared in modern times. In England especially, this masterly production gave the highest satisfaction : it was spoken of by good judges, as the most complete and perfect argument, within the compass, that they had ever read : and the desire was strongly entertained and expressed, that the Bishop would do as much for the question then in agitation, upon the subject of the Apocrypha, as he had done to settle and set at rest that of the Homilies ; that he would establish the proper authority of the one as completely, as he had overturned the assumed authority of the other. It was observed, that there had been much angry discussion upon the question about the Apocry-

pha, without any *conclusive* argument ; and that a statement of the question, such as the author of the Letter on the Homilies could give, backed by the authority of his name, was just what the public wanted, in order to set the points at issue at rest. On this occasion, mention was made of a very interesting fact, . . the recent discovery, in the State Paper Office, of a formal remonstrance, on the side of the puritan party of our reformers, against the retention of the Apocrypha in our authorized version. This document was then in the hands of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Its importance is obvious, as it proves the Apocrypha to have been retained by the Fathers of the Church of England, not only advisedly, but *against an opposition*. Had time and health allowed, Bishop Jebb would willingly have employed his pen in this cause.

I have taken notice of an intimation, received by the Bishop early in 1825, that it was in contemplation to examine him before the committees of inquiry into the state of Ireland. The intention, however, was not carried into effect : but the friends of Ireland, and especially of the Church in Ireland, as, if rightly administered, one of the best instruments for the civil improvement of that county, were naturally desirous of Bishop Jebb's presence, in the ensuing year, pend-

ing parliamentary discussions vitally affecting the best interests of that church, of which he had stood forth the able and triumphant apologist, in 1824. Under these circumstances, an offer coming most unexpectedly from his metropolitan, while the Bishop was in Dublin as a member of the Board of First-Fruits, in March 1826, to dispense, in the event of his going to England, with his attendance at the triennial visitation, determined, at once, his movements.

On Tuesday, March 21, accordingly, he sailed from Howth for Holyhead ; shaping his course by Derbyshire, that he might visit his friend and relative Joshua Jebb, Esq., at Walton Grove, near Chesterfield. Arriving at Lichfield on Good Friday, he felt peculiar interest in keeping a day so solemnly observed by Dr. Johnson, in his favourite moralist's own city and cathedral. After service, he was politely accosted by one of the dignitaries in residence, who offered his services to conduct him over the cathedral : the offer was thankfully accepted ; and, on entering into conversation, the Bishop learned, with deep interest, that this gentleman had not only known Dr. Johnson, but was in possession, also, of his watch, his bible, his ink-stand, and several other Johnsonian relics. Conducted to his house to view these curiosities, we gathered, on the

way, some interesting gleanings: There are still many who will peruse with satisfaction any genuine fragments of Johnson's conversation.

The first meeting with his great townsman, our conductor confessed, he looked forward to with nervous apprehension. . . . 'I was then a youth, fresh from the university, and I had heard so much of Dr. Johnson's awful manner, that I felt quite afraid of meeting him. But his first address at once relieved me. . . . 'Sir, I knew your father, he was a classman of mine at Dr. Hunter's; I knew your grandfather, and I knew your great-grandfather; and (reaching out his hand as he spoke) I am glad to know you.' From that moment I was at my ease with him, and we conversed with the greatest freedom. He was a man of the truest simplicity of character, and tender-hearted as a child.' Asking the Bishop, whether he had taken notice of the prebendary who accompanied him to the altar, he proceeded, . . . 'That person could do what he pleased with Johnson; and would make him talk, when nobody else durst address him. He used to say . . . 'Do you wish to hear Dr. Johnson to-night? You shall, then, presently. He is a clock; I will wind him up, and make him go.' He would go up at once to the oracle, and begin, . . . 'Come, Sir, let us have your opinion on

such, or such, a subject, &c.,’ when Johnson would immediately open out, to the instruction and delight of the company.’

Most of the relics possessed by our informant, had been obtained from Francis Barber, Johnson’s black servant; who reduced himself to great misery, and parted with them in his distress. The watch, its present possessor has had remounted in a gold case; but the dial-plate, work, cap, &c., remain as Johnson left them. On the original dial-plate were engraved the words $\nu\chi\ \epsilon\rho\chi\epsilon\tau\alpha\iota$; but Dr. Johnson, thinking the motto might appear ostentatious, disused the dial-plate, replacing it with a plain one. The watch itself was made by Mudge, London. . . The Bible is a pocket one, bound in red leather, with a clasp: the London edition of 1650, printed for the Stationers’ Company; and (what one could not have expected to find with Dr. Johnson), consequently *a republican copy*. It bears marks of close and constant study, being folded down, according to his custom, at numerous passages. The present owner religiously preserves the folds as Johnson left them. I hope it was with no unprofitable emotion that I held in my hand this little volume, the well-worn manual of our great English moralist. . . A volume of South’s Sermons, used by Dr. Johnson for his

dictionary, was also much worn, and the margin repeatedly marked in pencilling, or the passages for citation underlined.

From the cathedral, the Bishop proceeded to visit the house in which Dr. Johnson was born ; saw the shop (then a brazier's) in which his father carried on business as a bookseller ; and a small back-parlour, in which the son is said to have studied. The room in which he was born, stands immediately over the shop : this the owner was prevented from showing, owing to the illness of one of the family. . . In taking leave of the birth-place and last memorials of the illustrious author of ' the Rambler,' a name which he had loved and venerated from his earliest years, the Bishop felt, in all its unchanging reality, what Cicero has so naturally and nobly expressed : ' *Me quidem ipsæ illæ nostræ Athenæ non tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant, quàm recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare sit solitus : studiosèque eorum etiam sepulera contemplor.*'

At Mansfield, which he visited, for the first time, on his way to town from Chesterfield, he saw the house of his great-grandfather, the father of the learned Dr. Samuel Jebb.

The Bishop's health had been indifferent, when he left Dublin : it became more seriously

affected, in the course of his journey: at Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, he felt so much out of order, as to be compelled to lie by at the inn, where he kept his room for several days; at Oxford, to the mutual disappointment of himself and his friends in the University, he was again confined by a feverish attack, for nearly a week, .. the entire period of his stay. During his illness, there were many gratifying incidental proofs given, that Oxford did not yield to Cambridge, in estimation of Bishop Jebb's services, or in respect for his virtues: one, a slight but remarkable circumstance, I shall mention here. At the high table of a college, where the Bishop had always been a welcome guest, one of the Fellows, a gentleman who had never seen him, unaware of my being his friend, expressed the strongest regret that the Bishop of Limerick should be indisposed when he came to Oxford: adding, 'I *had* hoped to see him in his walks about the University. I have such a respect for Dr. Jebb, that I would gladly go three miles to catch a sight of him.' This little anecdote, slight in itself, is of no slight biographical interest, as a specimen of the spirit in which the Bishop was regarded and received, not at Oxford or Cambridge only, but throughout England. In London especially, where the most eminent are

so commonly lost in the crowd, it was observed that so great and general was the respect entertained for Bishop Jebb, that he was often pointed out, and followed in the streets by those, who, like the gentleman just alluded to, wished 'to catch a sight of him.' A similar incident to that just related, occurred immediately upon his reaching town this year: an eminent barrister, dropping in upon a friend who was engaged in conversation with the Bishop, remained in the room for a few minutes; and, on going away, apologized to his friend for the interruption, observing, 'that he had stayed long enough to get a good look at the Bishop of Limerick.' These circumstances are preserved, as simple records of facts, less, perhaps, of present, than of future value. In the lives of eminent men, contemporary biographers too frequently forget, that, while its solidity must be weighed in other scales, it is by marks like these *posterity* can best measure the *extent* of their reputation.

April 7. the Bishop arrived in town; and, from apartments at Warren's Hotel, kindly vacated for him by his friend, Sir Thomas Acland, removed, on the 10th, to lodgings at No. 80. Pall Mall. On thursday, the 27th, he was examined before the Emigration Committee. Preparatory to the examination, he had made

notes, for his own use, upon the points on which he felt himself most competent to give evidence. By special desire of the chairman, Mr. (now Sir Robert) Wilmot Horton, this paper was read to the Committee, previously to the examination. Both parts of the Bishop's evidence were heard with marked interest, and with manifest satisfaction, by the members present. The sense of the Committee was afterwards communicated to a friend of the Bishop, by one of its leading members: speaking on the subject of emigration from Ireland, he observed, 'That was a very interesting evidence the Bishop of Limerick gave us on Thursday. What a picture it presents of the state of things in Ireland! It has made a strong impression; and has determined us in favour of the expediency of encouraging emigration, on a great scale, from Ireland. You *must* drain off her surplus population.'

But, like most measures for the good of Ireland, unconnected with private, or with party views and objects, the natural and safe project of relief by emigration, with the exception of a solitary and most successful experiment previously made, fell, untried, to the ground: and the sober and practical views of Bishop Jebb, however, at the time, admired and approved,

were left to instruct a simpler, or a wiser generation.

On his return to town this year, the Bishop found, that his saturday breakfasts in Curzon Street had not been forgotten by his friends : they were now, by special request, resumed in Pall Mall, and still more largely and constantly attended ; especially by young men ; who seemed particularly to relish the Bishop's society, and in whose society, on the other hand, Bishop Jebb always took much interest, both as a valuable means of usefulness, and as the best way, while life advanced, of preserving his own mind fresh and youthful. This point of his character has been happily sketched, by one who knew him well : 'In private life, he was among the most amiable and beloved of men, with a singular faculty of attaching all of every age to him.' The fidelity of the portrait could not be more happily illustrated, than by the brilliant overflows at his breakfast-table in Pall Mall ; where statesmen and lawyers, churchmen and men of letters, mingled, in familiar and friendly intercourse, with young men of rank, and with students of promise from the Universities. As a rare (perhaps gentlemen of that learned profession would say a *unique*) instance of the interest taken, it

may be mentioned, that, on one of these occasions, a practising barrister actually declined a brief, rather than fail in being present: 'You may judge,' he remarked to a friend, on entering the room, 'of my wish to be at this breakfast, when I tell you that it costs me five guineas: to keep my engagement, I have been obliged to send away a five-guinea brief, which would not wait.'

The Bishop's own graphical description of these temperate *symposia* ought not to be omitted: it occurs in his correspondence, at the time, with his friend Mr. Alexander Knox. 'When, whom, and what I have seen, and what my present manner of being is, would, within the limit of any one letter, be difficult to say, and in this hasty billet must be altogether out of the question. It is enough to say, that I have found England '*qualem ab incepto*,' . . kind, hospitable, and affectionate, . . that old friends are unchanged, and new friendships formed, to be, I trust, equally solid and lasting; that very many agreeable acquaintances have poured in, bringing along with them, often very considerable powers of mind, and always much amiability of manner. Each week we have commonly two large breakfasts; one at Sir Thomas Acland's, on thursday, one at my lodgings, on saturday;

the guests from twelve to twenty, . . . most of them distinguished persons, and all blending admirably together. The conversation, of course, more brilliant, or more amusing, than profound ; but still conveying information, and intellectual play, to the mind, and certainly great amusement. On the whole, I have been idle in one sense, while ever employed in another ; but kindly feeling has been elicited and cherished, which is no trifling gain ; and I would hope that higher purposes, too, have been served. Much of our breakfast intercourse has been with very young men, Lords * * * * *, &c. &c. ; and certainly, in this class of life, the rising generation gives wonderful promise, not only of great amiability, but, so far as I can judge, moral-mindedness, bottomed, at the least, on a sincere respect for religion ; but, in many cases, I would say with Cowper . . . ‘more,’ much more, ‘than mere respect.’ Their very willingness to frequent my breakfast-table (all things considered) is, in itself, no bad symptom : mere young men of fashion would be apter to run away from it.’

Amidst these pleasant home engagements, and the boundless hospitalities of London life, which now multiplied upon him far beyond his power to meet, Bishop Jebb was ever himself, . .

calm, thoughtful, and recollected, as when limited to the society of his beloved books, in the almost eremitical retirement of Abington. Always mindful of the uncertainty of life, his heart, just at this time, was deeply affected, by two monitory instances of that uncertainty, in the sudden removal, within a single week, of two justly valued friends, the late John Pearson, Esq., of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the late Rev. James Bean, assistant Preacher at Welbeck Chapel, and one of the sub-librarians of the British Museum. The effect produced on his mind by this double shock, is thus expressed in a letter to Mr. Knox. ‘In the midst of enjoyments, there have been drawbacks of a serious kind. Our *first* London friend . . good Mr. Pearson, who, you doubtless recollect, was our introducer to the Thorntons, Grants, &c., is no more! I drove to call on him, in hopes to have a little conversation; on reaching the door, I was alarmed at seeing a muffled knocker: the servant but too soon confirmed my fears, his countenance showing, that he was the faithful domestic of a good master. He said that Mr. Babington (Mr. Pearson’s son-in-law) would see me: from Mr. B. I learned that the case was hopeless, though an illness of but four days; and that very night he breathed his last, . . calmly

and peacefully, as became such a man as he was. I went from the door with feelings that I cannot describe, thinking how many sources of friendship and enjoyment were opened to me in that house : you cannot forget, that, before we had returned from the walk, in the course of which we left our introductory letter, and our cards, at Golden Square, Mr. Pearson had returned our call, and left an invitation to meet at dinner Dr. Buchanan from India. . . A few days after, we learned, suddenly, the death of excellent old Mr. Bean. On sunday he preached (though previously very unwell) with more than usual energy of voice, and great impressiveness. Monday he was at the rehearsal of the ancient music, this being his favourite recreation. A few days before he had told me, with a calm delight on his face, and with tears in his eyes, that Handel's music particularly elevated his mind to heavenly things. On thursday, he fell asleep so serenely, that he scarcely seemed to have passed from this life to a better. From Mr. Bean's family I have heard, since his death, what indeed was manifest while he lived, that he had a warm affection both for Mr. F. and myself. It is consolatory and delightful to us, that we saw and conversed with him near the close ; and that the interviews cheered the good man in sickness.'

When Vicar of Olney (to which he was inducted in December, 1787), Mr. Bean had been the intimate friend of Cowper; whom he was in the habit of visiting every ten days, upon a footing of the most friendly and familiar intercourse. 'I went,' he said to us, with his placid liveliness of manner, 'to cull sweets from the various flowers, so richly springing in his conversation; and when a stock was thus collected, I returned to my bee-hive, and scraped off the honey from my thighs into my own store.' A touching anecdote, illustrative of the poet's malady, was communicated, in one of our calls, by this excellent friend: as nothing connected with the mind of Cowper, even in its madness, is uninteresting, the circumstance shall be preserved here. For a long time he would see no one, not even Mr. Bean, who used to be his spiritual comforter and adviser. His morbid imagination became a prey to the belief, that he was about to be publicly executed as a malefactor, in the market-place of Olney. Lady Hesketh, induced by the hope that his presence might effect a salutary diversion, obliged Mr. Bean, one day, to go, unbidden, into the poet's room, who now received no one. On his entrance, Mr. Cowper looked earnestly at him, and asked, . . 'Is all ready?' . . 'Really, Sir,' said Mr. Bean, 'I don't under-

stand you: what do you mean by the question?'.. 'I mean, is all ready in the market-place for my execution?' Mr. Bean used every endeavour to dissipate his notion, but without effect: he assured him there were no preparations in the market-place for his, or any one else's execution; that he had himself just been there; and that nothing was to be seen there but the usual commodities, or to be heard, but the cackling of hens, gobbling of turkies, grunting of pigs, &c. Mr. Cowper listened attentively to these assurances, and was silent; looking at his visitor, at the same time, with an air of incredulous politeness, which showed that he regarded the conversation wholly as a well-meant attempt to deceive.

To return to the venerable relater: a few days only before his removal to a better world, Mr. Bean had engaged the present writer to take his place, for a charity sermon, on the sunday following, in the pulpit of Welbeck Chapel. A rumour of his sudden death having reached the Bishop (then in the country) late on saturday evening, with his characteristic thoughtfulness for the feelings of others, he wrote, and dispatched express, the following note:

‘MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘I HAVE just heard a report, which may be altogether unfounded; . . but which also we might have been prepared, at any moment, to hear, . . that our dear old friend Mr. Bean is removed to a higher and better state of being. . . If it be not true, you can very soon ascertain the fact: . . if otherwise, I think it right to guard against your receiving a sudden shock in the vestry-room. However it be, it is the will of GOD. Living or dying, he is happy; may we be prepared to meet him! . . It is a grateful reflection, that we have had intercourse of such a kind with him, so lately; . . and to you particularly, that you are about fulfilling the last request he made: may you have strength to get through! . . Recollect, that, if he is gone, he is but gone to his reward, to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to God the Judge of all.

‘God Almighty bless and keep you.

‘Ever yours,

‘J. L.’

But while thus chequered and clouded by the loss of friends, the Bishop’s visit to London, at this time, was attended by one consequence, which, when taken in connection with the will

of God (so soon to be made manifest!) concerning himself, forms a memorable circumstance in his life : it enabled him, at length, to gratify the long-cherished wish of his affectionate and beloved brother, (a wish in which many besides that brother felt interested,) that he might possess a likeness of him by a first-rate artist. Judge Jebb had repeatedly made this request ; but his brother's humility was still slow in complying with it ; and, so late as the year 1826, .. his last year of bodily health and strength, .. no portrait of him, deserving the name, was in existence. The first opportunity, *and the last*, now presented itself, of sitting to Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is too well known how the genius of that great master, especially in later years, was over-tasked by his numerous engagements : but he found, or made, time to receive Bishop Jebb. Upon the portrait which he now executed, Sir Thomas bestowed great, and eminently successful pains ; and when completed, as it was in eight sittings, he pronounced it ' about as good a head as he could make.' It may be noticed as an interesting fact, that the last *finishing* touch Sir Thomas ever gave, was given to this picture, about three weeks before that accomplished artist's death. The head had been engraved under his own eye ; and he con-

tinued to re-touch it, for several years, while in the hands of his engraver. This is the only portrait of Bishop Jebb, in his robes. In recording the lives of eminent men, it is usual and right, so far as description can convey it, to hand down the character of the countenance. The most characteristic feature of Bishop Jebb's countenance, in the opinion of Sir Thomas Lawrence, was the eye, which was blue: and I am so fortunate as to have it in my power to record his judgment of this feature in his own words: after the first sitting, Sir Thomas remarked to me, . . . 'To some persons spectacles are an advantage; they are better without their eyes. It was so with Burke: when he took off his spectacles, the character of his countenance was gone. But, with the Bishop of Limerick, the effect is very different. I do not know a face which suffers more by the concealment of the eyes. His Lordship's use of spectacles is doing himself any thing but justice: I do not remember a countenance which derives more character from this feature.' After the concluding sitting, Sir Thomas's last request to the Bishop himself, on learning that the picture had given great satisfaction to his friends, was to the same effect: 'If I have succeeded, the only favour I desire of your Lordship in return is, that you will never

again put on your spectacles.' What Sir Thomas thus dwelt on, must have been felt by most who saw and conversed with Bishop Jebb. Both when first about to speak, and when highly interested, the eloquent expression of his eye lighted up the whole countenance. And when sickness had worn down all the other features, the expression of the eye only became more sublimated: it was the remark of the accomplished artist, who, in September 1832, made the full-length likeness prefixed to this Memoir, . . . ' I never saw before, in the human countenance, an eye like the Bishop's: there is one particular expression of it, when he looks (as he sometimes does unconsciously) *upwards*, . . . that always gives me the idea of a disembodied spirit.'

During the May commencement of this year, the Bishop accompanied his kind friend Bishop Law, and the venerable Bishop Burgess, on a visit to Cambridge; where they were received by the Society of St. John's College with its wonted hospitality, and experienced, every where, the most gratifying marks of respect and kindness.

Returning to Ireland by Lancashire, in July, Bishop Jebb now enjoyed the invaluable opportunity of cultivating a friendship, previously formed in London, with the Rev. J. J. Hornby,

rector of Winwick, and brother-in-law to his lamented friend Lord Lilford. But the days passed in this truly congenial society, were, in the order of Providence, attended by results, of a far more general interest, than the cementing of private friendship: as connected with the publication of the Remains of Alexander Knox, those days will possess a lasting interest, with all lovers of pure catholic, and church-of-England christianity. In the friendly conversations, which took place at this time, the views of this great christian philosopher were made fully known, where they could be adequately appreciated; and providential circumstances having eventually submitted his papers to the judgment, and placed them at the disposal, of a kindred mind, a monument has been erected to his memory, in works, of which it may be securely affirmed, in the words of our great poet, ‘that mankind will not willingly let them die.’

From Winwick, he went to Chester, to pass some days with his friend Bishop Blomfield; where he had the high satisfaction of witnessing a strictness in ordination, and finding views of clerical duty and responsibility, corresponding with his own.

While in England this year, the Bishop had been strongly urged, as a matter of duty, by

friends whose judgment was entitled to his respect, to prepare and publish another volume of sermons. Upon his return to Limerick, and to the duties of his diocese, he was not unmindful of this literary object. Early in October, he mentions to Mr. Knox, that he had the publication of a fresh volume of sermons seriously in view. Indifferent health, however, and other hindrances, still delayed the execution ; and the year 1826 closed, without his being enabled to accomplish this, or any other literary undertaking.

With the new year, new, and extraordinary calls of duty, most unexpectedly sprang up. At a moment, when the poor of Limerick, . . always a frightful proportion of its population, and, too generally, labouring under the compound miseries of famine and disease, . . suffered, beyond all former experience, from both these dreadful evils, an affecting appeal, from an unknown hand, appeared in one of the Limerick newspapers, in consequence of an entire family, lying in fever, having perished for want of food : the writer called upon his fellow-citizens, instead of bestowing vain regrets upon the dead, to think of the living, and thus turn the awful calamity to the only true account ; and concluded by suggesting the immediate formation of ‘ a Society,’

on the plan and principle of that long existing in Dublin, ‘for the relief of sick and indigent room-keepers.’ The Bishop read this letter with deep emotion ; and, with that characteristic promptitude and energy, which never failed or forsook him in cases of similar emergency, he decided, on the instant, to act upon the suggestion. Without the loss of a moment, he waited upon the mayor ; planned a general meeting of the inhabitants, to be held at the Chamber of Commerce on the ensuing day ; when he proposed, and carried by unanimous consent, the establishment of a charity, which has, from that day forth, approved itself the best, and most effective of the many charities, supported by the exemplary zeal and humanity of the resident proprietors and citizens of Limerick.

Bishop Jebb’s hand once put to the plough in this labour of love, he went forward in it with his whole heart ; preparing the necessary rules and regulations for the infant society, presiding at the weekly meetings, and promoting the interests of the institution by every means within his power. His conduct, in this matter, was eminently characteristic ; for, while, by no means given to the invention, or application, of novel plans or schemes for doing good, . . when, under conscientious conviction, he saw it right

to act, never was that counsel of the Preacher more fully realized than in his example, ‘whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.’

Amidst his indefatigable cares and exertions to secure the success of this merciful undertaking, the Bishop’s attention, as diocesan, was demanded and drawn to a movement of a wholly different kind, . . the reported conversion, namely, from the errors of the Church of Rome, and conformity to the reformed worship of the Church of England, of no inconsiderable portion of the inhabitants of a parish in the diocese of Limerick.

Upon the subject of conversions, at a near period, and upon an extended scale, from among the Roman catholic body in Ireland, the sentiments which Bishop Jebb had always entertained, must, to zealous protestants, have appeared peculiar : on the one hand, he had no expectations whatever, from schemes of professed proselyte-making, neither was he able to indulge sanguine hopes as to any near prospect of a general reformation, among his Roman catholic fellow-countrymen ; on the other hand, he held it to be the bounden duty of the clergy of the established church, wherever voluntarily consulted by them, to open the eyes of indi-

vidual Roman catholics to the errors of their communion, and, mildly, but powerfully, to attract them from those errors, by the uncontroversial exhibition of a purer faith. Upon this principle, he had himself most successfully acted, in more instances than one.

Such being his long-formed, and well-weighed sentiments, upon the question of a national reformation in Ireland, he was necessarily unable to partake the sanguine hopes and anticipations awakened by proceedings, at this period, publicly carried on, especially in the north of Ireland, for the conversion of her Roman catholic population. The case of the parish of Askeaton, however, in his own diocese, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Richard Murray, which now came before him, while it fell properly under his cognizance, seemed, at the same time, to come, in its essential features, within the rules which, as a private clergyman, he had always prescribed to himself for his own guidance: Mr. Murray had not set out as a maker of proselytes; the work of reformation had been forced upon him, or rather upon the people themselves, by the violent opposition given on the part of the Roman catholic priesthood, to the education of Roman catholics in his parochial and private schools; and his part in the transaction had

been chiefly confined to meeting, zealously, indeed, and indefatigably, but mildly and uncontroversially, the wishes of the population. With this exemplary clergyman, and with his amiable lady, it had been the Bishop's happiness to become previously well acquainted. No sooner had he been apprized, by public fame, of the character and extent of the religious movement at Askeaton, than he availed himself of his intimacy with its vicar, and confidence in him, to become acquainted with all the very interesting particulars. Among these, not the least interesting in Bishop Jebb's eye was, the fact, that the conversions at Askeaton had both preceded, and were altogether independent of, the reformation proceedings in the north of Ireland; and thus stood entirely apart from avowed and systematized schemes for proselyte-making.

To theories upon this most delicate and difficult subject, the Bishop had always listened with becoming doubtfulness and distrust; but his candid mind, and impartial judgment, were ever, at the same time, open to the investigation of facts. The facts, in the instance of Askeaton parish, were, that 170 adults, and 300 children, had already publicly conformed to the church of England; the adult converts being distributed into classes, according to the periods of conver-

sion, and the proficiency individually made in religious instruction: that the several classes of communicants, catechumens, &c., were daily instructed in their faith by Mr. Murray himself, who devoted, to this purpose, the chief part of each day; and that (though Askeaton is situated in one of the wildest districts of the west of the county of Limerick, the scene of the then recent disturbances,) so far from any hostile spirit being, in consequence, shown by the Roman catholic peasantry, Mr. Murray could walk, as he made it his rule to do, every sunday, from his house to his church, situated at opposite ends of the town, in full canonicals, through a long and crowded street, not only without molestation, but with every mark, on the part of the people, of civility and respect.

Possessed of these interesting details, the Bishop, at the desire of a valued English friend (accounts of the occurrences at Askeaton having previously reached England), embodied them in a letter, bearing date April 7., which will be found in its place, among his correspondence, in the second volume of this memoir; enriching the detail of facts, by the addition of his own prospective, and comprehensive views and principles, with reference to the means most likely to promote the eventual diffusion, over Ireland, of church-of-England reformation.

At this stage of a transaction, unprecedented, it would appear, in the history of Ireland, having thus acquired, and communicated in influential quarters, the best and fullest attainable information, the Bishop, at length, felt himself called upon to act. He prepared, accordingly to do so, with his usual decision of character. Satisfied that it became him, as a bishop of our reformed portion of the catholic church, to place himself at the head of such a movement, he determined on visiting Askeaton in person, immediately after Easter; preaching two sermons, not on controversial points, but on the Liturgy of our venerable church, to the new converts; and taking such further steps, present or prospective, as the case, on personal investigation, might seem to require: . . . such were the intentions of this true and faithful father in Christ, but all-wise Providence ordered events otherwise.

IN the preceding pages, in which the life of Bishop Jebb has been carried down to the fifth year of his episcopate, and fifty-first of his age, it has been endeavoured faithfully to place before the reader, what manner of man he was from his youth up, both in natural dispositions, . . . and in

those dispositions, as gradually raised and refined by the progressive influences of thought, of study, and, in all and above all, of inward, experimental christianity. The true character of his mind and spirit has been here successively traced, through the endearing charities of family affection, and the honest efforts, and generous emulations, of his school-boy, and his college days, to its matured formation and developement, in the exercise of his sacred functions, as a clergyman, as a divine, and as a christian bishop. Through these several stages of his course, as it was the first duty of his biographer to preserve, so it is his humble hope that he has been enabled to present to others, a living likeness of the man.

Hitherto it has been our high privilege to see, how happily the principles, in which this humble follower of Christ had been early trained, while they proved the unfailing strength and solace of his private walk, sustained him amidst the arduous duties and difficulties of a public station. But it was the good pleasure of a gracious Providence, that his exemplary life should read yet another lesson ; that having taught, for our example, how such a christian can live, it should teach, also, for our higher edification, how such a christian can suffer ; and, as he had

served his heavenly Master faithfully in the time of his strength, it seemed granted as his reward, that he should ‘glorify God in the day of his visitation!’

The hour appointed had now, at length, arrived, which was to withdraw him from the height of public eminence and usefulness, to pass the remnant of his days in sickness and retirement: but in sickness, sanctified and sweetened by those heavenly influences, ‘which the world knoweth not of;’ and in retirement, wholly dedicated, to less conspicuous, indeed, but most probably, therefore, only to more enduring labours in his Master’s vineyard.

On Easter Day, the Bishop preached, in the Cathedral of Saint Mary, with more than his usual impressiveness, to a crowded and deeply attentive congregation. It was his last appearance in the pulpit. During the previous week, he had felt himself indisposed, and laboured under an unusual depression of spirits. His indisposition yielded, for the moment, to the excitement of the solemn day and duty; but, immediately after, it returned with increased force, and confined him for several days to his room: still, there appeared nothing serious, or that should cause alarm. On thursday morning, April 26., he wrote a long letter to an

absent friend ; it was written with all his accustomed fluency of composition, and fulness of thought, upon matters which claimed more than an ordinary exercise of his judgment. It was the last letter ever written with that right-hand, which, beyond any that I had known, held ‘the pen of a ready writer.’ About five o’clock, as we sat together at dinner, the Bishop suddenly said, ‘I feel a numbness in my hand . . it is going up the arm . . it has gone down my side : send for Mr. Thwaites.’ In a moment after, he was speechless. The shock of that awful moment returns on me, as I describe it. It was, indeed, ‘a sharp arrow,’ . . but it was ‘the arrow of the Lord,’ winged with mercy, and tempered by love ! The goodness of a guardian Providence over and around my suffering Friend, was, even in the instant, manifest ; not a moment had been lost in ministering such help, as the servants and I could minister ; and, within five minutes from the occurrence of the paralysis, the Bishop’s family surgeon, one of the most eminent of his profession, was in the room, and at his side : the messenger met him descending the steps of his own hall-door, on his way to visit the County Hospital, at a considerable distance in the opposite direction ; arriving when he did, nothing could be more timely ; a single moment

later, and Mr. Thwaites would have been gone, and the inevitable delay of, at least, half an hour, if it did not, as seemed too likely, occasion death, would, in all human probability, have rendered recovery hopeless. The sense of his timely arrival is present with me, as though it had been an event of yesterday: while memory is spared, I never can forget the mingled feelings of thankfulness and trust which it awakened: may minds, unhappily for their own peace, unwilling to discern, in such coincidences, the agency of a Providence, be taught, by like experience of the divine mercy, to unlearn their unbelief!

By the skill and decision of Mr. Thwaites, the most energetic treatment was now instantly adopted, where only the most energetic treatment could have proved successful. Under his directions, the Bishop was borne up stairs, apparently in a state of insensibility; from which he was almost immediately relieved by the free use of the lancet. The pressure thus taken off, he was removed to bed. Immediately on being laid down, he gave an affecting proof, at once of the perfect collectedness and calmness of his own thoughts, and of tender consideration, even in a moment like this, for the sorrowing friends who now stood around him. Having partially recovered his speech, his first use of it was faintly

to articulate the word 'paper.' On its being brought, he feebly attempted to mark with the left hand, in what could not be called characters, something which he wished to express, and placed the paper in my hand. Those who have hearts to feel may judge of my distress, when I found myself unable to decypher it : my brother was more fortunate, . . they were words of comfort, and he read them aloud, . . ' Don't fear, J. L.' The moment he had done so, the Bishop's eye brightened, and he recovered strength to utter ' Yes, don't be afraid.'

It was the good pleasure of Providence that he should now, once more, be surrounded by the same friends, who, in 1817, had ministered to him, during his great illness at Abington. The constitutional predisposition, which, for so many years, had oppressed his health, clouded his fine mind, and cramped his native energies, had, at length, fully declared itself; the malady was a definite one; and every thing that, under the Divine blessing, human skill and care could do, was done to meet it. A second eminent physician was called in, by Mr. Thwaites, on the evening of the seizure; the temporal artery was opened the same night, to prevent re-action; and a full statement of the case and treatment, was forwarded the next day to Sir Henry Hallford. The

arrival of the Bishop's brother, for whom a faithful friend had gone express *, on the third day, afforded him inexpressible comfort: at the sight of this best and earliest friend, his firmness yielded for a single moment, and his eyes became suffused with tears: he quickly recovered himself, and calmly observed, 'Richard, you see my present state, half the man gone.' .. 'No,' affectionately replied the Judge, 'not so, .. for the face has escaped, and your mind is strong and clear as ever.' Judge Jebb was accompanied by an eminent Dublin surgeon; but the zeal and science of Dr. Carroll and Mr. Thwaites had anticipated every resource of medicine. And his family and friends enjoyed the cheering consciousness, throughout this heavy trial, that the skill of his physicians was surpassed only by the devotedness of their zeal.

But, in critical cases, the highest medical skill may prove unavailing, unless seconded by intelligence, tenderness, and unremitting vigilance, on the part of the attendants: and here another providential provision remains to be thankfully acknowledged. Of the old and faithful domestics

* James M^cMahon, Esq., now Registrar of Limerick; who, though, at the time, under much anxiety of mind on account of illness in his own family, did not hesitate a moment to give this proof of a friendship, ready to be shown in the hour of trial.

who had followed him from Abington, the two principal had died, since the Bishop's removal to Limerick. His wish to place a thoroughly respectable person at the head of his establishment, had induced him to wait for upwards of a year, in the hope of procuring one from London. After repeated disappointments, he had nearly given up this hope, when, the Christmas only before his seizure, a person every way most eligible unexpectedly offered for the situation, and was immediately engaged. This individual, Mr. James Alexander Sell, approved himself, now, of inestimable value : for so it happened, that, for several years, he had been in attendance upon a gentleman suffering under paralysis ; and to his skill, care, and experience, next only in importance to those of the physicians themselves, may, under Providence, be ascribed, not only Bishop Jebb's present recovery, but the prolongation, also, of his valuable life. In paying this slight tribute to modest worth, I feel myself expressing, however inadequately, the sentiments and wishes of my departed Friend.

The general sympathy manifested by all classes and communions at Limerick, and, as the lamented tidings of the Bishop's illness spread, in Dublin and in England, instinctively showed how society at large could be affected, by the

danger of such a man. For some days after the attack, it was found necessary to relieve the public anxiety through the medium of the newspapers, as it was quite impossible to answer otherwise the numerous letters and inquiries. A single incident may serve to illustrate the interest universally felt: a respectable inhabitant of Limerick happening, at this time, to pass through Sheffield (a place where Bishop Jebb was known only by his public character), he was stopped in the streets, by earnest and anxious inquiries, from total strangers, about the Bishop's state, and the prospect and progress of his recovery. The affectionate interest taken by his own clergy*, from his valued friend Dean Preston, to the youngest curates of the united dioceses, was beautifully emulated by the Roman catholic bishop and priesthood. The personal inquiries of the titular bishop, Dr. Ryan, were unremitting; and they were rendered doubly acceptable by the assurance, with tears in his eyes, that they were accompanied by his constant and fervent prayers. By the Rev. Mr. Enright, the Roman catholic clergyman with whom

* Among the gentry, the Bishop ever gratefully recollected the kindness of John Browne, Esq. who reserved for his use the entire produce of his valuable hothouses, sending daily supplies of fruit, which could not otherwise have been procured.

the Bishop had taken one of his last walks, and who had effectually co-operated with him in the establishment of 'The Sick and Indigent Room-keepers' Charity,' prayers to Almighty God were publicly offered up in his Chapel, in which the congregation were affectionately invited to join, for the restoration of 'the good Bishop of Limerick.'

These touching proofs of the degree in which he was loved, by their happy effect upon his heart and spirits, contributed, not a little, to promote his convalescence. For, while there never breathed a heart more susceptible of kindness and good-will towards his fellow-men, than that of Bishop Jebb, it was also one peculiarly impressible, by marks of their good-will and kindness: among his earliest inquiries, when able and allowed to speak a little, had been, whether his English brethren had asked after him; and when told that they had both written, and were offering up prayers for his recovery, the look of happiness that lighted up his eye was such, as it would be equally impossible to describe or forget.

But to pass, from human sympathy, to higher considerations: . . the bed of pain and sickness is one great triumph of christianity: and it would ill become the recorders of the lives of eminently

good men, while they relate the sufferings of the outer, to withhold altogether from their readers, the thoughts and movements of the inner man. At most other times, the matured christian, and the man 'whose wisdom is in this world,' where possessed of equal intellectual powers, may be brought into comparison with each other upon lower grounds, and measured by received human standards. But let their conversation be compared upon a sick-bed; and, if the comparison be fairly made, the triumph of christianity will be uniform and complete: the humblest follower of Christ will here rise as high above the philosopher, falsely so called, as the heaven is higher than the earth; and so it should be, 'for,' says the apostle, 'our conversation *is* in heaven.'

Thus it was with Bishop Jebb, in his great affliction: while his conversation, in this respect, was peculiarly instructive, that it happily exemplified the perfect compatibility, between the exercise of all his characteristic judgment, forethought, and circumspection in temporal affairs, and the contemplation of things eternal. Nothing which had a just claim upon it, seemed now to escape his attention. The duties of this life, from the least to the greatest, and the concerns of the next, had each its proper place in his well-balanced mind.

An account of his friend's state of mind, given to Mr. Knox during the height of the illness, will probably possess a higher interest with the reader, than any description which I could give at this distance of time: the letter is further interesting, as it contains the particulars of an occurrence already alluded to; . . a delightful exemplification how perfectly the spirit of christian charity may, and therefore should invariably, be preserved, amidst the differences confessedly subsisting between the churches of England and of Rome.

‘ Your dear Friend’s mind so overflows with thought, that one of the chief difficulties is to restrain it from over-exertion. The Bishop is now aware of this, and aids us by imposing restraint upon himself. You know his characteristic love of order and punctuality* : never was

* It was strikingly exemplified, within a day or two after the attack of paralysis, when he showed great anxiety to obtain a sight of the letters arrived by the last posts. The medical gentlemen, at first, strongly objected to their being shown him, but yielded afterwards to his wish, as the safer course. A large parcel of letters being, accordingly, placed in his hand, the Bishop merely looked at the directions, until he came to one which evidently contained an account: sending away the rest unopened, he handed this to me to read. It was a Dublin bookseller’s account, for which the Bishop had himself written to ask, the day before his seizure, and which therefore, lest the delay should occasion the slightest disappointment or inconvenience, he would not allow to remain a needless day undischarged. For his love of punctuality was always connected with that thoughtfulness for others, which belonged to him in health, and which forsook him not even in this extremity. May I be permitted to add, in this connection, that Phil. ii. 4. was his rule in all the transactions of life.

it more strongly manifested than during his present illness. At different times, he reserved his strength, until he felt it equal to the task of giving directions on the subjects, on which it was really of the most importance that *his own* instructions should be given; . . . such as instructions to me to open and answer all letters, &c.; to my brother, to transact all the lighter business of the diocese; and to both, to communicate to the clergy his earnest desire, that they would refrain from taking any extra-steps during his indisposition, so that, in the event of his restoration to health, his plans might be resumed without impediment.*

* Extracts from diary of the Bishop's illness. — Wednesday morning, May 2. About three o'clock, during my brother's turn of watch, the Bishop spoke, in a distinct voice, the following words, which he desired my brother to take down. . . 'The little that I have learnt, has taught me to live to do good.' My brother showed him his transcript, when he added, 'Yes, that is what I said.' [This, it afterwards appeared, was a saying of his beloved College friend, Reid, which had now returned to his remembrance: the friend whom he thus treasured in his heart, had been dead nearly thirty years.] His next words were, . . 'Don't let the charities be relaxed on account of my illness.' Presently after I came in, and found him asleep; on his awaking, I told him that his old friend Mr. Whitty had been with us. He asked with animation, . . 'Did he come on purpose to see me?' and smiled with pleasure when told that he did. The Bishop then said earnestly, . . 'Tell your brother the Doctor, to do all the light business: let all the light business go on.' Shortly after he called me again to him, and inquired, 'Is the Visitation going on?' I told him not. He continued, . . 'Is it to go on?' I replied it would be adjourned, when the proper time came, and the reason assigned for its adjournment; when he expressed his satisfaction.

‘His inward frame is such as you would rejoice to witness, . . . composed, cheerful, and serene, full of happy thoughts, and heavenly meditations* : never from the pulpit, where he

I now reminded him that sleep was of great consequence to him, and that the physicians wished him to remain as composed as possible, and to encourage sleep. ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘but these things must be looked to *beforehand*.’ ‘Tell your brother to write to the clergy generally, and procure their subscriptions; and not to let any thing *go back* during my illness; only for them not to act, or take steps for themselves, till I am well.’

* May 2. Wednesday. 6 P. M. The Bishop desired to see me. On my coming to the bedside, he took my hand, and said with a firm voice, ‘Now be calm.’ I promised to be so. . . ‘What do you *really* think of my present situation?’ . . . ‘What the physicians have thought of it for the last three days, . . . that you are regularly advancing towards recovery.’ . . . ‘I think so too,’ was his reply. He proceeded . . . ‘In my situation, my mind has been naturally turned to *the things that are*.’ . . . ‘You mean, to invisible and heavenly objects?’ . . . ‘Just so. My mind now begins to clear.’ I told him it had been clear throughout. . . ‘Well,’ he resumed, ‘but after such an attack, the ideas must have been confused and uncertain: they now grow clear, and my mind is able to designate objects. In this situation, it returns to past remembrances . . . *reminiscences* . . . you understand me?’ I assented. . . ‘Looking back to past remembrances, from my present position, I have *now* the *same* thoughts I *then* had, respecting the *mansions*.’ . . . ‘Heavenly mansions?’ . . . ‘Yes, MANSIONS, οἰκισαὶ . . . οἰκισαὶ’ . . . he repeated with serene energy. ‘You mean,’ I asked, ‘respecting the communion of the blessed with each other, in those everlasting habitations?’ The Bishop answered ‘Yes.’ . . . He then added, . . . ‘My ideas now are clear, but, in a day or two, *all* will be clearer.’ I thought, for the moment, that this was said with anticipation of the near approach, to himself, of the heavenly world; and composed myself to observe, that, while, under his guidance, I had long learnt to feel that this prospect could not be too constantly, or too nearly contemplated by the christian, it was still our part, also, to recollect, that we were in the hands of God; that Divine providence might have in store for him further usefulness to the Church; and that, from his present progress, there was, under God, every ground to anticipate

so eminently shone, did he preach the blessed influences of christianity so effectually, as he now preaches them from his sick bed; physicians, friends, domestics, . . all who are privileged to approach him, see and own with delight, the peace that, in his example, piety and goodness bring with them to the bed of sickness. Would you had seen the Bishop yesterday morning, as we surrounded his bed to congratulate ourselves upon his great amendment, and the angelic smile with which, looking gratefully towards the physicians, he took each of us by the hand, exclaiming every time, ‘Yes, *under God, under God!*’

his restoration to both. He calmly replied, ‘That is just what I think; but I wished, *at this time*, to put you in possession of my *unchanged* view of the ΟΙΚΙΑΣ . . the mansions of heaven.’

Such were the happy thoughts, upon this high subject, which filled his mind, while fluctuating between life and death. They now arose naturally there, for, in all time of his health, they had been present with him. A few months, only, before his seizure, a valued English friend happened, in familiar conversation, to ask his sentiments upon the subsistence of a communion between the visible and invisible worlds: his answer was, . . ‘I am quite sure of this, that, if I precede you to the other world, I shall be with you then, as much as I am with you now.’

It is scarcely necessary to add, that his thoughts and sentiments, upon these matters, remained unaltered, excepting by their continual growth and increase, to the moment of his last great earthly change. Whatever may be their own impressions, there are, it is believed, but few serious minds, to whom the settled judgment of eminent christians, upon themes like these, can be wholly matter of indifference; while there are not a few, who will learn with more than common interest, what was the assured persuasion entertained respecting them, by the subject of the present memoir, in life and in death.

‘ For the satisfaction of this city, where the public anxiety has been intense, a medical report was sent yesterday, for insertion in the Limerick Chronicle : all classes and persuasions are deeply interested in your Friend’s recovery ; none more unfeignedly so than the Roman catholic population ; on sunday last, prayers were publicly offered up for him in the principal chapel, when the previous address of the officiating priest, melted the whole congregation, composed chiefly of the lower classes, into tears. . . ‘ I have,’ he said, ‘ fifteen thousand poor in my parish, . . let them and all of us pray, falling now upon our knees, for the good Bishop of Limerick, . . none before have done as *he* has done for the poor, . . never will they have such another benefactor !’

The life of such a man was one continual preparation, for meeting the divine will concerning him. But it should not pass unrecorded, that, when it pleased God thus suddenly to visit his faithful servant, he was found, within as without, in that preparedness, which our blessed Lord himself (St. Luke xii. 35, 36.) has specially recommended and enjoined. For several days previous to the shock, he had been engaged in the study (with him an early and favourite study) of Bishop Hall’s Contemplations. And, on the evening of the attack, the book lay open upon

his study-table, ready to be resumed, had he returned in health. Accordingly, when first able to collect his thoughts, they flowed naturally in their wonted channels. His mind once relieved, by the instructions he had been enabled to give, from the pressure of private and episcopal cares, he now gave himself wholly, at his waking hours, to hearing passages of Scripture read, suited to his present state, and to meditating, or making short reflections, upon them. One night, finding himself disturbed from sleep by uneasy dreams, as is usual in sleep procured by anodynes, he desired to have some suitable religious subject read to him. My brother proposed a Psalm, and was about to begin the beautiful and appropriate 103d, when the Bishop said, ‘ Read the psalm that has, *who saveth thy life from destruction.*’ He listened with the deepest interest and emotion ; called for Bishop Horne’s Commentary, which gave him much satisfaction ; and immediately subsided into a calm slumber, which lasted through the night. In the morning, he told the physicians of *his anodyne*, which they cordially agreed was far more effectual than any they could have prescribed. At another time, expatiating, in their presence, upon the matchless beauties of Scripture, he called for the 104th Psalm, and, pro-

nouncing it the sublimest ode that ever had come from the mind or pen, even of inspired man, desired that it might be read aloud. The effect, none, who had the happiness to be present, can easily forget : his animated eye seemed to read a comment on each verse, and to impart his own feeling of the divine original : none caught the spirit of the moment more fully, than his two medical friends ; while one of them, Dr. Carroll, a Roman catholic, could not refrain from expressing the mingled pleasure and edification, with which he ministered at the bedside of a Bishop of the Church of England.

But from nothing did he derive more support or comfort, than from a lesson, at this time, specially recommended for his use, by his friend Mr. Knox : the second chapter of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. Its soothing and cheering influence upon his mind and spirits, was attended with the happiest consequences to his health ; effects which, some years after, he thus describes, in a letter to an early friend. . . ‘ Let me recommend to your attention, the first Lesson for Lady Day (the Annunciation) the 25th of March. It is full of divine comfort : they call it apocryphal, but, surely, if ever there was a lesson of inspired wisdom, it is there. This chapter was my best anodyne, near six years ago, when I lay in

Limerick, on the bed of sickness and pain. May it, in all time of difficulty, be as effectual for you, my old friend !'

The name of Alexander Knox naturally leads me to mention, how deeply he was afflicted in the affliction of his friend. With his whole heart he sympathized in the Bishop's sufferings. But while he felt those sufferings as a man, he reflected on them in the spirit of a true christian philosopher. The thoughts of such a mind, at such a crisis, will be valuable to every reader ; while his testimony to the child-like and unspoilt simplicity of his friend's character (the witness, it will be observed, of a conscientiously jealous judge in such matters) make the letters which convey it properly part of the Bishop's Life. . . With extracts from these letters, I shall, therefore, close the account of a dispensation of Providence, which, by wholly, and finally breaking down his active powers, changed the sphere, and the duties, of Bishop Jebb's remaining years.

' Bellevûe, Delgany, May 6. 1827.

' Thanks to Divine Providence, things are now as promising, as, in such a case, they can be ; and I cannot but hope that our dear friend, and all who have been concerned for him, will be compensated by real improvement in his general

health, and, may I not add, by the increased usefulness, to which this temporary, but surely, for a little while, *awful* discipline, may eventually be conducive? ‘May be,’ do I say? nay, rather *must be*, . . for painful and astounding as it was, it has been so borne as, I trust, to evince an accompanying influence to support the heart and mind, from the same hand, which was afflicting the body.

‘Let me freely say to you, my dear Charles, that my greatest fear about the Bishop was, that his circumstances, altogether, might be too fascinating, for his spiritual growth. If St. Paul’s supernatural vision of paradise, and the third heaven, required a counterpoise, ‘lest he should be exalted above measure,’ how dangerous might it be for us to be left, for any length of time, in peculiarly gratifying circumstances, without the occurrence of proportioned correctives? . . And, of all correctives, I am inclined to think, from experience, that what comes from the very hand of God himself, is, if we be not wanting to ourselves, the most tolerable, as well as the most profitable. It involves no mixed feelings, and it calls forth into the simplest and deepest exercise all those dispositions and tendencies, of which, through the grace of God, we are already possessed. What is said, on this subject, in

many of the Psalms, and in the twelfth chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, are, to all my feelings, among the most interesting, and self-evidently divine passages of Holy Scripture; in the latter instance, particularly, enough is said, to make the want of such visitations a matter of terror, and their actual occurrence to one of 'honest and good heart,' a subject of sober satisfaction, as well as of humble acquiescence.

'My interest in my friend's truest happiness, uniting with all I have known and felt in my own particular case, has led me, without intending it, into these reflections.'

' May 17.

'I felt yesterday, when it was too late, that, when I spoke of the utility of a counterpoise to circumstances, in their own nature, perhaps over fascinating, I ought to have distinguished this idea more clearly from that of a mental corrective, where there is actual inflation. I need hardly assure you that of this latter thought, there was not the least shade in my mind. On the contrary, I must say, I never saw, nor could conceive an instance, in which, in spite of altered circumstances, simplicity of manner was more signally retained, or where there was a more complete absence of every self-gratulatory in-

timation. There was, in truth, little danger of this, in a sensible and religious mind. But still it is a high test of soundness, both in principle and intellect, not, unconsciously, to show something, which might be observed at least by a jealous eye. But our friend has always seemed to me to have as little to fear from such a scrutiny, as any man that ever passed, from comparatively private life, to conspicuousness and eminence. You have no need to be told all this; but I do wish you should feel, that all this was most fully before me, when I was making the remarks of yesterday.

‘The ground of those remarks was, that very prosperous circumstances may require a corrective, even where there is nothing positively to be corrected, arising from those circumstances, in the mind of the person; because, without such a corrective, improvement and growth in interior virtue and happiness, however sincerely desired and sought, might not, in the very nature of things, be attainable. In short, my position is, that, clogged as we are by animality, and ever liable as we are to sensitive impressions, we are unable, notwithstanding our sincerest wishes and endeavours, to seek our supreme rest in God with the same intensity, as when felt necessity leaves us no other support or refuge, but what

we must find in Him. As these are times of trial, which may most comfortably evince the 'house to be built upon a rock,' so, also, are they seasons, in which that may be done for us, which, without their (as it were) *mechanical* pressure, we could never accomplish for ourselves. This providential process may be clear, even at the moment, to the mind on which it is exercised; and the consolation thus afforded, is, that 'light,' which ariseth to the godly man, 'in the midst of darkness.' But the highest happiness is, that, though the visitation be transient, the improvement remains, . . so that, afterwards, the season of affliction is looked back upon, not with painful, but rather with joyous recollection. 'Thy loving correction,' says the psalmist, 'has made me great.'

'In fact, the deep experience of religious support in the hour of trial, has moral consequences, which nothing else can equally produce; and it is a species of teaching, not to partake of which is a positive disadvantage. What you tell me of my friend's anodyne * exemplifies the very point, on which I mean to observe; and I need not assure you, that, though it naturally followed all you have been stating to me, your account of

* See page 330.

this particular fact gives me heart-felt satisfaction. For what can I desire more for my beloved and valued friend, than that he should have such a resource, and such proof of its efficacy? This is, in its essence, what we ask for in that noble collect, . . . ‘Give unto thy servants that peace, which the world cannot give.’

‘ May 24.

‘ I hoped that, even in my first letter [of May 16.], you would exactly see my meaning. Yet it seemed to me, that I had not sufficiently conveyed the entire impression on my mind; and therefore, had it been only to satisfy my own feelings, I could not but proceed to communicate the sequel of my thoughts. To find that they so perfectly agreed with your own gives me sincere satisfaction.

‘ The fact is, that, in the great work of redintegrating the inner man, we can do little for ourselves. We may be faithful to what we have received, and we may intreat for more of divine grace and operation. But, on this latter depends our actual progress; and in what manner the benefit is to be conferred, and real advancement effected, no human mind can previously conjecture. It is our wisdom, therefore, not less than our duty, ‘to be careful for nothing; but,

in every thing, to make our request known unto God,' and, as much as possible, to leave ourselves in his hands. Johnson's lines on this subject, in the conclusion of his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, are very fine * . . as, indeed, the whole poem is a most noble modification of a magnificent original.'

Did the Christian world owe nothing further to Bishop Jebb's present illness, than as the occasion which gave birth to the profound and experimental analysis of the Divine dealings,

* 'Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in His pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.'

comprized in the foregoing extracts, it might without hesitation be affirmed, that, ‘for instruction in righteousness,’ his illness was not sent in vain : of this, at least, I am satisfied, that such will be the conclusion of all, who, from experience of similar trials, have learnt their need of similar grounds, and aids, of confidence and consolation.

When sufficiently recovered to bear removal to his library, the Bishop gave immediate proof that his relish for his favourite studies, and the pleasure which he had always taken in the instruments of those studies, had suffered no abatement. Among the additions to his well-stored book-shelves, which had reached Limerick shortly previous to his illness, was a fine and complete set of the *Antiquities of Grævius and Gro-novius* : on being carried into the room, the Bishop requested to be taken in front of these folios, ‘that he might get a good look at them.’ Even in this slight, but characteristic incident, may be seen the happy disengagedness and elasticity of a mind at peace within, and therefore alive to every innocent enjoyment ; and which, now and at all times, enabled its possessor to rise superior to all merely bodily suffering and privation. In the same spirit, from the moment he was able to leave his sick-room, the Bishop en-

joyed, with all his wonted interest, the pleasures of reading, of music, and of friendly conversation. The society of his beloved brother, and of other members of his family, now contributed greatly to his comfort and convalescence. And he had much gratification in a visit from Mr. (now Sir Robert) Wilmot Horton, who most kindly reserved a day or two, when returning to his official duties in London, for the express purpose of seeing and conversing with him.

When sufficiently recruited in strength to bear the fatigue of a journey, his medical advisers prescribed a change of climate, and the use of the Leamington waters. On the 21st of August, accordingly, we set out for England, by way of Cork, accompanied by Mr. Thwaites, who kindly made arrangements to attend his patient across the Channel. At Charleville, where he was hospitably lodged by the worthy rector, the Rev. W. Dunn, the first night, the Bishop observed, in reply to the inquiries of his kind host, . . . ‘It is a satisfaction to reflect, that, during an illness of four months, *I have not had a sad moment.*’ That cheerfulness of heart, which ‘doeth good as a medicine,’ in truth never forsook him. In the last year of his life, observing, one evening, on his disposition always to see the bright side, even of gloomy prospects in public affairs, he

beautifully added, 'It is the same with me in private life. It is this which has enabled me to bear my long illness with cheerfulness, where others might have sunk under it.'

On landing at Bristol, he had fresh experience of what, to his affectionate nature, next only to his trust in God, was the great sweetener of life, . . the attachment of his friends. Beside the vessel stood his valued friend the Rev. C. A. Ogilvie, in readiness to greet him, and to conduct him to his own home, where, with affectionate anticipation, every thing was prepared for his reception. His critical state, however, and the limited time of his physician, rendered it impracticable to profit by this act of true friendship. At his hotel, he was awaited by his dear friend Mr. Stock, so often mentioned in these pages, and throughout his correspondence. While, to perfect the enjoyment of the moment, he now learned, from Mr. Ogilvie, the sympathy shown in his sufferings, by one whom he eminently revered, the venerable President of Magdalen College, Dr. Routh, and the deep interest and emotion manifested by that illustrious ornament of Oxford and of the Church of England, on first receiving the tidings of his safety and convalescence. These coincidences, altogether, were about as cheering, as it was possible for

him, in his present state, to experience ; and as it was the habit of his life studiously to consider the ways, and to observe, even in little things, the apparent indications of Providence, he received this gratifying commencement (and most justly, if we may judge by the event) as a pledge, at once, and foretaste, of future providential kindness.

A friendly visit from Sir Henry Halford, then fortunately at his seat in Leicestershire, followed, almost immediately, the Bishop's arrival at Leamington. The good effects of the treatment now adopted, gradually became visible ; and he was soon able to enjoy the twofold benefit of his eminent friend's skill and conversation, under his own roof, at Wistow Hall. After the fullest consideration of his case, Sir Henry decided on Leamington as his station during the remainder of the autumn, when he advised his removal to London, as a situation combining, with the best medical resources, the command, in perfection, of those mechanical means and restoratives, which, in cases of paralysis, are always essential, and often effectual, for the recovery of the muscular action.

After about two months stay at Leamington, accordingly, . . a time rendered more tolerable by the society of a friend, the Rev. R. C.

Hurly, Surrogate of Ardfert diocese, who had joined his revered diocesan at Cork, . . the Bishop removed to town, where he passed the winter months at No. 24., and the spring at No. 5., York Terrace, in the Regent's Park.

No sooner had it pleased God that he should be deprived of the use of the right hand, than he applied himself, with his usual promptitude and decision, to cultivate the use of his left hand in every way, but above all in practice with the pen. The process was slow and difficult, as each letter had to be formed separately: but difficulty soon gave way, before a resolution like his; each day he wrote with increasing facility; and, in a few months, his left-hand autographs, while they strikingly resembled in character, rivalled, as specimens of caligraphy, his beautiful right-hand penmanship. His way of accounting for what was naturally matter of surprize to all his friends, was much the same with the answer of the late Major Rennell, when questioned, in a similar case, by an intimate friend. From the united effects of severe sabre wounds, and of the gout, Major Rennell's right-hand was sadly crippled and contracted: yet, with it, he wrote his geographical works, and well. In reply to his friend's query, how he contrived to do so, his memorable answer was, . . 'I write *with the*

mind: I determine on forming a certain character, and form it.'

No sooner had he possessed himself of this newly-acquired power, than Bishop Jebb sought to turn it to solid and useful account. His first literary employment was, a new edition of 'Sacred Literature.' On his reaching town in November, he learned from his publisher that the work was out of print; and immediately proceeded to correct and revise it for a second edition, which came out early in the following year. Meanwhile, though weak in body, he was mindful of, and watchful over, as in his best days, the highest interests of the Church in Ireland. In April, 1828, he had several interviews with the late Archbishop of Canterbury, upon points, to his judgment, vitally affecting those interests; and, although setting out with a conscientious difference of opinion, he had the satisfaction to find his Grace, at the close, cordially and entirely of his mind. The candour with which that eminent person stated, and the magnanimity with which, upon conviction, he retracted, his own views, impressed the Bishop most strongly, at the time, as essential qualities for good government. The questions at issue, respected the means most likely to advance, upon church principles, the cause of the reformed faith in Ireland.

It is needless to say that, while unable conscientiously to make common cause with indiscriminative protestantism, Bishop Jebb yielded to none in sober zeal for the advancement of Church-of-England Reformation. But it may be well to show, in this immediate connection, that his was a zeal always tempered by charity, and which never for a moment chilled the spirit of kindness and good-will. A little anecdote in point may be mentioned here. About this time, he was applied to by a respectable Roman catholic clergyman, to contribute to the erection of a chapel in Limerick. This, as Bishop of the diocese, he felt it his duty to decline ; but he availed himself, in so doing, of the opportunity to soften his conscientious refusal, by enclosing to the worthy applicant a donation of five guineas, for the poor of his flock. The happy time for doing a kindness, by him, in truth, was never lost.

The desire which he had long entertained to see the public in possession, of a portion, at least, of the valuable MS. sermons of Dr. Townson, now returned with increased strength ; as he had both time himself to make a suitable selection, and was on the spot to superintend the volume through the press. Accordingly, he proposed the matter, once more, to his venerated friend Archdeacon Churton ; and, on receiving his

cordial assent to the undertaking, consulted with his publisher, who, however, declined the risk of reviving a nearly forgotten name, however eminent in its day. Strong in his judgment as to the intrinsic merits of these writings, and impressed with a deep conviction of their importance, in times like the present, as specimens of the undulterated spirit and teaching of the Church of England, the Bishop immediately resolved on printing a private impression, at his own expense. The task of selecting and preparing the materials for this edition, occupied him, most congenially, through the remaining months of his residence in York Terrace. And, early in June, he enjoyed the comfort, to him one of the highest life could afford, of supplying with a fresh provision of solid moral and spiritual food, many minds capable of tasting, and pre-disposed for benefiting by it. The testimonies borne by the highest authorities, to the service thus rendered, were of the most gratifying kind. The experiment itself, too, was eminently successful. As the Bishop had anticipated, the volume soon became its own recommendation. In the following year, Mr. Duncan undertook the publication of the volume. And Dr. Townson's *Practical Discourses*, having already passed through three editions, has taken its permanent place, amidst the praises of the

learned, and the approval of the good, with its fellows, the kindred productions of elder ornaments of the Church of England.

With the return of summer, it was the advice of his friend and physician that he should return to Leamington, and resume the use of the waters, with the addition of the warm baths, as the means most likely to promote the recovery of the limbs. During his former visit, he had to use a bath chair; he was now able to walk every morning, with assistance, from his house to the wells, a distance of more than half a mile, and back to breakfast. Here, under the skilful care of Mr. Pritchard, he continued daily to gain ground: and as, in cases like his, much always depends upon the influences of atmosphere, Sir Henry Halford, after a time, prescribed a change to Malvern, for the benefit of a purer air. From some weeks passed at Malvern, and at Wistow Hall, the Bishop experienced much advantage to his health, and more to his spirits. At Malvern, he enjoyed the society of Mr. and Mrs. Heyland; and, upon his return to Leamington, had the pleasure of receiving his brother and his eldest son (now the Rev. John Jebb) from Ireland, his valued relative Joshua Jebb, Esq. of Derbyshire, and his friend Mr. Hornby from Lancashire. At this time, also, he had the happiness to form

the acquaintance of the Rev. W. F. Hook of Coventry, as afterwards that of his estimable mother, and most amiable family: an introduction which contributed not a little to soothe many anxious months of renewed bodily affliction, and increased debility. And here I am reminded of a saying of one of the Bishop's college acquaintances, of the justness of which, his life, indeed, afforded one continual exemplification: . . . 'Jebb, wherever you are, you will never want friends.'

Meanwhile, his health, although materially improved, continued in a very critical and precarious state: the circulation was still unsettled: and it was only by the constant use of cupping, that he could avert the return of the original attack. Under these trying circumstances, he still felt it his duty to consult with his medical advisers, upon the safety of his returning to Ireland, and to the duties of his diocese, in his present state. He had all along looked forward, with conscientious anxiety, to the accomplishment of this great object; and, while at Wistow this year, he submitted the question for the judgment of the highest medical authority. The result of the consultation was a decisive opinion, that, both his safety, and his prospects of recovery, turned upon his persevering, at

least for another year, in the use of the means which had so far prospered, especially of the air and waters of Leamington or Malvern, together with a total abstinence from the personal cares and anxieties of episcopal duty. To all who saw him, indeed, it was only too evident, that the case admitted of no other medical decision. With that implicitness, accordingly, which, when under medical guidance, was his rule of life, he made up his mind to return to York Terrace, and to try, under the eye of Sir Henry Halford, the effects of electricity upon the paralyzed limbs.

Before we return with him to London, it may be profitable, for the example of others, to record in this place, how religiously, during years of bodily malady and suffering, Bishop Jebb watched over, and husbanded his time. Summer and winter, his hour of rising was six o'clock, and except when he received friends, he breakfasted at eight: an economy of time, which enabled him to dedicate, to the best studies, the prime hours of each day. At Leamington, he was always the first at the well; and, before others thought of going, he was at home, and at his desk. He resumed his pen, or his books, immediately after breakfast, and, again, on returning from his daily drive. In the evenings, he was found always prepared, as his health per-

mitted, to read, or to converse. His conversation, as he sat in his invalid chair, with a moveable desk in front, always furnished with books or papers, was at once so cheerful and so edifying, as to read a perpetual lesson of christian acquiescence in the will of God. He seldom spoke continuously : generally in short reflections, giving utterance to what was passing in his own mind, and so natural and easy, as to instruct without seeming to do so. A few examples of his manner and spirit, may illustrate this imperfect description. One evening, as he sat in his chair, finding himself unable to reach something he wanted, with his left hand, he gently raised it, and said, . . ‘ This *one* hand does very little for one : but it is a great comfort and blessing *to have one hand.*’ . . At another time, alluding to the chair in which he sat, he remarked, . . ‘ What should I do to read, but for this chair ? It is one great comfort of having a little money, that, since I have had this attack, I am able to have so many comforts : I have my chair, I have my carriage, and so many other blessings, for which I am very thankful to God.’ . . One day, at a time when he was suffering severely from an access of fever, accompanied by faintness to a distressing degree, being told that a little boy was below, who greatly desired to see him, . . though scarcely able to speak

from illness, the Bishop would have the child brought to him, and was quite overcome when giving him his blessing. On my saying how much the boy had wished to see his Lordship, . . . recovering himself, he observed, with his own expressive manner and look, . . . ‘My dear, you come to see me at an unfavourable time, . . . an invalid, in his chair: you see *what I am* . . . Mr. Forster can show you (pointing to his print) *what I was*.’ The touching voice in which the words were spoken, sunk irresistibly into the heart. . . One sunday evening, the Bishop expressed his opinion, that ‘*Hooker* is the most perfect prose-writer in the English language: the most pure, the most free from needless words and expletives, the best collocator of words, . . . the most truly *classical*.’ . . . Another evening, he dwelt beautifully on a passage of Baxter (one of his chosen favourites), which had occurred in his morning reading, and which, he now observed, had long and often struck him. It is where he treats of *the best time for meditation*.^{*} He

* Turning, while I write, to his own copy of Baxter’s works, I find the passage alluded to, marked by himself in pencil. For the benefit of those who are like-minded, I shall transcribe it here. . . . ‘Seldom conversing with him, will breed a strangeness betwixt thy soul and God. Frequent society breeds familiarity, and familiarity increaseth love and delight, and maketh us bold and confident in our addresses. This is the main end of this duty, that thou mayest have acquaintance and fel-

said that it reminded him of Cowper's picture, beginning, . .

‘ When Isaac-like, the solitary saint,’ &c.

On a subsequent occasion, I happened to read to him a paragraph from a newspaper, stating that

lowship with God therein ; therefore, if thou come but seldom to it, thou wilt keep thyself a stranger still, and so miss the end of the work. O ! when a man feels his need of God, and must seek his help in a time of necessity, when nothing else would do him any good, you would little think what an encouragement it is, to go to a God that we know, and are acquainted with. O ! saith the heavenly christian, I know, both whither I go, and to whom ; I have gone this way many a time before now ; it is the same God that I daily conversed with ; it is the same way, that was my daily walk ; God knows me well enough, and I have some knowledge of him. On the other side, what a horror and discouragement to the soul will it be, when it is forced to fly God in streights : to think, alas ! I know not whither to go ; I never went the way before ; I have no acquaintance at the court of heaven ; my soul knows not that God that I must speak to, and I fear He will not know my soul ! But especially when we come to die, and must immediately appear before this God, and expect to enter into his eternal rest, . . then the difference will plainly appear : then, what a joy will it be to think, I am going to the place that I daily conversed in ; to the place from whence I tasted so frequent delights ; to that God, whom I have met in meditation so oft ? My heart hath been at heaven before now, and tasted the sweetness that hath oft revived it ; and (as Jonathan by his honey) if my eyes were so enlightened, and my mind refreshed, when I tasted but a little of that sweetness, what will it be, when I shall feed on it freely ? On the other side, what a terror must it be to think, I must die, and go I know not whither ; from a place where I am acquainted, to a place where I have no familiarity or knowledge ! O Sirs ! it is an unexpressible horror to a dying man, to have strange thoughts of God and heaven. I am persuaded there is no cause so common, that makes death, *even to godly men*, unwelcome and uncomfortable. Therefore I persuade them to frequency in this duty, . . that seldomness breed not estrangedness from God.’ . . Then follows the part above referred to. . .

the creditors of Sir Walter Scott, had just presented him with his plate, library, &c., in testimony of their high respect for his honourable conduct by them. The Bishop listened with silent interest; and then expressed his feelings thus:.. 'I don't know whether you have experienced the same kind of sensation; but, whenever I hear any trait, of that kind which you have read to me, I feel my heart swell, as if I could not keep it down; I can describe it only as a swelling of the heart which affects my breathing.'

Such was the usual manner and spirit of his remarks, whenever he paused from his books, or laid down his pen. But his books and pen were his favourite, and never-failing resources; while he both read and wrote with a constant aim, no less to the good of others, than to his own improvement: hence his desire to have always some

'Concerning *the time* of this duty . . every man is the meetest judge for himself. Only give me leave to tender you *my observation*, which time I have always found fittest for myself; and that is the evening, from sun-setting to the twilight; and sometimes in the night, when it is warm and clear. Whether it be any thing from the temperature of my body, I know not; but I conjecture that the same time would be seasonable to most tempers, for several natural reasons, which I will not now stand to mention. Neither would I have mentioned my own experience in this, but that I was encouraged hereunto, by finding it suit with the experience of a better and wiser man than myself, and that is Isaac: for it is said in Gen. xxiv. 63. *That he went to meditate in the field, at the eventide.* And his experience, I dare more boldly recommend to you than my own.' . . *Baxter's Practical Works*, vol. iii. pp. 276, 277. ed. fol.

suitable literary object in view ; especially works of a practical and experimental character, by Church-of-England divines, to which he might be instrumental in recalling the public attention, and which he might enrich with notes. Nothing of this kind occurred to his mind in 1828, after the preparation of Townson's Discourses ; but, for the remainder of the year, he diligently employed his critical skill and judgment, to aid the progress of the work upon which I was then engaged.

To the period of the Bishop's illness at which we have now arrived, his life had passed in uninterrupted tranquillity, apart from all public cares and concerns. But the shock of the sudden, and most unexpected change in political sentiment, which took place in the spring of 1829, penetrated even into retirement like his. The kindly feelings which he had ever cherished towards his Roman-catholic fellow-subjects, need not now be repeated ; but, conscientiously persuaded, that the British constitution was a constitution of religion, he felt that the time was come to make his political testament, and to give proof, not to be misconstrued, that his kindness, was a kindness without compromise. His turn for sitting in Parliament was to come round this year, but not before the close of the session.

Unable, therefore, to state his sentiments, or record his protest, in the House of Lords, he declared himself by letter in a high quarter * ; and united with his clergy in a dutiful petition to the throne. This petition, drawn up with his own hand, while it breathed the very spirit of

* Early in the memorable February of 1829, he thus avows his principles, and his anticipations. . . ‘ In the present state of things, it seems to me a matter of duty to declare, that my political opinions are wholly unchanged. Towards my Roman-catholic fellow-subjects, I have ever felt and acted with kindness and good will : but, my conviction is unalterable, that the worst consequences, civil and political, to England, and to Ireland, must arise, from admitting, under any modifications, the Roman catholic body, or any part of it, to political power.

‘ It is my sober, settled persuasion, that, however it may suspend for a time, concession will remove none of the existing evils, but will greatly aggravate them all : that it may, possibly, purchase the chance of a temporary calm, but with a certainty of growing and permanent troubles, involving consequences beyond human calculation or control ; the melancholy commencement of which, may, not improbably, be witnessed by the present generation.

‘ As an Irish Bishop, not privileged, during the present session, to state my sentiments in Parliament, I trust you will excuse my thus discharging my conscience.

‘ That our state is most awful, I cannot, if I would, conceal from myself. The Papists of Ireland, indeed, know their strength : but their chief strength lies, and they know that too, in the weakness of our government. After a long period of misrule, with an appalling military force in the country, no substantive measure has been taken, within the last six months of total anarchy, against the agitators, and against treason worse than open rebellion. On the contrary, the friends of the constitution have been discountenanced almost as enemies ; its enemies encouraged, altogether as friends ; and, humanly speaking, under such a system, nothing can save us.

‘ But my ultimate reliance is placed, where it cannot be shaken, . . in Divine Providence. I trust that all will yet be right. But, in the mean time, in defence of all that is dear to British Protestants, I am cheerfully prepared, if necessary, to lay down life itself.’

christian charity, conveyed an uncompromising declaration of unchanged, and unchangeable attachment, to that protestant constitution in church and state, which had originally placed the Royal House of Brunswick upon the throne of these realms.*

The steadfast adherence to the principles of that constitution so nobly manifested by the University of Oxford, called forth his heartfelt sympathy, and caused him the liveliest satisfac-

* 'To the King's most Excellent Majesty.

'The dutiful petition of his Majesty's devoted subjects, the Bishop and Clergy of the diocese of Limerick,

'Most humbly sheweth,

'That your Majesty's petitioners cannot, without extreme apprehension, contemplate the possibility of any inroad whatsoever being made, on our present constitution.

'That, while your Majesty's petitioners have always endeavoured, they trust not unsuccessfully, to cultivate and cherish the utmost brotherly kindness and affection towards all classes of their separated brethren, they feel that every thing, which as Protestants and as subjects, they hold most dear, would be not merely endangered, but destroyed, by the admission of Roman catholics, under any modification, to political power.

'Your Majesty's petitioners, therefore, most humbly, yet hopefully implore, that your Majesty will take such measures, as to your wisdom may seem best calculated, to preserve unaltered, the matchless Constitution of 1688 ; which, under Providence, has, for many generations, flourished under the mild and auspicious rule of your Majesty's Royal House ; which has raised these realms to an unexampled pitch of prosperity and glory ; and which, by the blessing of the King of kings, will, we trust, protect our descendants to the latest generations, in dutiful, undivided allegiance to a race of protestant sovereigns, of the illustrious family of Brunswick.

'And your Majesty's dutiful petitioners will ever pray.'

tion; while his private, as well as his public, feelings were gratified by a result, which raised one of his nearest and dearest friends to the most honourable eminence, which personal merit can reach, or public life afford, the representation of that illustrious seat of learning and religion.*

The Bishop's general health, in the spring of 1829, was in a very delicate state; his weakened frame had been much tried, by the severity of the preceding winter; and, though he did not sensibly lose, inflammatory symptoms, united with debility, withheld him from gaining ground. This doubtful and anxious state was soon followed, and too fully explained, by a recurrence of the original malady. On the morning of thursday, May 14., he was seized with a second attack of paralysis, only in a mitigated form, its effects falling, almost entirely, on the previously affected limbs. Prior to this relapse, he had regained power sufficient to take walking exercise, and had also partially recovered the use of his right hand: but, after the second shock, his hand became wholly powerless; and, although still able, from time to time, to walk a

* I never can forget the Bishop's emotion, on learning the declaration of the venerable President of Magdalen College, Dr. Routh, then much indisposed, that, rather than fail in being at his post, as the proposer of Sir Robert Inglis, 'he would be carried to the House of Convocation.'

little, it was the will of God that he should become more and more dependent upon the faithful attendants, who carried him, from his well-worn study chair, to his carriage, or his room, for the remainder of his days.

This renewal of affliction in the body served, in his case, only to exemplify anew, the truth of a saying as just as it is beautiful, . . . ‘The christian spirit is like the myrtle-leaf, the more you press it, the more fragrant it smells.’ Some specimens of that spirit I would record here; for the reader, I cannot doubt, will agree with me, in accounting the thoughts and words of such men, at such moments, among the most precious jewels in the treasury of biography.

That thoughtfulness for others, which has been already noticed, and which was always present with him even in his greatest trials, was now shown, while under the first shock of this fresh seizure. I had been ill, and forbidden to rise early that morning: this the Bishop recollected, and his first care was, to give strict orders that I should not be awakened, or apprized of his state. It was recommended that he should endeavour to sit up in the afternoon; he rose accordingly; and, on coming into the room which he usually occupied, his first words to me were, and his countenance brightened as

he uttered them, . . . 'Well, *Townson* is done at any rate.' The next day he again expressed his heart-felt thankfulness, that he had been spared to finish this good service, . . . observing, with grateful emotion, 'If this had happened, while *Townson* was but half done! My mind,' he then calmly added, 'is quite made up. I am prepared for the will of God, in life, or in death.'

On sunday night, May 17., he experienced an alarming attack of spasm. The next evening he said to me, 'Last night was a very trying one : but I feel a perfect calm ; *I never felt more happy*. So it is, that what has been disagreeable in my long confinement, has left no impression : the whole seems to have been a time of literary retreat and occupation.' The spasmodic affection returned, with increased violence, in July, extending along the left side, and threatening the heart : but neither pain, nor danger, shook, for a single moment, the serenity of his mind : speaking of an attack of spasms on the night of the 27th, his observation was, 'I thought I was going to die, and I felt quite composed.' Providentially he was, at this time, under the roof of Sir Henry Halford, by whose affectionate care and skill his life and usefulness were prolonged.

To his own mind, the heaviest draw-back,

connected with this recurrence of his malady, was, the distance to which it inevitably threw his hitherto fair prospect, of returning to his diocese in sufficient health and strength to resume the personal discharge of his episcopal duties. In this view, he thought and spoke of his broken state with deep emotion : yet without anxious care, for he felt, to use his own words, ‘ that God had taken him into his own hands,’ and that his first duty, as a christian, was, entire acquiescence in the Divine will concerning him. In his present situation, it was the judgment of his great medical friend, as indeed it was plain to all who saw him, that all hope of future recovery, and the preservation of life itself, depended upon an entire abstinence from business, and the avoidance of all excitement. He returned, accordingly, in July, to Leamington ; and there remained until April in the following year. Though weaker than, since his first arrival in England, he had yet been in body, his mind continued strong and active as ever. August 4. he writes to Mr. Knox, ‘ Sunday, I had the comfort of receiving the Sacrament at Warwick church. I am an early riser ; this morning I was somewhat later than usual, yet still was dressed, and at my desk, at half past seven o’clock.’ The increased uncertainty of life, served only to make him more

desirous, in the cause, and after the example of his heavenly Master, ‘to work while it is called to-day.’ The *publication* of Dr. Townson’s Sermons, now much desired, afforded him, during the autumn, an employment suited to the measure of his strength. As this improved, he advanced to a more laborious undertaking, the preparation for the press of his own unpublished manuscripts ; including six discourses on the Liturgy of the Church of England, originally composed at Cashel ; . . discourses, of which it may safely be pronounced, that they set those venerable, and truly scriptural services, in a light, and to an advantage, in which they had not been placed before ; and treat them in a manner equally calculated, to recommend them to the understanding, and to impress them upon the heart. The work itself, his last original publication in theology, which came out in 1830, under the title of ‘Practical Theology,’ in two volumes 8vo., is too well known to the public, by whom it was received with its accustomed favour, to need any more detailed account of it in this place. It may suffice to observe, that, besides the discourses on the Liturgy, it contains some of Bishop Jebb’s most finished single sermons. Among these, I would venture to indicate discourses i. vii. xi. of vol. i. entitled *The*

Parable of the Sower, The Church divinely governed, and Transmissive Religion ; and discourses xiv. xvi., . . the former, on Saint John, v. 39., *Search the Scriptures : or ye search the Scriptures* ; the latter, on Rom. viii. 3, 4., showing the *practical* bearing of that context, and of the entire epistle. In vol. ii., his discourse, from Revelation, xiv. 13., on *the death of the righteous*, will claim an interest in the mind of every reader, who desires to see the other world brought near to man in this life, or man, rather, brought near to the other world. Each sheet and revise of this publication, was corrected with his own left hand ; and, during the three months employed in bringing it through the press, he did not flag for a single day.

Always desirous of some useful and edifying occupation, he gladly employed himself, in the interval between these publications, at the desire of a highly valued friend, the then Christian Advocate at Cambridge, in conducting through the press, one of the most important of those works in divinity, which have rendered the name of the Rev. H. J. Rose familiar to all true sons of the Church of England. I cannot introduce the mention of Mr. Rose, without gratefully numbering among the compensatory circumstances of Bishop Jebb's long illness, the

opportunity which it afforded him of forming the personal friendship of one, previously well-known to him by his writings, but adequately to be known only in the happy hours of social intimacy, and by the constancy and kindness with which, amidst multiplied duties and engagements, he invariably reserved a portion of his time, to contribute to the happiness, while he profited by the example, of an ‘emerited’ servant of the altar, by the visitation of God withdrawn from the world. I reflect with pleasure, that the memory of this truly christian friendship stands lastingly preserved, in the beautiful dedication prefixed to the work above alluded to, Mr. Rose’s ‘Christianity always progressive.’*

During his residence in York Terrace, in the winters of 1827 and 1828, the Bishop’s retirement had been cheered by the occasional society

* I cannot deny myself the pleasure, or the reader the profit, of introducing here some thoughts, from the private journal of a late able and enlightened layman, suggested by the perusal of that work. . . ‘Read Mr. Rose’s book: it is a beautiful work; the argument convincing, the style eloquent, in some places superior to any thing modern, particularly the conclusion of chapters i. and iv. It is delightful to see the great talents of so many churchmen of this day, thus beneficially employed; in various ways illustrating their country, instructing, and improving mankind: and it is particularly gratifying, that the Bishop should hold so distinguished a place among these worthies, and be, as I think he is, and, if life and strength be granted him, will be more and more, a principal means of their working together for the common good.’ . . *Mr. Justice Jebb; Journal; January, 1830.*

of those friends, who had known and appreciated him in his days of health.* In the state of weakness, however, to which he was now reduced, pure air, and perfect quiet, became daily more essential to his comfort and safety. Accordingly, in March, 1830, he removed from Leamington, to East Hill, near Wandsworth, Surrey; an airy and delightful situation; perfectly retired, yet within an easy distance of town, and of Sir Henry Halford. Here, it pleased that gracious Providence, which had shielded him from his youth up until now, that he should find, in the respectable old villa, known by the name of Wandsworth Manor, every comfort that his infirm state admitted or required†: . . . it was his last earthly home. Nor, since it pleased Providence to order, that his remaining service in his Master's vineyard should be rendered with the mind alone, could England have yielded a more congenial resting-place, (though still with occasional removals to Leamington,) for the short, but well-filled remnant of his days.

The commencement, indeed, of his residence at East Hill, was marked by a heavy and pro-

* I would here particularly mention the Rev. W. Vaux, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

† He was fortunate in the medical skill and watchful attention of Thomas Chapman, Esq. of Wandsworth, who constantly attended him during his residence there.

tracted return of sickness and languor. His friend, Sir H. Halford, was now engaged at Windsor, in close attendance upon his late majesty ; nor, for weeks together, could he revisit London for a day. Meanwhile, by frequent loss of blood, to guard against apprehended returns of paralysis, the Bishop had sunk almost to the lowest stage of exhaustion. With Sir Henry's return, however, and the decided change of treatment which he instantly prescribed, the alarming symptoms disappeared, and his strength gradually returned.

His first expenditure of reviving power, was dedicated to the preparation of a manual of devotion, selected from the works of three bright lights, two of the Church of England, the first, of the episcopal Church of Scotland, Scougal, Charles How, and Cudworth : a selection from purely protestant writers, designed to provide food for pious minds, analogous to the provision so long enjoyed by Roman catholic piety, in Thomas à Kempis, but free from the ascetical alloy which disfigures that otherwise precious volume : this publication the Bishop gave to the world in October, under the appropriate title of *The Protestant Kempis*. In the acceptance experienced by this experimental manual, he found the best, and only desired recompense of

his labour. To many readers, all, to most, some of the treatises there collected, were previously unknown; and the charm of novelty thus heightened that of intrinsic value. From the many valuable testimonies, to the service rendered by this publication, I shall select one only, . . an affecting testimony, because, while breathing the very spirit which had animated the editor in his undertaking, it came from a venerable clergyman, whose situation resembled his own: . . ‘If the Bishop will accept the blessing of an old man, now in his eighty-fourth year, for having, by his publication, smoothed his way to the grave, . . that blessing I would offer.’

In August, the Bishop returned, after a visit at Wistow Hall, to Leamington, to try once more the efficacy of the baths and waters. But before I proceed to notice his occupations there, some characteristic traits may be not unacceptable to the reader. . . In preparing for a journey, it was his invariable rule, that the last hour should be the quietest; that all should be ready in time, so as to gain that hour for reading and recollection: by this practice, he secured that there should be no pretermissions, that nothing should be left behind. At a time, with most people, too commonly, one of hurry and con-

fusion, *he* was usually to be seen, whether at home or at his inn, seated calmly, with his books before him ; and equally ready to read, or to converse, to the moment of departure. In the lowest weakness of his frame, this good habit never abandoned him ; and, at the time of which I now write, he had the pleasure to receive friends at his eight o'clock breakfast, whom he delighted by his placid and instructive conversation, until the appointed moment for his setting out had arrived.

Throughout his long, and oftentimes distressing malady, he always kept the same religious guard upon his time: his watch stood constantly before him, upon his desk ; and, as each change in the duties of the day approached, his eye might be observed fixed intuitively upon his watch. In the morning, at family prayer-time, this was peculiarly observable ; at this more sacred time, he was certain to make a remark, if a guest or a servant were one minute late. For, with him, it was among the first rules of 'holy living,' *to begin the day well.*

Whenever obliged to censure, or to say any thing in the least degree severe, to any one whomsoever, his next care was to soothe the feelings of the person, though really in fault. An instance of this tenderness of nature, com-

municated to me by a friend, will illustrate what must have been often observed by those who enjoyed his intimacy. A footman having incurred a reprimand, on his leaving the room, the Bishop, after a moment's pause, said to my informant, 'I fear I may have hurt * * * * *'s feelings ; pray ring the bell, I will tell him to bring some coals.' On the man's re-appearance, the Bishop praised him for his skill in fire-making. . . 'You make a fire particularly well, it is a pleasure to see you make one.' The poor fellow, whose fault had been a little slovenliness, went away soothed and gratified. The incident, though trivial, is full of character ; it is equally full of moral instruction. We see human nature, here, tenderly consulted, and treated with true christian charity. It would be a blessing to society, were this thoughtful tenderness of feeling more prevalent among truly good men.

Sunday, May 12. 1833. This morning, I pointed out to the Bishop a melancholy passage, in the first volume of Dr. Currie's Memoirs, respecting EDWARD GIBBON ; in which the historian is described as expressing to Mrs. Holroyd, a few days before death, the little or no hope he had of a future life, and his contentment with annihilation ! My friend's reply was, . . 'No one can say what may have taken

place in his mind, even in the last day or two. I was once drowned, (alluding to his accident at Rosstrevor, more than five and thirty years before,) . . and I know, by experience, how much thought may be crowded into a single moment.' On my inquiring, whether he distinctly recollected the sensations he experienced while under water, he replied, . . 'There was a great stunning, but I well recollect, that a vast train of thought came, on the moment, into my mind.'

Faith in a superintending Providence was, with him, not, as with too many, a mere speculative belief, but the governing principle of his daily life. As Almighty wisdom and power are equally discernible, in the formation of the minutest plant or flower, as in the creation of a world, so he believed, and lived conformably with the belief, that the superintendence of Providence was no less really and effectually exercised, in ordering the course and concerns of individual life, than in directing the movements of armies, the fate of empires, or the advancement of civilization. But to qualify individuals for reaping the full benefits of this divine superintendence, he believed it to be, in conformity with the uniform teaching of holy Scripture, an indispensable pre-requisite, that

they should 'put their trust in God,' and never consciously take themselves out of his hands. To secure this great object, one rule of life, which he always observed himself, and constantly recommended to others, was this, . . . to watch the indications of circumstances as they arose, and never, unless where the voice of duty clearly called, to press any undertaking against opposing circumstances; lest, by so doing, we should cross the course, or take ourselves out of the current, of God's providential dealings. This maxim he daily illustrated by his own practice; and his invariable experience was, that, sooner or later, he found himself richly overpaid by the resulting benefits.

This spirit of child-like affiance, whenever he was led to look back to preceding years of suffering, dictated, to the close of life, all his reflections. Thus, in February, 1832, he observed to me, in the manner of one thinking aloud, . . . 'When I think of past, and passing events, I feel not only resigned, but full of gratitude to Providence, for withdrawing me, by illness, from active life, during the last five years. It has saved me so much thankless anxiety, where it would have been impossible to do any good; and I have had great positive enjoyment in my retirement.' Again, in July, 1833, a few months

only before his departure, as we sat together after dinner, at East Hill, the thoughts uppermost in his mind were thus beautifully expressed, in the manner of soliloquy: . . . ‘ Well, the more I think of it, the more I am full of wonder and thankfulness at the goodness of Providence to me. My illness, instead of a trial, has been made a source of continual delight and enjoyment. I am placed by it in this delightful situation. While I have the comfort to feel, that it is not my own doing; that all has been done for me. God has taken me into his own hands; and I have only to acquiesce in the Divine will.’ A few evenings after, having rung the bell to go to rest, he said, in a tone that went irresistibly to the heart, ‘ It’s a pleasant thing, Mr. Forster, to be brought to the state of *a little child*; to be *put to bed*; to see it coming on: I thank God for it!’ The heavenly expression of his countenance, as he thus gave vent to ‘ the abundance of the heart,’ was a living comment upon our Lord’s words, ‘ Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God *as a little child*, shall in no wise enter therein.’ At an earlier period of his illness, alluding, in conversation with a friend, to his helpless state, and his consequent dependence upon others, he added, in the same resigned spirit, . . . ‘ My illness has been no trial

to me. I never loved bodily exercise; and, while my servants are good enough to think it not a trouble to carry me up and down stairs, I have every cause to be happy and thankful.' Speaking one evening of *imaginary* trials, he happened to say, . . . 'I have had my share of trials,' . . . but, instantly correcting himself, added, with earnest emphasis, 'God forgive me for saying so! I have been most graciously dealt with. My trials have been few and slight indeed. I meant only to say, that I had had some; sufficient to give me experience of what trial is.'

To a spirit like this, no bodily suffering, indeed, could prove a trial. To apply words, which he has himself somewhere used to describe the advanced christian's frame, 'God's ways had become his ways, and God's pleasure his pleasure, and suffering itself a source of the purest and most unmingled enjoyment.' He seldom spoke of his own religious state, and still more seldom of the secret converse of his soul with God: upon these subjects, he thought a sacred delicacy could not be too carefully observed. What passed within, therefore, could generally be gathered, even by his nearest friends, only from indirect intimations. One such intimation may be found in his 'Protestant Kempis': it is given in a passage from

the Life of George Herbert, prefixed by the Bishop, as a motto, to How's Meditations. I never can forget the emotion experienced, when, on first opening the book, my eye fell unexpectedly upon this quotation, which, though he never once mentioned or alluded to it, I well knew delineated, to the life, his own state of body and of mind: 'Sir, I pray, give my brother Farrer an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him, I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me: and let him know, that I have considered, that God only is what he would be; and that I am, by his grace, become now so like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him: and tell him, that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health: and tell him, my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found: and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience.'

In June, 1830, he was deeply affected by the death of his friend, the Rev. William Phelan, D.D., and by the destitute condition of the widow, and orphan daughters, of that truly able and excellent man. Nor did he allow his feelings, on this melancholy occasion, to expend themselves in idle sympathy, but applied himself at once, with heart and hand, to meet the exi-

gency of the case. On the same day on which the tidings reached him, he wrote to influential quarters in Dublin, to suggest a subscription for the family, honourably founded on the publication of his departed friend's Remains. Upon his removal to Leamington, this work of mercy became his chief daily occupation: in one day, he wrote no fewer than thirteen letters, with his left hand, in behalf of the proposed subscription; an exertion which will be better understood, in his state of health, when I mention, that it took him an hour to write one ordinary letter. He had the happiness to find his exertions crowned with complete success, . . the subscription eventually raised, amounting to a sum little short of two thousand pounds.

A visit from his brother, and two of his nephews, in September, contributed much to his happiness, at this time. Though no longer able to walk, he continued his practice of being first at the wells; to which he was taken in a bath chair, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, accompanied by his friends, to whom he seemed to communicate his own cheerful spirit. Immediately after their departure from Leamington, he entered vigorously upon the task of editing Dr. Phelan's works, in fulfilment of his engagement to the subscribers. This interesting

employment occupied, during the ensuing winter, whatever time was left disposable amidst repeated returns of illness and languor, which more than once raised just apprehensions of a failure in the constitution*: after a struggle, however, it again rallied: and, on his return to Wandsworth, in April, 1831, he prosecuted, and even enlarged his editorial labours, by publishing, under the title of ‘Pastoral Instructions,’ a selection from his own former publications, designed especially as a token of affectionate remembrance for the clergy of his diocese.†

It was while thus engaged, in the only way now left open to him, in his Master’s service,

* At this trying period, October, 1830, it pleased God that I should be bereaved of my surviving parent, . . the best of fathers; who, ‘in a good old age,’ and in the maturity of every christian grace, was now gently summoned hence. In this, as in my former great trial, in September, 1827, (when my mother died, like him, ‘the death of the righteous,’) the Bishop seemed to forget his own state and sufferings, in his sympathy with his friend. He who, under his manifold afflictions of body, seemed to stand most in need of comfort, now showed himself the truest, and most effectual of comforters.

† He thus expresses himself, in a passage prefixed to this volume: . . ‘Withdrawn, at least for a season, by the visitation of Divine Providence, from the immediate performance of episcopal duties, the author has long desired to give some proof, that, though absent in person, he was, in spirit and affection, still present with his flock. To this desire, the following selection owes its origin. His first intention was merely to print a private edition for the use of his own diocese, but, in compliance with the suggestion of his publisher, the impression has been somewhat extended. . . J. L.

‘East Hill, Wandsworth, April 18. 1831.’

that it pleased divine Providence to prepare him, by one of the heaviest bereavements which his affectionate heart could sustain, for his own appointed change. This new affliction was, the death of ALEXANDER KNOX. On Friday morning, June 17., his great and good friend was taken to his reward: his life had been a bright pattern of christian excellence; his conversation, one perennial flow of evangelic wisdom and goodness; and he was blest accordingly at the last, for his end was peace. The letter announcing Mr. Knox's death, by the considerate kindness of a common friend *, had been addressed to me, in order that the Bishop, in his broken state, might be spared too direct a shock. It found me labouring under severe illness. As the only way of breaking gently to him our great loss, I sent to request a visit from the Bishop. He was carried, accordingly, to my room. After a few words of general conversation, he inquired from whom I had heard, and thus gave the desired opportunity. I had often seen him under affliction, but never before saw him similarly affected. It was his nature to be stunned, rather than melted, by grief; but, under this blow, his

* The Rev. Charles Dickinson, now rector of St. Anne's, Dublin, . . the friend of *Charles Wolfe*; who will, I trust, forgive this public acknowledgment of his kindness,

heart found irrepressible vent in tears : at other times he has wept, but not, as now, day after day. Yet amidst his sorrow, the characteristic kindness, which always led him to think for others, did not fail him. His first words, on learning the tidings, were an expression of regret, that he had not himself broken the seal, and spared me the trial of a sudden shock, in my then weak state. Leaving the room for a short time, he returned with a volume, containing the handwriting of Mr. Knox. He had gone, it appeared, to write my name in it, as a memorial of the friendship of the three ; and as he gave it, he burst into tears.

A circumstance, which occurred shortly after, may be given here, as one instance, among many, of his way of doing benevolent actions. A case of great distress had been brought before me, that of a person with whom my family had been well acquainted in early life, and which required for its relief the immediate advance of 50*l.*, which it was proposed to raise by subscription. The Bishop, seeing that I was shocked by the intelligence which I had received, desired to know what it was. The moment he had read the letter, he took a sheet of paper, wrote at the top a check on his Dublin banker, for the

amount in full, and, handing me the paper, said, 'You can write your answer to the poor widow's application underneath.'

Upon the question of combined literary efforts, for the support and advancement of religion, he was less sanguine than many of his friends. The conversation turning one day, about this time, upon the failure of a theological journal; and a friend having spoken of the failure, as, at least, harmless: . . . 'No,' replied the Bishop, 'it was not harmless. There never yet was an *unsuccessful* effort made, that did not do harm; and in many ways, though often unperceived.'

The winter of 1831, he passed at Leamington. And, although suffering so much from illness, as to be unable, for many weeks together, to venture into the air, he composed, during this time of severe bodily trial, the last, and perhaps the most interesting of his smaller works, . . . a Biographical Memoir of the Rev. William Phelan, D.D. The materials had been furnished by Dr. Phelan's widow, and three of his most intimate friends. Their rich and various contributions, falling into a hand like his, have been blended together in a memoir, which will bear comparison with any biographical sketch in the English language; and which, though in a different style, may be pro-

nounced worthy to stand beside his own favourite model, Archdeacon Churton's * *Life of the venerable Townson*.

Biography had always been Bishop Jebb's favourite study; and he thought instruction conveyed through this channel, the kind of instruction most likely to do good. Accordingly, he had no sooner completed the publication of Dr. Phelan's *Life and Remains*, than he turned his thoughts to the re-publication, with prefatory treatises and notes, of a biographical work, the fit companion of Walton's *Lives*, and Dr. Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, . . Bishop Burnet's *Lives of Sir Matthew Hale*, and of John, Earl of Rochester, together with Characters selected from his *History of his own Times*, his *Funeral Sermon on the Hon. Robert Boyle*, and the *Conclusion of his Address to Posterity*.

* The name of Archdeacon Churton, is gratefully associated in my mind, with that of a venerated nobleman, the Viscount Sidmouth; between whom and the Biographer of Townson, a friendship, uninterrupted by 'the cares of state,' had subsisted from their Oxford days; and from whom, 'fond to forget the statesman in the friend,' the Bishop, both in London and during his residence in the neighbourhood of Richmond Park, experienced the most constant, and the kindest attentions. I trust I shall be forgiven for the liberty taken, in making this acknowledgment. I could not suppress it, without injustice to the feelings of my friend; who deeply partook the national respect for a nobleman, whose every act, in public and private life, has been a comment on his character, as drawn by Mr. Southey, in his history of the Peninsular war, . . 'a man who never, in a single instance, allowed either personal or party feeling to prevail over his natural integrity.'

To this design, which he had contemplated for some years, he seriously addressed himself, upon his return to Wandsworth, in the spring of 1832. The following is his published account of the undertaking: . . . 'This impression of Burnet's Lives, has been formed on the basis of an edition, published in Ireland, in the year 1803, and since frequently reprinted there, under the direction of the Association for Discouraging Vice, &c. To the first and second Dublin editions, and to all subsequent ones, two prefaces were given, by the late Alexander Knox, Esq. : and, several years ago, the present writer, asked, and obtained permission, from Mr. Knox, to republish in London, the Lives, &c., accompanied by those prefaces. Circumstances inevitably postponed the fulfilment of this purpose ; but they only postponed it. And the editor has, now, the melancholy gratification, of presenting that, as a tribute to the memory of his friend, in which, he once fondly hoped, that friend might have afforded counsel by his judgment, and, perhaps, encouragement by his approbation.'

To Mr. Knox's two prefaces, he prefixed an introduction, containing the since well-known letter, by that friend, on *Christian preaching* ; and illustrated the volume by his own notes and

reflections: 'the latter,' observes his reviewer in the *British Critic*, 'affording channels, through which issue forth the overflowings of a capacious mind, richly stored with the most choice and varied reading; Παῦρα μὲν ἀλλὰ μάλα λίγως.'

The work was published in 1833, in 8vo., and with so favourable a reception, that, before the close of the year, it was judged advisable by his publisher to reprint it in 12mo.

Burnet's *Lives* had scarcely appeared, when he received a testimony as gratifying, as it was unexpected, to his previous labours.

' New York, U. S. A., Feb. 27. 1833.

'MY LORD,

' At the request of the standing Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Press, I forward a copy of your Lordship's late compilation, 'The Protestant Kempis,' with the humble request of the Committee that your Lordship would be pleased to accept of the same, as a slight testimonial of the estimation, in which your Lordship's character and eminent services to the Church of Christ, of which you are a pillar and an ornament, are held, in the transatlantic branch of that Church; and, in particular, of gratitude for the highly acceptable and useful addition to the devotional treasures of the English language,

which they rejoice to have been instrumental in circulating in a 'New World.'

'In behalf of the Committee,

'W. R. WHITTINGHAM,

'Editor.

'Bishop Jebb will excuse the overflowings of a grateful heart, if one who, for years, has loved and admired him in his writings, cannot close an official communication, without appending *some* expression of the ardent admiration which he entertains; and giving his feeble testimony to the sense which is here, as every where, where sound learning and true devotion are known and valued, most deeply felt, and freely expressed, concerning the author of 'Practical Sermons,' 'Sacred Literature,' and 'Practical Theology.'

'W. R. WHITTINGHAM.'

The spirit in which the Bishop received this truly catholic testimony, happily is preserved in a blank leaf of his copy of the American edition of 'Piety without Asceticism.'

'A copy of this American impression was sent to me, with a very courteous address, by the promoters and directors of the Protestant Episcopal Press, New York. The address, for-

warded by post, duly came to hand ; the volume, entrusted to some other mode of conveyance, never reached me. Fortunately, however, I had procured it through my bookseller ; and I wish it to be preserved, as a memorial of the communion, and mutual good offices, which ought to subsist, between kindred branches of the Church of Christ.

‘ JOHN LIMERICK.

‘ July 11. 1833.’

In July, he received a second communication from Mr. Whittingham, announcing an American edition of his ‘ Burnet’s Lives,’ as already in the press. Besides this impression of the book itself, the Bishop’s Introduction, containing Mr. Knox’s letter on what Christian preaching ought to be, was printed this year, at the Protestant Episcopal Press, for general circulation among the clergy.

The publications thus highly appreciated abroad, were not less usefully influential at home. Many private testimonies to the quiet good thus diffused, reached the editor from time to time, and encouraged him to similar labours. I shall confine myself to mentioning one such testimony, communicated to myself:

a gentleman, who had recently become known to the Bishop, asked me one day to let him look into a copy of the Protestant Kempis. He opened the volume at p. 269., and pointing to a note at the foot of the page, he observed, 'that he knew a family, which had been led to study the works of Bishop Taylor (whom previously they had known only by name), by that single note of Bishop Jebb.' His quotation made so deep an impression, that the family in question procured Taylor's works, on the strength of it; and had since become intimately conversant with his writings. The anecdote is a proof of the service which may be rendered, in a line or two, where taste and judgment are directed to the promotion of good. This one quotation was, probably, more effective, than the most laboured panegyric.

In August he undertook a journey to Lancashire, to visit his friend the Rev. J. J. Hornby, at Winwick. The effort proved more than his strength was now equal to, and he was much indisposed during his stay. On his return, he spent a few days, at Milton Bryan, with the Dowager Lady Inglis, widow of the late Sir Hugh Inglis, Bart.; whose simplicity of character, and warmth of heart, justly endeared her to her family and friends, and to him were pecu-

liarly congenial, springing as they did from the highest influences of christianity.

Upon the publication of Burnet's Lives, he received a seal to his editorial labours, beyond all other earthly testimony grateful to his feelings, as a bishop of the church, in two affectionate Addresses, from the dean and clergy of Limerick, and from the clergy of Ardfert, the former in March, the latter in April, 1833. These Addresses, with the Bishop's answers, throw a grateful light upon the closing scene of life.

*‘ To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of
Limerick.*

‘ Limerick, March 25. 1833.

‘ IN acknowledging the receipt of a publication of ‘ Burnet's Lives,’ enriched with so much new and valuable matter, edited by your Lordship, chiefly for the use of the clergy of your diocese, and munificently distributed among them, we would express our sincere and heartfelt thanks, for this *second* proof of your affectionate remembrance; and would also beg to assure your Lordship, that we duly appreciate the singleness of purpose, which induces you to occupy the season, during which you have been withdrawn, by the visitation of Divine Provi-

dence, from the immediate performance of your episcopal duties, . . in preparing instruction and advice for the clergy, and, through them, in providing a constant supply of spiritual food for the people entrusted to their care.

‘ Earnestly praying, that it may please the Great Shepherd to renew your strength, and to continue, for a long period, to this portion of his flock, the blessing of your superintendence,

‘ We beg to remain,

‘ Your Lordship’s most faithful servants

‘ in Christ Jesus,

ARTHUR PRESTON (Dean of Limerick).	GODFREY MASSY.
JOHN CROKER.	JOSEPH GABBETT.
J. DUDDELL.	P. SMITH.
EDWARD HERBERT.	JOS. GABBETT.
SAMUEL JONES.	JOSEPH JONES.
WILLIAM LEWIS.	SAMUEL B. LEONARD.
THOS. WESTROPP, jun.	JAMES BENNETT.
HENRY H. ROSE.	E. HERBERT.
THOS. G. WILLIS.	DAWSON MASSY.
CHAS. WARBURTON.	RICHARD MOORE.
WM. W. MAUNSELL.	RICHARD MAUNSELL.
JOHN FITZGERALD.	THOMAS WILLIS.
JAMES ELLARD.	THOMAS GIBBINGS.
EDWARD CROKER.	WILLIAM MAUNSELL.
THOMAS CROKER.	JAMES ELLARD, jun.
ROBERT CROKER.	HENRY GUBBINS.
JOHN COUSINS.	THOMAS MAUNSELL.’

The Bishop's Answer.

‘ East Hill, Wandsworth, June 6. 1833.

‘ MY DEAR DEAN,

‘ AT first, a trifling, but rather incapacitating illness, and afterwards, a press of business, that could not well wait, caused an apparently scandalous neglect of mine, in not replying sooner to your kind letter, enclosing an affecting Address from the clergy of the diocese of Limerick. This, I am sure, your kindness will excuse, and I would ask of you the additional favour, to express my deep sense of obligation to them, not only for their language, and truly christian wishes, on this occasion, but for the feelings which they have repeatedly evinced towards me, during the space of more than ten years. That I am providentially withheld from the performance of active duty among them, would be a source of permanent regret, were I not satisfied that the visitation proceeds from ONE who careth for us ; and, while I have ability, I shall never cease to employ my pen (the only means now left me), in promoting, to the best of my power, their everlasting interests. Meantime, it is a great consolation to my inmost spirit, that, in times of almost unprecedented difficulty, their

conduct, wherever it is known, proves that they are faithful servants of a Divine Master.

‘Believe me, my dear Dean, with sincerest respect and esteem,

‘Your friend, and brother in Christ,

‘JOHN LIMERICK.

‘The Very Rev. the Dean of Limerick.’

‘*To the Lord Bishop of Limerick.*

‘Tralee, April 10. 1833.

‘MY LORD,

‘WE, the undersigned clergy of your diocese of Ardfert and Aghadoe, request your Lordship to accept our assurance of regret, at the precarious state of health, which deprives us of the benefit and pleasure of your residence amongst us.

‘While expressing our sincere wishes for your Lordship’s complete restoration to health, and personal superintendence of your diocese, we beg to acknowledge, with much gratitude, the theological works, which your Lordship has honoured your clergy by offering for their acceptance. We prize them, not only for their intrinsic value, but also as proofs, that, though absent in person, you are in spirit and affection still present with us; and that distance does not diminish your anxiety that our souls may prosper,

in all things pertaining to the christian character and ministry.

‘ With every sentiment of respect,

‘ We beg to subscribe ourselves,

‘ Your Lordship’s obliged and obedient servants,

R. CONWAY HURLY.

EDWARD DAY.

ANTHONY DENNY.

EDWARD M. DENNY.

A. B. ROWAN.

WILLIAM GODFREY.

A. MACINTOSH.

CHARLES P. THOMAS.

JOHN G. DAY.

BASTABLE HERBERT.

JOHN KERIN.

SAMUEL MATTHEWS.

HENRY DENNY.

JAMES P. CHUTE.

GEORGE HICKSON.

BARRY DENNY.

JAMES ALTON.

FRANCIS A. CHUTE.

R. L. TYNER.

JOHN R. FITZGERALD.

GEORGE G. GUBBINS.

JOHN MURPHY.

THOMAS GOODMAN.

EDWIN THOMAS.

JOHN GOODMAN.

ARTHUR HERBERT.

WILLIAM CURTIS.

RICHARD PLUMMER.

RICHARD F. SWINDLE.

EDWARD NASHE.’

The Bishop’s Answer.

‘ East Hill, Wandsworth, June 5. 1833.

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

AT the time of receiving your kind letter, enclosing an affectionate address from the clergy of the diocese of Ardfert, I was prevented, by temporary indisposition, from answering, as I much wished ; and, since, some indispensable avocations have deprived me of the necessary leisure.

‘I do not pay my friends so ill a compliment as formally to answer, what never was formally meant, . . . their Address manifestly came from the heart ; and I pray that its good and christian wishes, may return an hundred fold into their own bosoms. As opportunity offers, I know you will have pleasure in conveying to them individually, my sense of what they have in common so feelingly expressed.

‘Believe me, dear Mr. Hurly,
‘Your obliged and affectionate brother in Christ,
‘JOHN LIMERICK.

‘Rev. R. Conway Hurly, Tralee.’

In October, 1832, he enjoyed a visit from his brother, accompanied by his eldest son. At this time, though weak and low in health, he voluntarily undertook to sit for a full length portrait, as a memorial of his friendship for me. The likeness, that prefixed to the life, was taken by George Richmond, Esq.; but, during the sittings, the Bishop’s indisposition increased so much, that he was obliged to suspend them, and leave the picture unfinished. He never after, in the short remainder of life, was equal or fit to resume them. Happily, however, the likeness was already secured.*

* During one of the sittings, the Bishop having stopped it to write a note, Mr. Richmond took the sketch prefixed to vol. ii. Nothing can come nearer life.

An attack of jaundice, the precursor, it afterwards proved, of his release, was now coming on ; as the winter advanced, the disorder increased to an alarming degree ; and at Christmas, it had reached its height : the remaining strength of his constitution, however, directed by medical skill, proved once more equal to the conflict.

His ever-active spirit anticipating his returning strength, early in 1833, he projected a more extended and original publication : a biographical work, to be entitled ‘Select Worthies of the Anglican Church.’ The design, if completed, he thought would extend to six 12mo. volumes ; and was meant to include the lives of forty-two eminent men, as well lay as ecclesiastic, belonging to these countries. He began with the Life of Sir Henry Savile ; and having completed it so far as his scanty materials allowed, he printed a few specimens ; one of which he submitted to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a second he presented to his friend the Rev. C. A. Ogilvie, with a view to obtaining a judgment upon his project, on which he could rely ; and, in the event of a favourable judgment, to procuring access to any original materials possibly existing, in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, and in that of Merton College, Oxford. The encouragement which his plan received from the highest

quarter, animated him to increased exertion ; and he even contemplated, broken in health as he now was, a visit to the library of Eton College. But he soon felt that his spirit had outlived his strength ; and that the failing body was unequal to the task, in which the salient mind would have delighted.

One day, accordingly, in the autumn of 1833, lookingly placidly over his *last* original fragment, he told me that he felt the undertaking to be beyond his strength ; and that it was the part of wisdom to lay it down. I never shall forget his look, as he relinquished his last effort for the church of Christ, at the will of his heavenly Father : it was a look so calm, so pure, so full of thankful resignation, as to bespeak a heart which had forgotten the pains of earth, in the anticipated joys of heaven. Of those unfading joys, he is now for ever a partaker : but my thoughts never return to that look and moment, without their recalling the requiem of Bishop Doane, upon the departure of a kindred spirit to his : . .

‘ The wise old man is gone !
His honoured head lies low,
And his thoughts of power are done,
And his voice’s manly flow ;
And the pen that for truth, like a sword was drawn,
Is still and soulless now.

- ‘ The brave old man is gone !
 With his armour on he fell ;
Nor a groan, nor a sigh was drawn,
 When his spirit fled, to tell :
For mortal sufferings, keen and long,
 Had no power his heart to quell.
- ‘ The good old man is gone !
 He is gone to his saintly rest,
Where no sorrow can be known,
 And no trouble can molest :
For his crown of life is won,
 And the dead in the Lord are blest ! ’

Next only to his own progress in the christian life, the subject which, during the last year of his pilgrimage, manifestly most occupied Bishop Jebb's thoughts and heart, was, the progress of reformed Episcopal Christianity, in the New World. Upon this point, he has himself expressed his sentiments, in his edition of Burnet's Lives : and I know I am doing what he would have had me do, in letting those sentiments stand on record in this place, as those nearest to him at the last. . . Mr. Knox, in his second preface to Burnet, had stated, that the happy combination, in the public worship of God, of the reasonable with the attractive, so far as it yet exists, exists in the English church alone. Upon this statement, the Bishop, in a note, observes as follows : . . ‘ The late excellent editor, had he, at the time, been

equally aware of their soundness and importance, as, in his latter days, he certainly was, would, undoubtedly, have made honourable mention, of the Scotch and American episcopal churches. Let it, however, be recollected, that nearly thirty years have now elapsed, since the original publication of this preface ; and that, within the last ten years especially, primitive Christianity has been advancing with unwonted vigour, at the other side of the Atlantic.

‘Certainly, a church which daily recalls the still verdant memory of such names as Dehon and Hobart, and which yet rejoices in the patriarchal energy of White, and the manly vigour of the Onderdonks, has no reason to be despondent of the future. The latest publication which has reached us from ‘the American strand,’ affords, perhaps, a brighter prospect of sound, uncompromising church principle, than any with which we have been lately gratified. I am sure, that I shall not only be excused, but thanked, for producing from it, the following extract : . . . ‘Of Philippi,’ (a church and city, of which the text naturally induced the mention,) ‘I know not whether a vestige now remains. Macedonia, the province, then, of Rome, has passed from hand to hand, and been, by turns, the battle-ground of tyrants, and the skulking-place of slaves, till the

bare name alone is left. And even the Roman empire, then shadowing over, in her high and palmy state, the subject world, has shed long her branching honours, and bowed down her towering trunk, and perished from the root. While here, to-day, in a new world, of which no poet then had dreamed, after the lapse of seventeen ages, and at the distance of five thousand miles, .. the gospel, which Paul preached, is proclaimed; the sacraments, which Paul transmitted, are administered; and a council of the church, with their Epaphroditus at their head, is assembled, in the name of God, and in his service, in precisely the same orders, laymen, deacons, presbyters, which Paul addressed at Philippi.

‘ Let there a man rise up now, that can give, on human principles, a satisfactory solution of this strange exemption from human change and dissolution! Let there a christian man come forward, and, in the sight of God, declare his clear conviction, that this thing could be so, but by the special and immediate interposition of the Providence of God, .. the same divine assurance, that has kept the gospel from extinction, or corruption, also preserving the ministry, and the sacraments of the church of Christ, in their original character and form! The gospel is but a book: .. and yet, while the writings of the

most distinguished authors, contemporary with its composition, have perished wholly, or remain in few and scattered fragments, . . its sacred contents are still held by us, entire and unimpaired. The sacraments of baptism, and the Lord's supper, are, outwardly, but ceremonies : . . and yet, while all the gorgeous rites, and glittering apparatus, of the false religions, with the pomp, and pageantry, and splendour, of kingdoms and empires that controlled the world, have vanished like the clouds at sunset, these simple offices, . . the sprinkling of the infant's brow, with the pure water of the baptismal font ; the meek, unostentatious banquet of the bread and wine, which the Lord once broke, and blessed, and commanded to be received, . . still hold their place, in every land where Jesus is proclaimed ; are still received by countless millions, as pledges of their salvation, and emblems of the love that bought it. The distinction of the ministry into three orders, with the exclusive power of self-perpetuation in the highest, if it be not ordained of God, is but the arrangement of human skill, or the device of human ambition ; . . and yet, while all the governments on earth have changed in form, once and again, within the Christian era ; while revolution has succeeded revolution, and emperors, consuls, kings, dictators, . . come like shadows, have so

departed, .. the arrangement which we claim as apostolical, the arrangement which we find in the Philippian church, is still, under all forms of civil government, preserved ; has never, in the tract of ages, suffered interruption ; against all adverse circumstances, .. pride, prejudice, poverty, indifference, treachery, .. is still maintained, by more than nineteen twentieths of all that bear the Christian name ; and by none who do maintain it, into whatever other corruption they may have fallen, (I mention it as an incontestible fact, and full of matter for deep contemplation,) have the great doctrines of the gospel, the proper divinity of Jesus Christ, and the atonement for all sin by his blood, ever been denied.’ *

In the autumn of 1833, the Bishop had the happiness of receiving a letter from Bishop Doane, announcing the American re-publication of his *Burnet's Lives* ; expressing his strong sense of the profit, which, for many years, he had derived from his writings ; and warmly responding to his spirit of catholic fellowship,

* ‘THE GOSPEL, IN THE CHURCH : .. a Sermon, delivered at the Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Massachusetts ; Wednesday, June 20. 1832, by George Washington Doane, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston’ (now Bishop of New Jersey). . . *Burnet's Lives*, *Bishop Jebb's edition*, 8vo. pp. lix. . . lxi. ; 12mo. pp. liv. . . lvi.

towards the American episcopal church. This communication was accompanied and followed by gifts of Bishop Doane's occasional publications, and of reprints from the Protestant episcopal press of New York ; tokens of brotherly affection which he so prized, that he placed, and kept them by his side, on one of the small tables, which held the few chosen books, for his daily use or reference ; and the last of which (as though intended for his burial, entitled 'THE DEAD WHO DIE NO MORE,') reached East Hill only the day after, . . to apply his own words, at the close of his *Memoir of William Phelan*, . . 'he was gone, we may unpresumptuously hope, through the merits and mediation of a Divine Redeemer, to that state, where the aspirings of a purified spirit shall be no longer weighed down, by the pressure of a mortal body.'

Before we reach the close, however, some things still remain.

During his residence in the neighbourhood of London, he had gradually formed a large addition to his library ; and finding that his editorial undertakings required a much wider range of reading, than this supplementary stock of books afforded, he, in the summer of this year, had brought over the bulk of his collection from Ireland ; the united collections forming a library

of about nine thousand volumes, chiefly theological, and all chosen for use and service, in which the folios bore a very unusual proportion to the other sizes. To put this apparatus into perfect order, a skilful binder and repairer of books was brought to the house ; and the opportunities thus presented, at once of reviewing his old and chosen companions, and of superintending this process, afforded him cheering recreation. So that, feeble as he had become in body, he yet (such was the goodness of Providence to him to the end) more truly enjoyed the last six months of life, than any period since his great affliction. The brightness of his countenance, and the serenity of his happy spirit, might almost have led those who most loved him, into forgetfulness of the decay of the outer tabernacle. Yet, at the time of which we speak, his strength was nearly at the lowest ebb : he could not attempt to move, nor could he even stand, unsupported.

At this period, it pleased God to grant him two special intimations, which, after the example of the great apostle of the Gentiles, he did not fail to apply, and to improve, ‘ That the time of his departure was at hand.’ These gentle warnings were, the deaths of two of his most revered friends, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mrs. Hannah More : the former, on monday,

July 27., the latter, on saturday, September 7. 1833.

His estimate of Hannah More, and the strength of their friendship, need not be dwelt on here: they are preserved, both in his correspondence with Mr. Knox, and in his letters to other friends; while the regard which that ornament of her sex and of christianity entertained for him, is not unrecorded in her life.

Mr. Wilberforce he regarded, if possible, with still deeper veneration. Nor have I ever known him to experience higher enjoyment, than when, in the winter of 1829, he passed some days at High-wood Hill, Middlesex, under the roof, and in the free converse, of that illustrious friend and benefactor of his kind.* But, while always aware of his feelings towards him, it was not until death

* Their names have been very happily united, in the dedication prefixed to 'Two Discourses, occasioned by the Death of W. Wilberforce, Esq., and preached in Camden Chapel, St. Pancras, in August, 1833. By the Rev. A. C. L. D'Arbly, M.A., Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge.'

'To the

'Right Reverend John Jebb, D.D.

'Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe.

'My Lord,

'To one of the purest and best of departed spirits, I have here paid the last tribute of respect. To one of the purest and best of those that yet remain, I beg to dedicate these pages. May I hope that you will graciously accept this very imperfect token of reverence for your public character, and gratitude for your private friendship?

'That your Lordship may long continue to adorn the CHURCH OF CHRIST

had separated between them, that I fully understood the nature and amount of the Bishop's obligation: then it was, that, for the first and only time, he mentioned to me, that to Mr. Wilberforce, and the perusal of his *View of Christianity*, he owed his *first* personal impressions of experimental religion. The copy of that work which, amidst its countless triumphs, produced this happy result, is in my possession.

It was my privilege to follow the mortal remains of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE to Westminster Abbey: that day the Bishop was on his bed, much, though not alarmingly, indisposed: on my return from the Abbey, I went to his room, in the dress which I had worn at the funeral. He looked thoughtfully, and then calmly said, . . . 'Lay that scarf and hatband carefully by; they will serve you *for another occasion*.' I but too well understood him, and he was religiously obeyed.

by your example, and 'SACRED LITERATURE' by your talents, is the fervent prayer of,

'My Lord,

'Your Lordship's most devoted servant,

A. D'ARBLAY.'

It was in Camden Chapel, in 1828, that the Bishop first formed the acquaintance of Mr. D'Arblay. Soon after, he enjoyed the privilege of becoming known to his mother, Madame D'Arblay, the last surviving friend of Johnson. This friendship may justly be numbered among the blessings, with which the goodness of Providence cheered the last few years of his earthly pilgrimage.

Notwithstanding, however, this, and other occasional appearances of *presentiment*, his cheerfulness of spirit, and activity of mind, continued unabated; and, in conformity with his rule of life, ‘always to look on the bright side of things,’ he more usually spoke, as if he thought better of himself.

In August, his brother, always ready to forego, what few equally enjoyed, . . . his family and home, at the call of friendship and fraternal affection, . . . once more came over from Ireland, accompanied by his eldest son: my brother, also, . . . one of his oldest and fastest friends, who had not seen him from the day of his departure from Limerick; where, during more than six years, he had conducted, as Vicar General and Commissary, the affairs of the united dioceses, and maintained, in conjunction with the Bishop’s nephew, the Rev. John Jebb, the strictness of the examinations for holy orders, . . . now had the great happiness of visiting him at Wandsworth. During my unavoidable absence in September, when he experienced a severe relapse of jaundice, I had the comfort to know, that he was in the care of those friends, who had often affectionately ministered to him in sickness; and that my brother, who had attended him through his most trying sufferings, both at Abington and in Limerick, was of the number.

Returned to East Hill, September 21., I found him, through the skilful treatment of Mr. Chapman, so far recovered, as to have left his room; though showing too evidently, by his appearance, the trial through which his constitution had just passed. But, while thus low in health and strength, his countenance and conversation equally expressed his inward thankfulness and satisfaction, amidst the friends by whom he was now surrounded, under circumstances, the prospect of which had made this year, which was to prove his last, prove to him also, as he himself described it, 'the crowning blessing of a happy life.'

Archdeacon Forster's society, at this time, had been doubly satisfactory to him; as it enabled him to confer with his official, more fully than by letter, upon the affairs of his diocese. The result of his inquiries was in itself a restorative; the report of the state of both dioceses, and of the spirit which animated his clergy, being such, as to prove, that, though absent in body, his governing and directing mind still effectually presided over them.*

* The sentiments of the clergy of the united dioceses, upon the conduct of his delegated trust, were, in January, 1834, affectionately conveyed to Dr. Forster, in addresses equally honourable to the givers and the receiver. Did delicacy permit, my nearness to the individual thus honoured, must prevent me from further reference to these documents. The same reason, however, does not apply to Dr. Forster's

It struck me at the time, that, at parting from his brother now, the Bishop showed an emo-

answers; and as these bear a testimony to his episcopal rule, which belongs to the Life of Bishop Jebb, they are accordingly inserted here.

‘To the Very Reverend the Dean, and the Reverend the Clergy of the Diocese of Limerick.

‘My dear Reverend Brethren,

‘The unexpected testimony you have so kindly given, of your approval of the manner in which I fulfilled the trust confided to me, by the Right Reverend Prelate, who lately presided over this diocese (a testimony of which I feel myself but too undeserving), leaves me wholly at a loss for language to express, as I deeply feel, my grateful sense of the honour conferred.

‘I cannot, in words, thank you as I could wish; but this much I can say, that I thank you in my heart; and that my fervent prayers shall never cease to be offered, at the throne of grace, for the clergy of the diocese of Limerick.

‘One blessed consolation you have given me; . . you have led me to indulge the delightful thought, that, during my delegated superintendence, I have not brought discredit, upon the choice of my late honoured and beloved diocesan. . . May the blessing of his and our great Lord and Master, be your consolation here, and your portion for ever!

‘I have the honour to be,

‘My dear Reverend Brethren,

‘Your most grateful and truly devoted servant,

‘JAMES W. FORSTER.’

‘To the Very Reverend the Dean, and the Reverend the Clergy, of the Dioceses of Ardfert and Aghadoe.

‘My dear Reverend Brethren,

‘I feel, in the sincerity of my heart, that I deserve but too poorly the testimony of approval, which you have borne to my superintendence of the united dioceses, during the illness of our late lamented Bishop; at the same time, I treasure up this proof of your regard, in a depth of feeling, to which no language can give due utterance.

‘The Address with which you have honoured me, has afforded, in every way, a source, to me, of inexpressible delight. In my person, you have honoured the memory of our departed Father in the Lord. *By his constant direction I ever acted; his was, on every occasion, the*

tion, different from what I had perceived at any former separation : he was evidently very low ; and, what was rather unusual with him, expressed to me, just after the Judge's departure, a feeling of regret, that they had not been alone for the last few minutes. They never met again in this world.*

Shortly after, he had the unexpected happiness of receiving a friend from Ireland, whom he had not seen for many years : Mrs. Beatty, a near connection of Bishop Young, by whom he had been ordained deacon. From her family

superintending mind ; and *in his spirit* I endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to discharge the functions which he confided to my care.

‘My heart’s desire for the clergy of Ardfert and Aghadoe is, and shall ever be, that they may so promote the interests of our blessed Master’s kingdom upon earth, as to be ‘priests of God and of Christ,’ in his kingdom in heaven. In which fervent wish, I have the honour to be,

‘My dear Reverend Brethren,

‘Your truly grateful and attached

‘Servant in Christ,

‘JAMES W. FORSTER.’

* I have already noticed the fulness of Judge Jebb’s faith in a special Providence. Let me not, in a day when this truth is assailed by those who ought to be its defenders, lose my last opportunity of impressing it upon others, by the authority of an example like his. The following is an extract from his private journal : . .

‘Oct. 3. 1833. . . My horse fell with me to-day, but providentially I escaped quite unhurt ; I say providentially, for I firmly believe in a particular Providence, and I am most thankful for the many, many gracious interpositions of Almighty Goodness. May they produce good effects upon my conduct ; above all, a cheerful acquiescence in all the dispensations of Divine Wisdom.’

he had experienced, throughout his college life, the greatest and most constant kindness ; and, though the opportunities of intercourse afterwards were necessarily less frequent, their friendship continued unabated to the last. To this friendship, the reader stands indebted for one of the earliest, and most interesting portions of the second volume ; Mrs. Beatty having been one of his first and most regular correspondents.

Greatly as she enjoyed the sight of her old friend, she was deeply affected by the state in which she found him : from me, indeed, she kindly concealed her impression ; but, to another friend, she expressed the conviction, that she should never see him more. During her visit of two days, the Bishop kept up with difficulty, and was unequal to continuous conversation. Still their meeting was cheering and gratifying to him in a high degree.

While thus low in body, his mind was still itself ; and ever seeking food, for the good of others and for its own. We were in the habit, after family prayers, of reading the psalms for the day : he immediately expressed his wish that we should read them *to him* ; and providing himself with the lxx version, and several commentators, he made these morning readings an exercise, at once, of criticism, and of devotion.

I never knew him happier in himself, or in his observations on Scripture, than in these half hours between family prayers and breakfast.

The Feast of Saint Michael and All Angels (a church festival which Bishop Jebb enjoyed in the spirit of a true catholic) falling, this year, upon sunday, he was desirous to employ the day in reading suited to it: accordingly, before we left him to go to church, he requested to have brought him two books, viz. '*Jacobi Ode, Commentarius de Angelis,*' and '*A Discourse of Angels, their Nature and Office, or Ministry.*' And thus, in the spirit of Hooker, employed the day, in 'meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which, peace could not be in heaven.' . . . His sentiments upon the ministration of angelic intelligences on earth, are preserved in a critique on the lxx reading of Deuteronomy, xxxii. 43., addressed to his friend Dr. Stopford, in October, 1818. . . 'I am well aware that the doctrine of guardian angels, is now commonly scoffed at, as a rabbinical figment; and that Bishop Horsley has united the weight of his uncommon genius and learning, with the levity of his unbridled fancy, to sweep this doctrine from the face of the church, and dissolve it into thin air. But, neither the extravagancies of the

rabbins, the sneers of the German school, nor the paradoxes of our ablest modern prelate, can induce me to give up, what I deem scriptural truth.' Instead of giving up, he fed continually more and more upon this most comfortable scriptural truth, and upon its kindred verity the communion of saints ; and, during the last six or seven years of his life, the collects for Saint Michael and All Angels, and for All Saints' day, were constantly used by me, at his bedside, with other selections from the Liturgy, as his favourite nightly prayers.

About this time, he had some correspondence with two eminent men, Mr. Basil Montagu, and Mr. Sharon Turner, which deeply interested him, and contributed, not a little, to brighten his setting sun.

But his daily occupation was, a new edition of his Burnet's Lives, enriched with further annotations, and with five hitherto unpublished letters, containing the Dowager Countess of Rochester's account of the last days of her son ; an account fully confirming the whole of Bishop Burnet's statements, respecting his conversion.

One of his additional notes, the *last* he ever penned, will speak his spirit of preparation, better than any words of mine. It is on the following passage in Burnet's character of

Archbishop Leighton: . . . ‘When I took notice to him, upon my first seeing him, how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end, for all that; and his work and journey both were now almost done;’ a passage which the Bishop thus illustrates: . . . ‘A similar conviction Bishop Hall seems to have perpetually lived under; and it is edifying to mark his anxiety, to the very last, to impress it vividly on others: . . .

‘It hath pleased the providence of my God,’ says he, in one of his latest sermons, ‘so to contrive it, that this day, this very morning, four-score years ago, I was born into this world. ‘A great time since,’ . . . ye are ready to say: and so, indeed, it seems to you, that look at it forward; but to me, that look at it past, it seems so short, that it is gone like a tale that is told, or a dream by night, and looks like yesterday.

‘It can be no offence for me to say, that many of you, who hear me this day, are not like to see so many suns walk over your heads, as I have done. Yea, what speak I of this? There is not one of us that can assure himself of his continuance here one day. We are all tenants at will; and for aught we know, may be turned out of these clay cottages at an hour’s warning. Oh, then, what should we do, but, as wise farmers, who know the time of their lease

is expiring and cannot be renewed, carefully and seasonably provide ourselves of a surer and more during tenure.' . . Bishop Hall. *Works*, v. 582.

Could there be, what there cannot, any doubt of the *personal* bearing and application with which these words were quoted by him, from one of his most favourite examples of life, there can be none respecting his intention, in making the following quotation; which plainly anticipates, and was, as will too soon be seen, literally fulfilled, in his own latter end: . .

'Bishop Burnet, speaking of Tillotson's last illness, says, 'His distemper [a dead palsy] did so oppress him, that, though it appeared, by signs, and other indications, that his understanding remained long clear, yet he was not able to express himself, so as to edify others. He seemed still serene and calm: and, in broken words, he said, *He thanked God, he was quiet within; and had nothing then to do, but to wait for the will of heaven.*' . . *Own Times*, ii. 235.

'Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.*

DODDRIDGE.

* *Bishop Jebb's edit. of Bishop Burnet's Lives*, 8vo. p. 315.; 12mo. p. 307, 1833.

In October, for about three weeks, he improved apparently in health, and really in spirits. And, while his amended looks re-assured his friends, his placid cheerfulness, flowing out once more 'in that sweet, quiet, peculiar style' of conversation, which Mr. Hook so well describes, alike instructed and delighted them; and we remarked, that instead, as formerly, of becoming languid from the exertion of speaking, he grew more animated. It was a light before death.

His spirits having rallied, though not his strength, the desire to do good, 'by the only means now left him,' his pen, strongly returned: he had found himself, indeed, unequal to undertake a continuous biographical work; but his power of illustrating and annotating usefully, was undiminished. He now resolved to comply with the suggestion of his learned reviewer in the *British Critic*, (who proved to be a valued friend, the Rev. Edward Smedley,) seconded by the urgent request of Bishop Doane, . . . by editing Bishop Berkeley's '*Minute Philosopher*.' His last use, but one, of his pen, was in a note to his publisher, Mr. Duncan, written on the morning of November 2., requesting to be provided with an interleaved copy of the first edition of that philosophical treatise. And he took pleasure, in having his morning reading, and

this piece of business dispatched, before the family were assembled to eight o'clock prayers.

One of the last evenings he was able to sit up, he said, 'It is nearly eight o'clock, and I will now go to bed.' Seeing me look disappointed, as it was desired by his medical attendants that he should keep up as much as possible, he added, 'I have had a pain about my heart the whole day, and I feel quite worn out with it.' This was the first intimation we had received of his suffering.

From that day may be dated the commencement of his last decline. For a few days more there was a struggle: but, on thursday, the fourteenth of November, the jaundice, which had re-appeared some weeks previous, rose to the height; being his third attack within the year. On the morning of that day, he had been sitting, as usual, in his study chair, one of his faithful attendants, William Hughes, being in the room, to hand him books. He desired particularly to have one brought him, which, at first, could not be found: the Bishop sent him back to the place where it ought to be, desiring him to look more closely among the folio biographical dictionaries: he did so, and discovered it; on handing it to his master, the Bishop expressed himself much pleased: the book was,

‘Memorials, and Characters, together with the Lives of divers eminent and worthy Persons.’ The incident is here mentioned, because (as his attendant had the good taste, as well as good feeling, to apprise me after his departure*,) it was the last book into which he looked, and which he tried to read: the effort was too much for him; he felt it to be so; gave back the volume, and asked to be conveyed to bed on his little chair on wheels, observing, ‘I cannot sit up any longer.’ As they proceeded to his room, he said, ‘William, this fit will last for a fortnight, at least.’

Upon Sir Henry Halford’s receiving intelligence of this relapse, he resumed his attendance with the anxiety of friendship: almost his first object now was, that the Bishop, notwithstanding his weakness and the weight of the attack, should endeavour to sit up every day, though but for an hour. Always implicit, where his physician directed, he twice made the prescribed exertion, but manifestly with painful effort. The

* Let me gratefully acknowledge this, among the many proofs of fidelity and attachment given, both to his honoured master and to me, by William Hughes, that to him I am indebted for possessing this volume, and recording the latest employment of my friend, to whom, beyond most of his contemporaries, will apply words cited by himself, . . . what Archbishop Tillotson has said of Dr. Benjamin Whichcote, . . . that ‘he was so wise, as to be willing to learn to the last;’ . . . Γνωσκων αει τι διδασκομενος. See Bishop Jebb’s *Burnet*, 8vo. p. 315.; 12mo. p. 301.

third time, I think it was, the attempt proved too much for him. The last time but one that he thus sat up, for an hour, in his chair in the library, on his faithful attendant, Mr. Sell, coming for him, to take him back to his bed-chamber, he said, ‘It will be a month before I am better.’ The *last* time that he entered the library, and occupied that chair, he sat with us for about an hour. He was very languid, and fell frequently asleep. Finding his strength unequal to meet Sir H. Halford’s wish, he desired to have his little wheel-chair brought for him: on its being brought in, while waiting for Mr. Sell’s return to convey him to his room, . . he leaned gently forward in his study-chair, as in the attempt to rise from it, or preparing to do so, . . when, sinking a little back, he looked towards me, and said, . . ‘I do not think I shall get over this.’ With these words, rising, or rather permitting himself to be raised by us, he left his favourite room, never to re-enter that chair, whence, for more than five years, he had edified the church of Christ. On my coming to his bedside, the Bishop observed, in his own calm, thoughtful manner, ‘I do not think I shall rise again from this bed.’

These were the only allusions to his approaching departure, which he made to me; and they

were evidently made the better to prepare us, in the gentlest way, for what he felt to be drawing near. Two more intimations he gave afterwards, not to me, but to the attached attendant before mentioned, whom a good Providence had brought to Limerick, to minister to him in his greatest need; and whose indefatigable watchfulness, skill, and care, seconding those of his physicians, had, under Providence, preserved him, through nearly seven years of bodily weakness and decay.

Meanwhile, his bed of sickness was surrounded by every comfort and relief, that human means could supply. And Mrs. Sell, who had been for some time her husband's assistant in the charge of the Bishop's establishment, now proved equally valuable, having been long accustomed to the care of the sick, and approving herself peculiarly qualified to aid in nursing.

The oppressive weight of the jaundice having rendered him unequal to give the desirable attention, I was now, for the first time, obliged to discontinue reading prayers at his bedside; a duty which it had been my privilege to perform nightly, from the time of his great illness at Limerick, in April, 1827. He sent me word of his inability to attend as he could wish; but I begged, notwithstanding, to be told when he was

settled for the night, that I might, at least, wish him good-night as usual. On the night of November 15., accordingly, he kindly sent me notice, when he was ready to compose himself to sleep. I went to see him; and, after we had conversed for a few moments, the Bishop took my hand in his, clasped it closely, and with calm emphasis repeated, . . . 'I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety!' Adding, with an expression of countenance full of the thanksgivings of the heart, and laying a stress upon the word marked in italics, . . . 'Goodness and mercy *have* followed me all the days of my life.' . . . 'These,' he proceeded, 'are the only prayers I am now equal to; but much may be contained in a few words: this has been my way.'

Four days later, November 19., when taking some refreshment which was new to him, having found it impossible, for some days previously, to take any thing, his spirit of thankfulness, the habit of his whole life, again manifested itself in words: . . . 'I have every comfort and luxury to support me, in sickness, and *old age*. When I set out in life, I could not have expected this. 2000*l.* would have gone but little way in providing them. But Providence has been very

good to me, in thus providing me with all things required for my time of sickness and old age.'

From the commencement of his last illness to its termination, a period of seven weeks, it was observable at the time, and evident after the event, that two things lay particularly near his heart: the first, that his friends might be gently and gradually prepared for his removal hence; the second, that he might himself prepare to meet his God.

I have mentioned the intimations to myself, early in his illness, that his departure was at hand; towards its close, as I afterwards found, he gave two warnings more to his attendant. His words, on the first occasion, were, 'I think nature is near its termination:' on the second, 'I feel nature is giving way.'

His other object was indicated by the desire, throughout this illness, (a wish shown for the first time, in our fellowship of nearly one and twenty years,) to be left much, or rather mostly, alone, . . . the needful attendance of his domestics excepted. His subordinate objects in this seclusion, I well know, were, to comply with the wish of his physician *; to keep his spirit calm; and

* Sir Henry Halford had laid great stress, from the beginning of this attack, on the necessity of perfect quiet, and the avoidance of any needless expenditure of his strength.

to spare, to the utmost of his power, the feelings of his friends. His chief object, I equally well know, was, that, undisturbed even by the best affections of this world, he might hold secret communion with his God. From the first, he had seemed not to invite our visits. But, within his last few days, whenever I ventured to his room, he gently motioned me away with his hand. The impression made on me was, that, unless in case of necessity, he felt it his wisdom to cease from converse, even with the friends next his heart. Reflection, and intimate knowledge of his mind, gave me this impression. What I afterwards learned confirmed it.

At the very time that, with characteristic firmness, he exercised this self-denial, he was speaking often to his confidential attendant, with the most affectionate interest, unmingled (such was his trust in Providence) with any painful solicitude, about the friends whom he loved.

While thus desiring, with the psalmist, to 'commune with his own heart, and in his chamber, and be still,' he lost not, for a moment, his interest in the completion of his dying labours for the church. Unable himself to write, or to raise his head even from his pillow, he dictated to me the few lines which were left unfinished

in his latest publication; adopting or rejecting, with his wonted judgment, the suggestions which I submitted to him.

A little circumstance which now occurred, claims to be preserved as one of the latest traits of his kindness of heart. A gentleman from Limerick, a candidate for ordination for the colonies, called about this time, to procure the Bishop's signature, as diocesan, to his papers, . . a form indispensable to procuring ordination. The Bishop was now so ill, that I could not think of bringing business of any kind before him, and I told the applicant so. Presently after, being in his room, I was led to mention what had passed, when he said, 'I am sorry he went away; I would have signed the papers.' I immediately followed and recalled the party; and bringing the Bishop pen and ink, he caused himself to be raised from the bed, and subscribed his signature: this act, was the last use which he made of his pen.

On Saturday, November 30., he was visited by his friend Sir Robert Inglis, the only friend besides those in the house, whom he saw in his last illness. The 12mo. edition of Burnet being now completed, he presented Sir Robert with a copy, with his own hand, and gave another to

Sir Henry Halford. He then instructed me to send copies, from him, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London. And, at his special desire, on the following wednesday, December 4., I carried a copy to a friend, like himself 'sore wounded of the archers,' the Rev. Edward Smedley, of Dulwich. These were his latest tokens of respect and interest. And I could read in his eye, that to have had it in his power to pay them, caused him inward satisfaction.

Though I could no longer officiate at his bedside, owing to the extreme drowsiness which oppressed him, I never lost the opportunities, which, at my request, he kindly gave me, to learn the state of his pulse, and to have a last look at him every night. On the night of saturday, November 30., the day of Sir Robert Inglis's call, on my going to his bedside, he pressed my hand with more than ordinary warmth; and, with a look of animation which we had seldom seen during this oppressive illness, he said, as on a former night, . . 'I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest, for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety.' . . 'That,' he continued, 'is *my* prayer now. I never used long prayers; but now, that is all I can say, and it says every thing. And now, good night! God

bless you, and God bless * * * * *, and God bless Sir Robert, and all our friends!’ This was the last blessing which he gave us, and it was given in a tone of deep affection, with the solemnity of one who had now taken leave of earth.

On sunday, being unwilling to leave him while his state was thus anxious, I did not go to church; and employed myself in reading in his first volume of Sermons. Finding myself the benefit of this employment, it occurred to me to try whether he could still, as in former days, be revived, by allusion to religious subjects, which had particularly engaged his own thoughts. Going, accordingly, to his room, with the volume in my hand, I, as it were incidentally, introduced the mention of how I had been engaged, and the comfort and edification which I had found in reading one of my old friends. He was, at the time, at the lowest ebb of strength and spirits, but, as I spoke, his eye lighted up, his countenance became animated, and he said, . . ‘Perhaps I may yet be able to write more sermons* like those; and I *can* write notes; they have been

* In August, at the request of his friend Dr. Dealtry of Clapham, he had re-composed a discourse, entitled ‘Prayer without Ceasing,’ which was published in the ‘Original Family Sermons,’ edited by the Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

well received ; and it may please God to employ me still a little longer.' The momentary change (it was but for a moment) reminded me of the conversation in 1819, at Abington, which issued in the production of 'Sacred Literature.'

His state was now, indeed, most precarious. For nearly six weeks, he had been suffering from jaundice of the severest type : his appointed time, which through seven years of bodily affliction, he had waited for in hope and patience, was come. It found him 'watching.'

On the morning of saturday, December 7., at four o'clock, I went gently into the room, having been disturbed by the great storm on that night, which had alarmed me in sleep with the idea that he had been seized with a fit of shivering, a symptom for which Sir Henry had prepared me, and against which he had warned the attendants to be especially upon their guard... He lay asleep, with a book open in his hand, and raised to the eye, as if he had been awake, and reading : but it wavered in his hand from sleep. As I stood at the bed-foot, he awoke, and seeing me, asked calmly, what made me come to him. I told him my apprehension, from which he immediately relieved me : observing, 'I am going on well.'

In the morning, however, there was a change

for the worse. In the early part of the night, before my visit, he had been very restless, and great sickness, attended by a slight degree of wandering, came on. The sickness now returned; and we sent off immediately for Sir Henry Halford, who arrived about 12 o'clock. He was very anxious about our friend's state; and expressed, again, those apprehensions as to his weakened constitution, and the formidable character of the disease, which the event of the following monday realized. Still, however, he did not give up hope.*

On monday, when Sir Henry was leaving the Bishop's room he said to him, 'It is desirable that your Lordship should be kept perfectly quiet. You will take nothing from your strength but what I take from you. And try to compose yourself to sleep.' As he went out, the Bishop's last words (characteristic of his whole mind and life) were, . . . 'But you will let me have my book?' His friend warmly assented; and his book remained with

* Still less did the Bishop: only *his* hope had already changed its object. In the words of his favourite verse from Hesiod, it might now be said of him, . . .

Μοινη δ' αυτοθι Ελπις εν αρρηκτοιςι δομοισι
Ενδον εμειμενε !

or, in those of a higher authority, ineffably nearer to his thoughts and heart, . . . Εξεδεχετο γαρ την τους θεμελιους εχουσαν πολιν, ης τεχνιτης και δημιουργος ο θεος.. (Heb. xi. 10.)

him to the last. His restlessness returned, and continued to increase through the day, until towards six o'clock, when nature began rapidly to sink.

In submission to Sir Henry's latest instructions, that he should be kept perfectly quiet, I had not entered his room that day. A little before six o'clock, his nephew, Mr. Richard Jebb of Lincoln's Inn (whose constant attention had been deeply grateful to him), I, and a third friend, had returned to the library, full of anxiety indeed, but still not without hope. Thinking that we could not be more suitably employed, than in seeking support and comfort from the instructions of our suffering friend, I read aloud his second sermon on the Sabbath, and had just reached the words, . . . 'We shall see him face to face,' when Mr. Sell summoned me out of the room, and, on my reaching the lobby, told me that he was sinking fast. I flew to his bedside, and became instantly conscious that the end of 'him whom we loved' was near. . . . Returning instantly to the drawing-room, Mr. Jebb hurried to town for Sir Henry Halford. This took place at just ten minutes after six.

When I first reached his bedside, and saw how it was, I instinctively repeated, as I knelt beside my dying friend, his own favourite verse from

the twenty-third Psalm, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,' adding, what his humility would never allow himself to add, 'and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever !' The Bishop, as I spoke these words, his eyes bent upwards, raised his remaining hand *three* times to heaven, in the attitude of fervent prayer, but did not speak : . . the power of speech was gone. We placed ourselves beside him, and on taking his hand, he returned the pressure, and then put his hand more than once to his breast.

During this time, I used, at intervals, the prayers of his venerable mother the Church of England for the dying, . . prayers of which he often said, in the words and spirit of good George Herbert, . . that 'he knew none like them.' And as, though unable to speak, or even to make signs, he showed consciousness almost to his last breath, so I believe he heard and joined in our prayers very nearly to the happy moment, when 'his spirit returned to God who gave it.' The calm and deep devotion which belonged to his character in health, and which cheered and blessed his long illness, was now most expressively written in his countenance. The eyes, like the hand, being raised to heaven, until they became dimmed by the approach of his release from all

pain and sorrow. To himself, indeed, peculiarly applies, what is recorded of Bishop Morton, in the volume which was his last study on the eve of his illness, ‘Even after his speech failed him, he signified, by his hand, his assent to what was spoken to him, or prayed for him ; and I doubt not but his devotion, as well as his understanding, continued as long as his breath, though neither his tongue, nor his hand, could at last express it.’

It was as I stood at his feet, having just finished the prayers from the ‘Visitation of the Sick,’ that he gave a slight cough. I exclaimed, ‘Lift up his head, he has something in the throat which he may yet throw off, and we shall have him still.’ The friend who supported his head instantly raised it. But that gentle cough terminated his sufferings, and his happy spirit entered into the joy of his Lord !

The moment his head was laid back on the pillow, those who supported him saw, that the pains of death were for ever passed away. I asked, ‘Has he got rid of it?’ and was answered, ‘He is *so* happy now. Mr. Knox and he are with each other.’.. ‘Thank God!’ was the only reply. And, for many moments, those present were lost in silent thankfulness, for the peaceful passage which had been granted to our Father in Christ. He expired at twenty minutes after

seven, on the evening of monday, the ninth of December, 1833, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

From the moment I first went to him, till all was over, his breathing was more gentle, than it had often been when he has fallen asleep in his chair, and there was no movement which indicated suffering of any kind. It was, indeed, like falling asleep.

We were led afterwards to remark, that, for the last seven years, he had been withdrawn from active life; for the last seven weeks, he had seen no one but ourselves; and, for the last seven days, he had been with himself alone, . . yet not alone, for another now walked with him, even ‘THE SON OF GOD!’

Throughout his long and heavy affliction in the body, his spirit never fell, his faith never faltered, his cheerful resignation to the Divine will never forsook him, his confiding trust in God his Saviour never, for one moment, failed. In meekness, gentleness, and childlike purity of heart and life, he walked, with daily increasing strength and steadfastness, in his Divine Master’s steps; and may, with greatest truth, be numbered amongst those servants of their Lord, which ‘follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.’ In his highest prosperity, he never was exalted;

and in his heaviest affliction, he never was cast down. And he was blessed accordingly, in life and in death: in a life, pure, virtuous, and holy, and a death, calm, peaceful, and happy: ‘He was crowned with the silver crown of age in his grey hairs, and now is crowned with the golden crown of immortality.’*

I would conclude in the words of Archbishop Tillotson, in his character of another bright light of the church of England, Dr. Benjamin Whichcote: . . . ‘Since God hath thought good to deprive us of him, let his virtues live in our memory, and his example in our lives; let us endeavour to be what he was, and we shall one day be what he now is, of blessed memory on earth, and happy for ever in heaven!’

On monday, December 16., at seven o’clock in the morning, his mortal remains were laid in St. Paul’s Churchyard, Clapham, beside those of friends whom he had honoured and loved, and concerning whom he had often said, ‘Sit mea anima

* *Whitefoote’s Character of Bishop Hall, ap. Memorials of Eminent Persons,* p. 65.

cum istis !' Conformably with his own feelings, the funeral was strictly private ; being attended only by members of his family, and a few chosen friends, who particularly desired to be present. Had the day been made known, many attached friends, whose names will be read among the subscribers to his monument, would have equally desired to pay this last tribute. His brother (who arrived from Ireland the thursday after his death), with three of his sons, the Rev. T. H. Horne, Mr. Haviland Burke, Mr. Cochrane, Mr. Chapman, myself, and the members of his household, were mourners. The pall was borne by Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., the Rev. C. A. Ogilvie, Mr. Dudley M. Perceval, and Messrs. Henry, Watson, and Charles Thornton. The funeral service was read by the Rev. William Dealtry, D.D., with a depth of feeling becoming the solemn occasion ; feeling, afterwards more fully expressed by this valued friend, in a sermon preached in Clapham church on the following new-year's eve ; in which the preacher closed his review of the list of mortality in the expiring year, with tributes becoming him to pay, and them to receive, to the memories of Mr. Wilberforce, Mrs. Hannah More, and Bishop Jebb.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

BISHOP JEBB.

‘ If you shall curiously inquire what this good man left in his legacy at his death, I must needs answer, that giving all in his lifetime, as he owed nothing but love, so he left nothing when he died. The poor was his heir, and he was the administrator of his own goods, or to use his own expression in one of his last dedications, that he had little else to leave his executors but his papers only.’ *Character of Dr. Thomas Jackson, by Ed. Vaughan.*

‘ Il mourut dans les plus grands sentimens de piété, et, comme il avait vécu, sans argent, et sans dettes.’ *Vie de Massillon.*

I, JOHN JEBB, D.D., by Divine permission Lord Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe, though infirm in body, being, thank God, perfectly sound and collected in mind, and feeling that I may be called hence at any moment, do think it my duty to make my last Will and Testament; and, without any reservation, I accordingly declare this to be my said last Will and Testament.

In the first place, and according to the good old, but, I fear, at present much neglected custom of my fathers, I commend the whole of myself, Body, Soul, and Spirit, to the merciful keeping of my good Creator; with an humble reliance, notwithstanding my manifold sins and infirmities, upon the only mediation of our Divine Redeemer, and the everlasting fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

I give and bequeath all my printed books and manuscripts, with the reservation hereinafter stated, to my dear nephew and chaplain, the Rev.

John Jebb, A.B., trusting that he will preserve this deposit as the commencement of a family library ; that, by Divine assistance, he will maintain the literary character of the Jebbs ; and, what is of far greater importance, that he will prove himself a good man, and a faithful minister of God's word.

I give and bequeath also to the said John Jebb, my two silver medals of the Historical Society ; also my gold watch and chain, with the seal on which my episcopal and family arms are engraved ; as also the seal and ring, on each of which there is a mitre engraved, with the Jebb crest on the seal, and my cipher on the ring.

I give and bequeath to my dear friend and chaplain, the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D., his own kind gift, the gold knee buckles once worn by his late R.H. the Duke of York ; also the large seal of Kerry Diamond, without any engraving, which is usually appended to my watch ; also the silver gilt communion cup, patten, and knife, which I received from his late excellent mother ; also my pebble sleeve buttons, brooch, and pebble ring ; all which I received from him and his family : also the small ivory paper folder, with a mitre and my cipher engraved thereon,

which I am commonly in the habit of using ; together with my tortoise-shell and silver penholder ; and also any two hundred volumes which he may chuse from among my books, and which I request he will so chuse ; also 100*l.* sterling, to be paid him as soon as possible after my decease.

All the residue of my property whatsoever, I give, devise, and bequeath, to the Honourable Richard Jebb, second Justice of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench in Ireland, or, in case of his death, to his son the Rev. John Jebb ; particularly requesting, that the said Richard Jebb, or his surviving son, as it may be, shall, after paying my just debts, and giving memorials to be specified in this will to certain persons hereinafter mentioned, apply the entire property remaining, in such manner as to him or them shall appear most desirable, for the benefit of my dear nieces, the children of the late Reverend Joseph M^cCor-mick and Elizabeth his wife, my lamented sister.

It is my request, that my residuary legatee may and shall, at discretion, give memorials of my regard and affection to my dear sister Deborah Jebb, to each and every of the children of the said Honourable Richard Jebb, to my dear

sister Maria Heyland, her husband Rowley Heyland, Esq., to each and every of their children, and to the surviving male children of the late Joseph M'Cormick and Elizabeth his wife.

It is further my request, that, over and above their just wages, my residuary legatee may give to each servant who shall be in my employment at the time of my death, a suitable memorial; but particularly, if he shall then be living and in my employment, to my faithful and valued domestic, Mr. James Sell, all my clothes, body-linen, gowns, cassocks, and robes, together with a gratuity in money of fifty pounds sterling.

I also earnestly desire, that my dear brother, Judge Jebb, to whom, under Providence, I am indebted for every thing I possess, will be pleased to appropriate to himself, and to preserve in memory of me, whatever slight memorial he may think most suitable. He well knows I am poor in this world's goods; but had I the wealth of worlds, it would be utterly insufficient, by any distribution of it, to indicate my love towards him.

I appoint the Honourable Richard Jebb, the Rev. John Jebb, A.B., and the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D., executors of this my will.

Dated this sixth day of February, in the year of
our Lord one thousand eight hundred and
twenty-nine.

(Signed)

JOHN LIMERICK,
ARDFERT AND AGHADOE.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the
said Right Reverend John Jebb, D.D. Lord
Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe, as
and for his last will and testament, in our pre-
sence, who by his desire, and in his presence,
have attested the same,

(Signed) H. S. THORNTON, of Birchin Lane,
London, banker.

JOHN LABOUCHERE, of Birchin Lane,
London, banker.

RICHARD CRANNIS, servant to the
Lord Bishop of Limerick.

By the kindness of Sir H. Halford, I have been favoured with the following statement of Bishop Jebb's case, explaining the originating cause of his long sufferings, and eventually of his death.

‘ Curzon Street, March 11. 1836.

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

‘ I BECAME acquainted with the Bishop of Limerick, whose memory I cherish with sincere respect and affection, in the year 1824. He was then suffering a severe attack of bile ; but there was no evidence, at that time, of its having concreted into a gall stone. Some years afterwards, however, he complained of pain in the seat of the gall duct, and had every symptom of the jaundice ; and of this complaint, after having sustained repeated attacks, in the course of the last five years of his life, at length he died. On examination, after death, two round gall stones were found in the gall bladder, and a third, of a sharp angular shape, in the passage, which had in its course ruptured the duct.

‘ In the year 1827 the Bishop suffered a paralytic stroke, and lost the use of his right side, which he never recovered. The effusion of fluid into

the brain, the common cause of a paralytic stroke, did not, however, affect his faculties. They continued, in their full vigour, until the last few hours of his life; and he had so learnt to govern himself at an early age, that this disease, peculiarly prone to affect the temper and spirits of those who have not learned to controul themselves, was never accompanied, in the good Bishop's instance, with an irritability of mind, with dejection, or with the slightest impatience under suffering.

‘ In your memoirs of this excellent Bishop, I am sure you will have attempted to do justice to his piety, to his generous principles, and to his extensive and profound knowledge. His example is a rich inheritance to all who knew him. Happy are they who tread correctly in the steps of this righteous man.

‘ I am always, my dear Sir, yours,

‘ with great regard,

‘ HENRY HALFORD.’

SHORTLY after the funeral, a mural monument and medallion, executed by E. H. Baily, Esq., was erected in the church of Clapham, with the following inscription from the pen of his brother : . .

The Remains of
JOHN JEBB,
The learned, the wise, the good
BISHOP OF LIMERICK,
Are deposited in the tomb of the
THORNTONS,
By permission of a family
To which he was united
By a bond of no common friendship.
He died the 9th Dec. MDCCCXXXIII.
In the 59th year of his age.

The last memorial of his brother's love.

Not, however, the last : happily that brother survived long enough to trace his character with a fidelity and beauty, which shows what might have been expected, had the duty devolved on him to be the writer of his Life. The following sketch, in a letter to his second son, Mr. Richard Jebb, written in February, 1834, while it gratifies me by an independent agreement in plan, leaves me only too conscious of the inferiority

of the hands into which the duty and responsibility have fallen : . .

‘The Bishop’s Life admits of three great divisions, his childhood and youth ; the period from entering the church till he becomes a bishop ; and the period from thence till his death. The first I think should occupy but a few pages ; . . the second and third abound in circumstances most honourable to his character, intellectual and moral ; his studies, his intercourse with his Bishop, his parish, peaceful and happy in a surrounding region of vice and turbulence ; his beautiful works, conceived and matured in the deep seclusion of a mountainous region, not unlike the habitation of that sweet poet Spenser, to whom in his mild spirit, unvexed by the storms amidst which he lived, he bore no small resemblance ; his unswerving integrity in the administration of his diocese ; his firmness, never for a moment degenerating into austerity ; his unostentatious charities ; his political purity and firmness, equally removed from factious interference, and from selfish acquiescence ; his cheerful endurance of bodily suffering, his unremitting employment of his mind, in works such as befitted his vocation, and were commensurate with his remaining strength ; . . these are the topics, which, if the task belonged to me,’ [and who that reads

such a passage as this, can fail to wish for more from such a pen?] ‘I should endeavour to handle.’

A few weeks before his own death, Judge Jebb thus further expresses himself, in a letter addressed to myself, after perusing the Bishop’s published Correspondence with Mr. Knox.

‘ Rosstrevor, July 3. 1834.

‘THE uniting my name with my brother’s in these volumes, which will long survive any other remembrance of me, is an obligation which I deeply feel. The very depth of this feeling may account to you for my delay as to the dedication ; and, when the books arrived, I was desirous of first reading a little, in order to give you an early impression in all its freshness. I was insensibly led on from letter to letter, and from day to day, and was then obliged to pause a little, before I could write rationally or coherently. My judgment must be too strongly biassed to be considered any criterion of the merits of the Correspondence, but it infinitely exceeds my expectation, and even my hope, in importance as well as interest. The character stands out in the earliest letters, and continues unchanged in the most important features. You may remember my saying, that docility was one of his earliest characteristics.

Is it not so in the early letters? and does it not continue, so far as is consistent with the advance of such a mind? Humility, candour, with an independence of judgment, built on the inflexible love of truth, . . . these seem to me to be the predominant features. With all his veneration for Mr. Knox, and just deference for his experience and learning, even in their earliest intercourse, an agreement in opinion is always preceded by thoughtful consideration. While dissent is never hazarded but on strong grounds, it is always intimated with diffidence, but never relinquished but on conviction.

‘But to look at this intercourse in another point of view . . . what was personal to each . . . the improvement of their own hearts; can we read a letter without a conviction of the benefit derived by each from this intercourse of thought? Can we estimate the effects of two such minds, so vigorous, so full, so deeply imbued with a piety, warm, vivid, rational? Must we not consider that it mainly contributed to the perfecting their characters, not only to their enjoyment, as we know it did, here below, but to their preparation, for what we may humbly trust, they are now enjoying above?’

THE loss of such a man, could not fail to be widely and deeply felt. The tributes to his memory, from 'the wise, the learned, and the good,' in the possession of the present writer, would, if made known, themselves be a monument. Two of these tributes, it is my privilege to insert with their names, by permission of the distinguished writers.

The first, from the pen of the Rev. Hugh James Rose, appeared originally in the *British Magazine* for January, 1834.

'The death of the Bishop of Limerick cannot be passed over in silence; yet nothing can be said which will do justice to him, or to the feelings of those who knew and loved him. The lofty, uncompromising, unswerving integrity, which never trifled with principle in the veriest trifle; the noble disregard of every rule but the rule of right; the generous disdain of every thing like meanness, in the guise of prudence; the free expenditure of money (looked on only as a means of doing good) on every thing which became a man, a gentleman, and a christian bishop; the holiness of the life, the affectionate kindness of the heart, its warm, earnest, true piety, its thorough devotion to the cause of

Christ's church, . . who can tell these things, as they ought to be told? These, however, were things which belonged to his whole life. . . Graces of another character adorned that part of it, which might seem, to a common observer, to be clouded and melancholy. Happy, indeed, may they account themselves, who had the privilege of seeing how such a Christian can suffer. For six or seven years, under a paralytic affection so severe, as to deprive him nearly of the use of one side, no one approached him, who did not find him, not uncomplaining and patient merely, but cheerful, industrious, active for himself and others, never without a pen or a book in his hand, and so speaking, that you might fancy that the confinement and the employments to which his affliction condemned him, were the natural and happy choice of his own free will. Who besides him, under such affliction, would have taught himself, not only to write in the most exquisite and beautiful manner with the left hand, but to publish several volumes of his own, expressly for the service of the Gospel, and, never slow at the call of friendship or distress, to correct the manuscripts of friends, and to write the memoir, and publish the works, of a deceased friend, for the benefit of his family? It was a picture so peculiar, so

beautiful, so impressive, that none who had the happiness of conversing with him for the last three or four years, will ever lose their remembrance of it, or their admiration and wonder at the man. For him, none can mourn. The righteous is taken from present evil, and from evil to come. His whole life had been a preparation for eternity. Happy is he that the struggle is over, and the warfare accomplished; the body released from suffering, and the patient, holy, heavenly spirit, in that haven where it would be.'

The second testimony comes from one, who, had his lot (to our irreparable loss) been cast in those earlier times, would have adorned the best ages of those illustrious fathers of the church, whose relics he has embalmed, . . the venerable Dr. Martin Joseph Routh.

‘Magdalen College, Oxford, Dec. 1833.

‘DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,

‘I PERUSED with mingled feelings of regret and veneration, the account you give of the last moments of the excellent Bishop of Limerick. God granted him many consolations in those moments; and he is gone to a place, where, in the language of Bishop Bull, there is nothing but joy, and still more joy expected.

That I had a place in his esteem, gives me, although conscious of my unworthiness, the sincerest pleasure, and will be a source of gratification to me during the short remainder of my life. You have sustained the heavy and heart-breaking loss of your best friend, but God will make it up to you. . . But the church's loss in this pious, learned, amiable, and conscientious prelate, will be long and severely felt, especially in these times of difficulty and danger.

‘ That God may preserve you and yours is and will be the prayer of,

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ Your obliged and faithful servant,

‘ M. J. ROUTH.’

THE memorial erected in Clapham church by fraternal affection, was soon followed by the general call for a monument, in his own Cathedral at Limerick, expressive of the public feeling. This appeal originated with a private clergyman of Ardfert, the Rev. Robert Conway Hurly, and found an answer in the hearts of the Bishop and clergy of the united dioceses. The idea was no sooner suggested, than it was carried

into effect. And the resolutions entered into at Limerick, for the erection of a monumental statue in memory of BISHOP JEBB, were responded to in England, and by members of the episcopal church in America, with a promptitude and cordiality, which showed, that what was necessary for the object, would be most freely and willingly supplied. To procure subscriptions, it only required that the intention should be made known; upwards of twelve hundred pounds were rapidly contributed; and had much more been required, much more might, with equal facility, have been had. Several of the larger contributors, indeed, offered to double or treble their subscriptions; and the amount was limited only by the modest estimate of the artist, unanimously chosen to execute the statue, E. H. Baily, Esq. R. A., who had previously executed, most successfully, the tablet and medallion for Clapham church.

At a Meeting held at the Palace, Limerick, on the 5th day of July, 1834, for the purpose of considering the best means of perpetuating the memory of the late Bishop Jebb,

The Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Limerick having been called to the chair, the following resolutions were agreed to :—

RESOLVED, That it is the wish of many persons, resident within the United Diocese of Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe, to mark, by some public and lasting memorial, their respect for the late lamented Bishop Jebb, who, by his learning, piety, and virtues, conferred lasting benefits not merely on this portion of the realm, but on the universal Church of Christ.

RESOLVED, That a committee be now appointed, with liberty to add to their number, whose duty it shall be to promote the erection of a monumental statue of the late Bishop, in the Cathedral of Limerick, by inviting the co-operation of all the friends of religion and literature throughout the United Kingdom.

RESOLVED, That the following committee be appointed, five to be a quorum :—

The Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF LIMERICK.

The very Rev. the DEAN OF LIMERICK.

Sir AUBREY DE VERE, Bart.

Colonel HENRY O'DONNELL, C.B.

The Venerable the ARCHDEACON OF AGHADOE.

Alderman DENIS F. G. MAHONY.

JAMES F. CARROLL, M.D.

JOHN S. THWAITES, Esq.

The Rev. R. CONWAY HURLY, Surrogate of Ardfert.

The Rev. THOMAS G. WILLIS, LL.D.

The Rev. ARTHUR B. ROWAN.

Captain GARRET H. FITZ-GERALD.

Rev. GODFREY MASSY.

JAMES M'MAHON, Esq.

Rev. HENRY H. ROSE.

RICHARD FRANKLIN, Esq.

RESOLVED, That the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D., late Domestic Chaplain to Bishop Jebb, be requested to take such steps in England as may to him seem proper, to promote the object of this meeting.

RESOLVED, That James M'Mahon, Esq., be requested to act as Secretary and Treasurer, to solicit subscriptions, and to circulate these resolutions.

EDMOND LIMERICK, Chairman.

The Lord Bishop of Limerick having left the chair, and Colonel Henry O'Donnell being called thereto—

RESOLVED, That the thanks of this meeting be, and are hereby given, to the Lord Bishop of

Limerick, for his dignified conduct in the chair, and for having declared his intention to afford the aid of his example and influence.

H. O'DONNELL, Chairman.

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APPENDIX.

THE SONG OF MOSES. *Deuteron. xxxii.*

I.

MOSES.

Give ear, oh ye Heavens, and I will speak !
And let the earth hear the words of my mouth.
My doctrine shall distil as the rain,
My speech shall flow as the dew ;
As soft showers on the herbs,
As thick drops upon the grass.
Because I will publish the name of JEHOVAH,
Ascribe ye greatness to our God !

II.

THE ROCK ! His work is perfect,
For all his ways are judgment :
God is truth, and not iniquity ;
Just and upright is He.
They have corrupted themselves ; not his, are the polluted children * ;
A perverse and crooked generation !
Do ye thus requite JEHOVAH,
Oh foolish people, and unwise ?
Is He not thy Father, who hath bought thee ?
Hath He not made thee, and strengthened thee ?

* The reading which would authorize this rendering is sanctioned by the *Samaritan*, the *Septuagint*, and the *Syriac*, partly too by *Aquila*, *Symmachus*, and the *Vulgate*.

III.

Remember the ancient days,
Consider the years of generation upon generation ;
Ask thy father, and he will show thee, ~
Thine elders, and they will tell thee.
When the Most High divided to the nations their settlements,
When he separated the sons of *Adam* :
He assigned the boundaries of the peoples,
According to the number of the sons of *Israel* ;
For, the portion of *JEHOVAH* is his people ;
Jacob, the measuring-line of his inheritance.

IV.

He found him in a desert land,
And in a waste, howling wilderness :
He led him about, *He* instructed him,
He kept him as the apple of *His* eye.
As the eagle stirreth up his nest,
Hovereth about his brood,
Spreadeth abroad his wings,
Taketh them up,
Carrieth them on his shoulder,
JEHOVAH, alone, did lead him,
And with *HIM* was no strange God.

V.

He made him ride on the heights of the earth ;
And he did eat the increase of the fields :
And *He* made him imbibe honey from the rock,
And oil from the rock of flint :
Butter of kine, and milk of sheep,
And fat of lambs and rams, the children of *Basan*,
And goats, with the marrow of wheat ;
And the blood of the grape thou drankest pure.

But *Jeshurun* waxed fat, and spurned ;
 Thou art waxen fat, gross, involved in fatness !
 He forsook the God that made him,
 And despised the *Rock* of his salvation.

VI.

They made him jealous with strange gods ;
 With abominations they provoked Him ;
 They sacrificed to devils, not to God,
 To gods whom they had not known ;
 To new gods, who have lately come up ;
 Your fathers did not fear them.
 Of the *rock* that begat thee thou art unmindful,
 And consignest to oblivion the God that brought thee forth.

VII.

And JEHOVAH saw ; and He rebuked with indignation
 His sons and his daughters ; and He said —

JEHOVAH.

‘ I will hide my face from them,
 I will see what shall be their end ;
 For they are a generation of frowardnesses,
 Children in whom is no faith.
 They have made me jealous, with that which is not God,
 They have provoked me with their vanities ;
 And I will make them jealous, with that which is not a people,
 With a foolish nation I will provoke them.’

VIII.

‘ For a fire is kindled in my fury,
 And shall burn to nethermost Hades ;
 And shall swallow up the earth with her fruits,
 And shall consume the foundations of the mountains.
 I will heap upon them calamities,
 Mine arrows I will spend upon them :

Burnt with hunger, and devoured with fiery heat,
And with bitter destruction.
The tusk of wild beasts, I will also dispatch against them,
With the venom of serpents of the dust.
From without, the sword shall destroy,
And from their inmost apartments, terror,
Both the young man, and the virgin,
The suckling, and the man of grey hairs.'

IX.

'I said, I would scatter them into corners,
I would abolish from man their remembrance,
Did I not fear the anger of the enemy,
Lest their foes should be foolishly elated;
Lest they should say, . . 'Our hand is high, . .
And it is not JEHOVAH who hath done all this.'
For they are a nation void of counsel,
Neither possess they any understanding.

X.

'O that they were wise ! That they understood this !
That they would consider their latter end !
How should one chase a thousand,
And two put to flight ten thousand,
If it were not that their Rock had sold them,
And that JEHOVAH had shut them in !'

XI.

ISRAEL.

Truly not as our *Rock* is their rock :
And be our enemies the judges :
For, from the vine of Sodom, is their vine,
And from the fields of Gomorrah :

Their grapes are grapes of gall,
 Their clusters are bitter :
 Poison of dragons is their vine,
 And deadly * venom of aspicks.'

XII.

JEHOVAH.

'Is not this laid up in store with me,
 Sealed up among my treasures ?
 To me belong vengeance and retribution ;
 In due time their foot shall stumble.
 For at hand is the day of their destruction ;
 And that which shall come upon them is hastening.'

XIII.

MOSES.

'Thus JEHOVAH will judge his people,
 And on his servants he will have compassion ;
 When he seeth, that their hand is weak,
 That they are wasted, blocked up, and forsaken.'

XIV.

JEHOVAH.

And He shall say, 'Where are their gods ?
 The rock in which they trusted ?
 Who did eat the flesh of their sacrifices,
 Who drank the wine of their libations. †

* Or 'incurable.' This rendering is sanctioned by the *Samaritan*, the *Septuagint*, and *Vulgate*. It is said that asp's poison kills within three hours ; and that there is no possibility of applying a remedy.

† See Lowth's translation of Isaiah lvii. 6. lxx. 11. When the worship of the true God is spoken of, the term 'drink offering,' should, I conceive, be employed ; when heathen worship, the term libation.

'Let them arise and help you,
 Let them be your protectors.
 Behold now, that I, even I,
 And no gods with me,
 I can kill, and make alive,
 I have pierced, and I will heal,
 And out of my hand, there is none that can deliver !' }

XV.

'For I lift up to the heavens mine hand,
 And swear, As I live for ever, . .
 So will I whet the lightning of my sword,
 And my hand shall grasp the weapons of judgment ;
 I will render vengeance unto my foes,
 And those who have hated me, I will recompense.
 I will make mine arrows drunk with blood,
 And my sword shall devour flesh,
 With the blood of the slain, and the captives,
 From the hairy* head of the foe.'

XVI.

CHORUS.

'Rejoice, O ye nations, with his people,
 For the blood of his servants he will avenge ;
 For he will render vengeance unto his foes ;
 And he will be merciful to the land of his people !'

* Perhaps 'scalped.'

PSALM CVII.

PROEM.

PRAISE ye JEHOVAH, for he is good,
For everlasting is his mercy !
Let the ransomed of Jehovah speak,
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the foe ;
And from the nations hath assembled them,
From the east, and from the west ; from the north, and from
the sea.

NARRATION.

I.

They wandered in the desert, in the pathless waste,
A city of habitation they did not find ;
Famished with hunger, parched with thirst,
Their souls within them fainted.
Then they cried unto JEHOVAH in their trouble ;
Out of their afflictions He delivereth them ;
He led them forth by the right way,
That they might reach a city of habitation.
Let them praise Jehovah for his mercy,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men ;
For He hath satisfied the craving soul,
And the famished soul, He hath filled with goodness.

II.

The dwellers in darkness, and the shadow of death,
Bound in affliction, and in iron ;
Because they rebelled against the words of God,
And the counsel of the Highest they despised, . .
Then He humbled with labour their heart,
They fell down . . and there was not a helper.
Then they cried unto Jehovah in their trouble ;
Out of their afflictions, He delivereth them ;
He led them forth from darkness, and the shadow of death,
And their bonds, He burst asunder.

Let them praise Jehovah for his mercy,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men ;
For He hath destroyed the gates of brass,
And the bars of iron hath smitten asunder !

III.

Fools, for the way of their transgression,
And for their iniquities, are afflicted ;
All food their soul abhorreth,
They have even drawn near to the gates of death.
Then they cried unto JEHOVAH in their trouble,
Out of their troubles He delivereth them ;
He sendeth his word, and healeth them,
He snatcheth them out of their graves.
Let them praise Jehovah for his mercy,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men ;
And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
And let them declare his works with rejoicing.

IV.

They who descend to the sea in ships,
Who prosecute business in many waters ;
These behold the works of JEHOVAH,
Even his wonders in the deep !
He speaketh, and raiseth the spirit of the tempest,
And He exalteth the waves thereof.
They climb the heavens, they sink to the abyss,
Their soul is melted because of trouble,
They reel and stagger like a drunken man,
And all their wisdom is swallowed up.
Then they cry unto JEHOVAH in their trouble,
Out of their afflictions He delivereth them ;
He maketh the tempest a calm,
And the waves thereof are still :
Then they rejoice because of the stillness,
And He brought them to the haven of their wishes.

Let them praise Jehovah for his mercy,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men ;
And let them exalt him, in the assembly of the people,
And in the council of the elders, let them extol him !

CHORAL HYMN.

I.

He turneth rivers into a desert,
And springs of water into drought ;
The fruitful land into saltness,
For the wickedness of them who dwell therein.

II.

He turneth the desert into standing water,
The thirsty land into water-springs ;
And there he causeth the famished to dwell,
And they prepare a city of habitation.

III.

And they sow fields, and they plant vineyards,
And they yield fruits of increase ;
And he blesseth them, and they multiply greatly,
And their cattle he doth not diminish.

IV.

And they are minished, and brought low, by tyranny,
By affliction, and sorrow of soul ;
He poureth contempt on the tyrants,
And maketh them wander in the pathless waste.

V.

And he raiseth the poor from misery,
And giveth him families like a flock.
The righteous behold and rejoice ;
And all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

GRAND CHORUS.

Who is wise ? and he will ponder these things ;
And they shall understand the mercies of JEHOVAH.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE 107TH PSALM.

This admirable composition is second, perhaps, to none of the sacred odes, in luminous arrangement, in justness of imagery, in suavity of style, and in all the graces which flow from a happy distribution of subject. It has been classed, by Bishop Lowth, among the Hebrew idyls, as distinguished by intercalary verses. And, on a close comparison, it will be found, also, to resemble the Pindaric ode; some of its divisions bearing no slight analogy to the strophe, antistrophe, and epode of the Greeks; whilst it exhibits a fertility of invention, a quickness of transition, a conciseness and sententiousness of style, similar, but superior, to what have been accounted the characteristic excellencies of the Theban bard. We may particularly affirm of this poem, that it is eminently distinguished by that judicious selection, and happy combination, of the most appropriate, and natural circumstances, which Longinus ranks among the great sources of the sublime.

This ode naturally distributes itself into three unequal divisions:—

I. The proem, or introduction; inviting the children of Israel to celebrate the manifold mercies of Jehovah.

II. The narration, or general statement of the subject; which, in four stanzas of similar construction, evinces the goodness of God, by his affording present help, to those who devoutly seek it: 1. To wanderers in a desert, oppressed with hunger and thirst; 2. to those bound in prison; 3. to persons languishing in sickness; 4. to mariners, in danger of shipwreck.

III. A choral hymn of praise, giving a nearer view, and a more minute detail, of those providential mercies, which peculiarly respected the children of Israel.

The proem speaks for itself.

In the narration, towards the middle of each stanza, there is an intercalary couplet, which most beautifully, and em-

phatically marks the transition, from extreme distress, to deliverance, and joyful triumph; and which is uniformly followed by two, or more lines, stating the precise nature, and absolute fulness, of the relief afforded. To this, most naturally, succeeds another intercalary couplet, expressing the great end and object of the poem, . .

‘ Let them praise Jehovah for his mercy,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men.’

Each stanza, then, closes with a varied couplet; in the first two recapitulating God’s mercy; in the last two, exciting men, by amplified exhortation, to celebrate that mercy.

The choral hymn, is most judiciously distributed into smaller portions; and is thus, at once, adapted to a more minute and special detail of circumstances, as well as to the purposes of alternate recitation. That this branch of the poem is, in reality, a choral hymn, I conceive may be pronounced from the strongest internal evidence. The praise of Jehovah, is the great object of the sacred poet; he never loses sight of it. The poem is a most animated, and heart-awakening invitation to this praise; each succeeding stanza not only renews the invitation, but so affectingly exhibits the divine goodness, that every hearer, of common sensibility, must feel an inward disposition for acts of praise; and the fourth stanza, especially, concludes with this requisition of gratitude and joy : . .

‘ Let them praise Jehovah for his goodness,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men;
And let them exalt him, in the assembly of the people,
And in the council of the elders, let them extol him !’

What, then, could be more natural, what more accordant with the great design of the psalmist, than that the whole congregation should immediately break forth in singing . . that the elders, from their division of the temple, and the people, in their places, should alternately chaunt the succeeding quatrains, and that both should unite with pious exult-

ation, in the concluding couplet, which most emphatically conveys the moral of this noble ode?

It remains to be observed that, in the first two stanzas of the narration, there are beautiful references to the passage of the Israelites through the wilderness, and to the Babylonish captivity. It is curious that these great events are absolutely specified in the Chaldee paraphrase; which thus speaks: . . . 'Concerning the people of the house of Israel, he prophesied, and said, 'They wandered in the desert, in the pathless waste,' &c. And again, 'Concerning Zedekiah, and the princes of Israel, who were captives in Babylon, and dwelt in darkness, and the shadow of death,' ' &c. &c.

These two stanzas, then, confessedly relating to the history and circumstances of the Jewish nation alone; and the last two, no less evidently celebrating those providential mercies, which are common to men of all countries, . . . with what happy fitness is it ordered, that the choral hymn should amplify the topics of the two former, as coming more directly home to the business and bosoms, to the feelings and the piety, of a Jewish congregation? God's general mercies had been already most nobly celebrated; but the special favour of Jehovah, to his own peculiar nation, was surely the most appropriate topic for a choral hymn of praise, . . . 'in the assembly of the people, and in the council of the elders.'

In the following notes, it shall be my chief object to remark such beauties, as flow from the arrangement and structure of this sacred poem; to point out the nice adaptation and congruity of its parts; to illustrate its exquisitely natural imagery, by similar, though, generally, far inferior passages from the ancients; in a word, to offer such observations, as would probably be made by a commentator, on his favourite classic.

NOTES ON THE 107TH PSALM.

Line 6. 'And from the sea.'] In the Old Testament, this generally signifies the Mediterranean, which lies west of

Judea. Here, however, it must signify the Red Sea, which is situated south of Judea. See also, Ps. lxx. 8. cxiv. 3.

Line 7. ‘They wandered,’ &c.] In the vast deserts which bordered on Judea, to wander from the right path, was equivalent to certain death, not only from the pressure of famine, but from the attacks of ravenous wild beasts. In that sublime ode, Deuteronomy, xxxii., the first instance of God’s providential care is, his finding out Israel *in his wanderings* :—

‘He found him in a desert land,
And in a waste howling wilderness.’

Lines 13, 14. ‘He led them forth,’ &c.] There is a beautiful antithetical parallelism, between these, and lines 7, 8., which may be most clearly illustrated, by simply placing them together : . .

‘They wandered in the desert, in the pathless waste,
A city of habitation they did not find.
He led them forth by the right way,
That they might reach a city of habitation.’

Lines 17, 18. ‘For he hath satisfied,’ &c.] The wanderers had been represented (lines 11, 12.), so exhausted by the extremity of hunger and thirst, that their very souls inwardly fainted. Thirst, implying the most violent torture, is put last. In this couplet, full relief is afforded to both wants. And, as that which was most grievous, was naturally the most craving, the order is reversed : first, the thirsty soul, then, the famished soul, is completely satisfied. In the structure of this couplet, the original exhibits a beauty, which commentators have not been aware of ; and which I have endeavoured not wholly to lose, in the present version : a beauty the more worthy of observation, as it not only frequently recurs, in this poem, but constitutes a remarkable feature in hebrew poetry. Couplets, it is well known, are commonly so constructed, that the lines may be alternately sung, by

the opposite divisions of the choir. When, therefore, one line closes with an important word, it is so managed, in numberless instances, that the antiphonal line of the couplet shall commence with a word, or expression, precisely parallel: Which is exactly according to nature; for, if you present an object to a mirror, that part of it which is farthest from you, will appear nearest in the reflected image. Here, for example, one side of the choir sings, . .

‘ For he hath satisfied the craving soul,’

The other immediately replies, . .

‘ And the famished soul he hath filled with goodness.’

Again, at the close of the next stanza, one side sings, . .

‘ For he hath destroyed the gates of brass,’

The other answers, . .

‘ And the bars of iron hath he smitten asunder.’

This construction is peculiarly suitable to the close of a stanza, because it generally enables the writer to leave behind him the impression of a full and complete effect. To exemplify, from the two cases just adduced. The rapid succession, and duplication, of ‘*the craving soul*,’ and ‘*the famished soul*,’ . . while it marks the extremity of the past affliction, is abundantly counterpoised by the satisfactory termination, . .

‘ He hath filled with goodness.’

Had the couplet been written thus, . .

‘ For he hath satisfied the craving soul,

And he hath filled with goodness the famished soul,’

it is evident, that the impression of relief would be very incomplete, the idea of famine being suffered to remain behind.

In like manner, had it been written, . .

‘ For he hath destroyed *the gates of brass*,
And hath smitten asunder *the bars of iron*,’

it cannot surely be said, that a thorough sense of enlargement would have been produced. The bars would still have been clanking in our ears. But the sacred poet has evinced no less sound judgment, than poetical invention. He has not only caught the most characteristic features of his subject, but arranged his very terms, precisely as they should be arranged; and the effect is, that whoever can enter into the spirit of this divine ode, is ready to praise Jehovah for his mercy, because the famished is abundantly satisfied, the captive is completely restored to liberty.

Lines 21, 22. ‘ Because they rebelled,’ &c.] Another example of the same construction which has been just dwelt upon. Though this couplet be not the close of a stanza, the arrangement is here peculiarly proper. The object is, pointedly to express the ingratitude, and daring presumption of rebels, against their most gracious Benefactor, therefore, the climax of their iniquity is reserved for the last.

‘ And the counsel of the Highest they despised.’

A distribution most naturally introductive of what follows, . .

‘ Then he humbled, with labour, their heart.’

The punishment is made instantly to follow this aggravated baseness.

Lines 27, 28. 31, 32.] Here, there is the same happy correspondence, between the exigence and the relief, as in the last stanza. Compare lines 19, 20. 23. The antithesis is perfect, but quite unforced and natural.

Line 33. ‘ Fools, for the way of their transgression.’] Among the Jews, diseases were very commonly sent, as a providential chastisement. See, especially, Deuteron. xxviii. 21, 22. When our Lord had miraculously cured the dis-

abled man, at the pool of Bethesda, he dismissed him with these words, . . Ἰδε, υἱὸς γεγονας· μηκέτι ἁμαρτάνῃς ἵνα μὴ χειρὸν τι σοι γένῃται. ‘Behold, thou art made whole ; sin no more, lest something worse come upon thee.’ And, even under the Christian dispensation, the apostles had the power of miraculously inflicting diseases, and even death, upon offenders. To this, St. Paul expressly refers, 1 Cor. xi. 30.

Line 35. All food their soul abhorreth.’] This is exquisitely natural. Who that has been confined to a sick bed, does not feel its force? The same thought is beautifully amplified, by one of the earliest sacred writers :—

‘He is chastened, also, with pain upon his bed,
And the multitude of his bones with strong pain :
His life abhorreth bread,
And his soul delicate food ;
His flesh is consumed, which was seen,
And his bones stand out, which were not seen :
His soul hath drawn near to the grave,
And his life to the destroyers.’

Job, xxxiii. 20.. 22.

Lines 37.. 40.] It would be injustice not to refer to Job xxxiii. 24.. 26.

Lines 43, 44.] In the closing couplet, the same structure is not observed, as at the termination of the last two stanzas, the reason is obvious ; this line,

‘Let them declare his works with rejoicing,’

sends the auditory to immediate acts of praise, with joy in their hearts.

How different would be the effect, if the couplet ran thus : . .

‘And let them sacrifice, the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
And with rejoicing let them declare his works.’

The same precept, indeed the same words, are here ; but the life and spirit are fled !

Line 45. ‘ They who descend to the sea. ’] ‘ Mare, immensum potentiae occultae documentum, ut prorsus, nec aliud ultra quæri debeat, nec par aut simile possit inveniri. Plin.

‘ The sea is an immeasurable evidence of unseen power ; none beyond it should be sought, . . neither can any equal or similar be found.’

And, doubtless, this observation is true, if it be limited to the exercise of divine power in the material world, with which Pliny was best acquainted, and of which his subject naturally led him to treat.

I cannot deny myself the gratification of here inserting Addison’s just and beautiful panegyric, on this passage of the psalmist.

‘ As I have made several voyages upon the sea, I have been often tossed in storms, and, on that occasion, have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in ancient poets. I remember Longinus highly recommends one in Homer, because the poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had done ; but because he has gathered together those circumstances, which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason that I prefer the following description of a ship in a storm, which the psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with.

‘ How much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this system of the psalmist, than the pagan scheme, in Virgil and other poets ; where one deity is represented as raising a storm, and another as laying it. Were we only to consider the sublime, in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being, thus raising a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confusion ; thus troubling, and becalming nature ?’ . . *Spec.*
No. 489.

Line 51. 'They climb the heavens, they sink to the abyss.'] It would be easy to accumulate passages, expressing the same idea, from Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, &c. It is sufficient, however, to select one; at least as poetical as any that are omitted.

'Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite: et iidem
Subductâ ad manes imos descendimus undâ.

Virgil, Æn. iii. 564.

'To heaven, aloft, on ridgy waves we ride,
Then down to hell descend, when they divide.'

Dryden.

Too little is here left to the imagination of the reader, the poet has thought it necessary to explain the *cause* of the ascent and descent; and, by so doing, has detracted from the terror of the description. How inferior to the conciseness, the vehemence, the dignified simplicity, of the sacred poet!

Line 53. 'They reel and stagger.'] In the following lines, there is a more amplified, but less picturesque use of the same image:..

'Because of the prophets, my heart is broken within me,
Violently shaken are all my bones;
I am become as a drunken man,
And like a man whom wine hath subdued.'

Jeremiah, xxiii. 9.

Lines 57, 58. 'He maketh the tempest a calm.'] This, at once, reminds us of that manifestation of divine power, which clearly evinced our blessed Lord to be, indeed, the same God celebrated by the psalmist. I quote St. Mark's description, because it is exactly in the form and spirit of hebrew poetry, .. while the parallel passages (St. Matt. viii. 26. St. Luke, viii. 24.) are manifestly prosaic.

Και διεγερθεις, επιτιμησε τω ανεμω,
Και ειπε τη θαλασση, σιωπα, πεφιμωσο'
Και εκοπασεν ο ανεμος,
Και εγενετο γαληνη μεγαλη.

Marc. iv. 39.

‘ And having arisen, he rebuked the wind,
And said unto the sea, Peace, be mute ;
And the wind ceased,
And there was a great calm.’

This surely is matchless. Perhaps the following passage, is the nearest approach to it, in any classical author.

‘ Permite divis cætera, qui simul
Stravere ventos æquare fervido
Depræliantes ; nec cupressi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni. *

Horat. Od. ix. lib. 1.

‘ Then, to the guardian powers divine,
The cares of future life resign :
For, when the warning winds arise,
And o’er the fervid ocean sweep,
They speak, and lo ! the tempest dies ;
On the smooth bosom of the deep,
Unshaken stands the aged grove,
And feels the providence of Jove.

* In this beautiful passage, one cannot help lamenting, that the effect is diminished, by want of proper attention to the collocation of the words, a blemish, the very reverse of the excellence, which has been pointed out in the note on lines 17. and 18. Matters should have been so managed, that ‘ simul stravere ’ should have immediately preceded ‘ nec cupressi.’ As it is, we have ‘ the winds warring ’ with the ‘ fervid ocean,’ after the storm has been laid ; and whilst this elemental conflict is raging, . . we are told, . . that not even the sensitive mountain ash is agitated.

Horace, when he pleases, can arrange his terms far more judiciously. See Ode 28. Book i. lines 4. 6.

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OF
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SELECT WORTHIES

OF

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

I. SIR HENRY SAVILE, knight. Born, 1549 : Died, 1622.

SIR HENRY SAVILE, one of England's chief literary benefactors, was second son of Henry, second son of John Savile, of New Hall, in the county of York, esquire. His mother was Elizabeth *, daughter of Robert Ramsden, gentleman. He was born at Bradley, in the township of Stainland, and parish of Halifax, on the thirtieth of November, 1549.

At about eleven years of age, in the beginning of 1561, he was admitted at Brasen-nose College, Oxford; and commenced bachelor of arts, on the fourteenth of January, 1565. † On which occasion, though little more than a 'boy bachelor,' he performed, before an admiring auditory, considerably more than the accustomed exercises; thus establishing, what he ever after sustained, a just reputation for scholarship and dialectic skill. About that time, he was elected probationer-fellow of Merton college, along with the once celebrated

* So the *Biographia Britannica*, after Wood. Mr. Chalmers (Gen. Biogr. Dict.), it is presumed erroneously, calls her Ellen.

† Wood, Fasti.

Edmund Bunney.* In 1570, he proceeded master of arts ; having qualified for that degree, by learnedly reading on the *Almagest* of Ptolemy ; thereby extending his fame, both as a sound scholar, and as no ordinary mathematician : of his attainments in this latter department, indeed, he soon gave public proof, by delivering a voluntary course of lectures, to the students of the university. He now daily added to his academic weight ; and was elected proctor for two successive years, 1575—6 : an unusual, and honourable distinction, at a time when the proctors were selected from the university at large, not, as now, taken, according to a pre-determined cycle, from particular colleges.

Soon after, (in 1578) he visited the Continent : not, we may be assured, from idle curiosity, nor in pursuit of mental dissipation, but to improve both mind and manners, by curious inquiry, and attentive observation. Doubtless, he recollected the weighty saying of Ascham, that ‘ Ulysses is not commended, so much, nor so oft, in Homer, because he was Πολύτροπος, that is, *skilful in many men’s manners and fashions*, as because he was Πολύμητις, that is, *wise in all purposes, and ware in all places* : which wisdom and wareness will not serve a traveller, except Pallas be always at his elbow ; that is, *God’s special grace from heaven, to keep him in God’s fear, in all his doings, in all his journey.*’ †

* Afterward noted as an extempore preacher ; and jocularly said to have a *divinity squirt*. He did good service, however, in freeing ‘ Parsons’s Christian Directory’ from the errors of the church of Rome. See *Bliss’s Wood. Ath. Oxon.* ii. 219 . . 224.

† ‘ Scholemaster ;’ *Ascham’s Works*, 248. Ed. Bennett. First published, 1571. Savile, therefore, had certainly read it before his continental tour ; and probably made it his travelling companion. He could not, however, have seen Tate and Brady’s version of the hundred and twenty-first psalm ; the sentiments, and very structure, of the last verse of which, are powerfully recalled, by Ascham’s beautiful expressions : . .

At home, abroad, in peace or war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
And guide thee through life’s pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey’s end.

In the course of this excursion, he commenced an intimacy with several learned foreigners; and, through their good offices, obtained many rare and valuable manuscripts; or, where this was not practicable, accurate copies of them. This object attained, he returned to England, not only unspoiled by travel, but a man of high super-added accomplishments. He was now appointed tutor to queen Elizabeth; or, as it has been otherwise, and, perhaps, more accurately expressed, he read greek and mathematics with her majesty; who had a great esteem for him.

In 1585, he was chosen warden of Merton college: and, thus, on the happiest terms, renewed his intercourse with a society, which he had always esteemed and loved. During six-and-thirty years, he governed it, with exemplary firmness and integrity; and raised its character for learning, and all good literature, by choosing, at the stated periods of election, the best and most disciplined scholars.* It is mentioned, to his honour, that he administered his important trust, 'with the utmost care, and with a diligence, more, almost, than human, by day and by night.'† His sagacity was frequently accredited, by the future eminence of those who were the early objects of his patronage. Among these, it would be injustice not to signalize two eminent scholars, . . Reynolds ‡,

* A similar instance of conscientious integrity, (the more remarkable, because directly opposed to his puritanical bias,) is recorded of Dr. Anthony Tuckney; first the tutor, then the opponent, and at all times the friend, of the excellent and philosophic Whichcote. . . 'In his elections at St. John's, [Cambridge; of which college he was master,] when the president, according to the cant of the times, would call upon him to have regard to the godly, the master answered, no one should have greater regard to the truly godly than himself: but he was determined to choose none but scholars; adding, very wisely, they may deceive me in their godliness, but they cannot in their scholarship.' . . Preface to eight letters annexed to Whichcote's Aphorisms.

† 'Summa curâ, et diligentia fere plusquam humanâ, perdius et pernox.' Reg. ii. act. soc. coll. Merton, p. 217.

‡ Edward Reynolds, D.D. Born, 1599. Bishop of Norwich, 1661.

afterward bishop of Norwich, and Earle *, afterward successively bishop of Worcester and Salisbury.

Died, 1676. His progress it is not quite comfortable to dwell upon. His works, however, are able; and Sir Thomas Brown assures us, 'that he was a person of singular affability, meekness, and humility; of great learning: a frequent preacher, and a constant resident.' *Repertorium of the cathedral church of Norwich*.

His besetting weakness seems to have been an over-piability of character; to this, most of his aberrations may be traced.

* John Earle, D. D. Born at York, 1601; entered at Merton, Oxford, 1620; M. A. 1624; dean of Westminster, 1660; bp. of Worcester, 1660; bp. of Salisbury, 1663; died, at Oxford, 1665.

'Dr. Earle was a contemner of the world, religious, and most worthy of the office of a bishop. He was a person, also, of the sweetest and most obliging nature, that lived in our age; and since Mr. Richard Hooker died, none have lived, whom God hath blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper, than HE.' . . *Walton's Lives*, 4to. 269. *Bliss's Wood*, iii. 712.

'He was the man of all the clergy, for whom the king [Charles II.] had the greatest esteem. He had been his sub-tutor, and followed him in all his exile, with so clear a character, that the king could never see or hear of any thing amiss in him. So he, who had a secret pleasure in finding out any thing that lessened a man esteemed for piety, yet had a value for him, beyond all men of his order.' . . *Burnet. Own Times*, i. 225. Ed. Routh.

'He was a person very notable for his elegance in the greek and latin tongues; and, being fellow of Merton college in Oxford, and having been proctor of the university, and some very witty pieces having been published without his consent, though known to be his, [probably his 'Microcosmography'], he grew suddenly into a very general esteem with all men; being a man of great piety and devotion; a most eloquent and powerful preacher; and of a conversation so pleasant and delightful, so very innocent and so very facetious, that no man's company was more desired, and more loved. No man was more negligent, in his habit and mien; no man more wary and cultivated, in his behaviour and discourse; insomuch that he had the greater advantage when he was known, by promising so little before he was known. He was an excellent poet in latin, greek, and english, as appears by many pieces yet abroad. Though he suppressed many more himself, especially of english, incomparably good, out of an austerity to those sallies of his youth. He was very dear to the lord Falkland, with whom he spent as much time, as he could make his

He was appointed provost of Eton, in 1596; and materially advanced its reputation, by raising to its fellowship the most distinguished men that he could find: of these, the ever-memorable John Hales* (usually styled of Eton), was the coryphæus. It is said, however, that, among the young scholars, the provost incurred some odium, by strictness, severity, and a disrelish for those who were accounted 'sprightly wits.'† It should, however, in fairness, be considered, what abominable coarseness passed for wit, in those days. Nor, with the manners of the times in view, can we wonder, that so refined a man as Savile, was used to say, . . 'Give me the plodding student: if I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate; *there* be the wits.' We are told, that the only scholar he ever accepted as recommended for a wit, was John Earle, afterwards Bishop of Sarum. But it may well be questioned, whether, as the narrative would seem to intimate, *wit alone*, was the ground of recommendation, from so grave a character as Dr. Goodwin of Christ-church (for he was the alledged recommender), to the learned and laborious editor of S. Chrysostom. Surely, the mere reputation of precocious flippancy, . . and, in Earle's dawn of life, before he was even an Eton school-boy, it could have been nothing more, . . would have been a strange title for admission, to a royal seminary. The hearsay

own; and, as that lord would impute the speedy progress he had made in the greek tongue, to the information and assistance he had from Mr. Earles, [*sic*] so, Mr. Earles, would frequently profess, that he had got more useful learning, by his conversation at Tew, (the lord Falkland's house,) than he had at Oxford. He was amongst the few excellent men, who never had, nor ever could have an enemy, but such an one, as was an enemy to all learning and virtue, and, therefore, would never make himself known.' . . *Lord Clarendon. Life*, 51. Oxford, 1761.

* A sketch of his life and character will be found, in the fifth article of this work.

† Aubrey, ii. 525. Mr. Gifford well observes, that 'all governors were severe, in those days.' . . 'Aubrey,' he adds, 'has other complaints; but his idle stories are the mere gossip of the day.' . . *Ben Jonson's Works*, viii. 207.

evidence of no very exact narrator (no more can be said of Mr. Aubrey's testimony), will scarcely be received, to the disparagement of one, whose whole life was devoted to the pursuit, and encouragement, of useful and ornamental learning. And, after all, Savile's preference of the 'plodding student,' to the 'newgate wit,' is but a lively version, of the judgment passed, by one of the profoundest scholars, and most playful geniuses, whom England ever saw; this, as it is in few hands, yet applicable to all times, the reader will, probably, thank me for extracting below, though at some length.*

* Quick wits be, in most part of all their doings, over-quick, hasty, rash, heady, and brain-sick. In youth, they be ready scoffers, privy mockers, and ever over-light and merry: in age, soon testy, very waspish, and always over-miserable. They be like trees, that shew forth fair blossoms, and broad leaves, in spring-time; but bring out small, and not very long-lasting fruit, in harvest-time: and *that*, only such as fall and rot, before they be ripe; and so, never, or seldom, come to any good at all. For this ye shall find most true by experience, that, amongst a number of quick wits in youth, few be found, in the end, either very fortunate for themselves, or very profitable to serve the commonwealth. . . Contrariwise, a youth that is not over-dull, heavy, knotty, and lumpish, but hard, tough, and somewhat staffish, . . such a wit, I say, both for learning, and whole course of living, proveth always the best. In wood and stone, not the softest, but the hardest, be aptest for portraiture; both fairest for pleasure, and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep; painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without new-fangledness; bearing heavy things though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily yet deeply; and so, come to that perfectness of learning in the end, that quick wits seem in hope, but do not indeed, or else very seldom, attain unto. Also for manners and life, hard wits, commonly, are hardly carried, either to desire every new thing, or else to marvel at every strange thing: and, therefore, they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs; and so, they become wise themselves, and also, are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart. Not hasty in making, but constant in keeping, any promise. Not rash in uttering, but ware in considering any matter: and thereby, not quick in speaking, but deep of judgement, whether they write or give counsel, in all weighty affairs.

James the First, on his accession to the crown of England, peculiarly relished the learning, and attainments of Savile. Indeed, we have the authority, as Wood expresses it, of ‘our ancients*,’ of those most experienced in the ways of courts, for saying, that the king would most willingly have advanced him, either in church or state. But modest, retiring, and unambitious in his nature, he declined all such overtures†; and accepted but the honour of knighthood, which his majesty conferred upon him, at Windsor Castle, on the twenty-first of September, 1604. Much about this year, soon, probably, after he was knighted, he lost his only son Henry, who died at the age of eight years. Thus bereaved of that sweet hope, which the greatest men have most affectionately cherished, and often most pathetically mourned over‡, he exclusively devoted that

And these be the men, that become, in the end, both most fortunate in themselves, and always best esteemed abroad in the world.’ R. Ascham. ‘Scholemaster.’ *Works*, 207 . . 209.

* Athenæ Oxonienses.

† Savile, in quietness of mind and heart, much resembled his great successor Sir Henry Wotton. He did not, indeed, like this humble spirit, assume the office of deacon, in the church. But it has been justly said, that, in purity, and elevation, he was truly a ‘*lay-bishop*.’ And he might have well anticipated the language of Wotton, when congratulated by a friend on entering into holy orders: . . ‘I thank God, and the king, by whose goodness I am now in this condition; a condition which that emperor, Charles V., seemed to approve; who, after so many remarkable victories, when his glory was great in the eyes of all men, freely gave up his crown, and the many cares that attended it, making a holy retreat to a cloistered life; where he might, by devout meditations, consult with God; and have leisure, both to examine the errors of his life past, and prepare for that great day, wherein all flesh must make an account of their actions. And I daily magnify God, for this peculiar mercy, of a quiet mind, and a liberal maintenance; when my age and infirmities seem to sound me a retreat, from the pleasures of this world; and invite me to contemplation, wherein I have ever taken the greatest felicity.’ . . *Zouch’s Walton’s Lives*. 164.

‡ Who does not know, almost by heart, Mr. Burke’s tribute to the memory of his son?

fortune, a large portion of which he had always applied munificently, to the promotion of good letters. He sought out manuscripts; he edited and published books; he fostered hopeful students; he endowed scientific establishments; and by such noble acts he has made his memory honourable, 'not only among the learned, for ever; but even till the general conflagration shall consume all books and learning.'*

In 1619, he founded at Oxford two professorships; one in geometry, the other in astronomy; appointing for each, a salary of an hundred and sixty pounds a year; besides making an additional bequest of six hundred pounds, to purchase lands for the like uses. This munificence was peculiarly judicious and seasonable: for, at that time, scholastic learning and polemical divinity were almost exclusively cultivated, and in Sir Henry's deed of gift, it is expressly declared, that 'geometry was then almost unknown and abandoned in England.' And, perhaps, if there had not, at that time, arisen a Savile, there might not have sprung up, within less than half a century, a Barrow, and a Newton. The celebrated Briggs† was the first geometry professor on his foundation. But Aubrey‡, on the authority of Bishop Ward§, says, 'that he first sent to Gunter|| for that purpose; who, coming with his sector and quadrant, fell to resolving of triangles, and doing a great many fine things; then, said the grave knight, Do you call this reading of geometry? this is showing of tricks, man: and so, dismissed him with scorn, and sent for Briggs.' Whatever may be the minute accuracy of this curious story, it carries internal evidence of general truth. It strongly marks

* Bishop Mountague. '*Diatriba*' upon Selden's history of tithes.

† Henry Briggs. Born in 1556, or 1560. Died, 1630. See Ward's *lives of the Gresham professors*, 120 . . 129.

‡ Aubrey's *Lives*, vol. ii.

§ Seth Ward, D.D. successively bishop of Exeter and Salisbury. Born, 1618. Died, 1689.

|| Edmund Gunter: a celebrated practical mathematician. Born, 1581. Died, 1626.

Sir Henry's dislike, of all pretension and display ; of every thing, that could justly be termed the quackery of science : but, not impossibly, it may have retained a tincture of discourteousness and austerity, foreign to his accomplished mind, from the coarse medium through which it has been transmitted.

He gave his collection of mathematical books, 'to a peculiar little library, belonging to the Savilian professors *;' also an hundred pounds to the mathematical chest ; adding a further legacy, to the same chest, to the university, and to his professors jointly ; he bestowed, likewise, an hundred and twenty pounds, towards rebuilding the schools ; several rare manuscripts and printed books, to the Bodleian library ; and a quantity of matrices and greek types, to the printing-press at Oxford. Part of the endowment of the professorship was the manor of Little Hayes, in Essex.

Finally, having lived beyond the ordinary term of man's life, and done many generous and noble acts, for the benefit of learning, and learned men, he peacefully departed in Eton College, on the nineteenth day of February, sixteen hundred and twenty-two ; and was interred in the chapel of that college, near the remains of his son Henry.† He left

* Aubrey. Of this gift, Sir Henry himself tells Mr. Camden, . . 'I, for my part, have cleared my study of all the mathematical books, which I had gathered in so many years and countries ; greek and latin, printed and manuscript : but with express charge, that they may make use of them, if there be any thing of worth in them, but never to set out any thing of mine in print.'

† It is a remarkable coincidence, that the circle of his life, like that of Sir Henry Wotton's, was by death closed up, and completed, about the seventy-second year of his age, at Eton college, where he now lies buried. The reader will pardon the insertion of one little extract : 'When, the summer before his death, Sir Henry Wotton returned to Eton, from an excursion to Winchester college, he thus addressed himself to a friend : "How useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend, to perform his customary devotions in a constant place ; because, in that place, we usually meet with those very thoughts, which possessed us at

one only daughter, Elizabeth, married to Sir John Sedley, of Kent, baronet; himself, like his father-in-law, a public benefactor. Sir Henry's lady, of whom little is recorded*, was Margaret, daughter of George Dacres, of Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, esquire.

The lamented tidings of his death having reached Oxford, the vice-chancellor and doctors ordered a speech to be publicly delivered, commemorative of his scholarship, his benefactions, and his virtues. This was done, by Thomas Goffe of Christ-church: and the speech, together with several copies of laudatory verses, was soon after published, under the title of '*Ultima verba Savilii.*' In the chapel of Eton college, on the south side of the communion-table, a stone

our last being there. And I find it thus far experimentally true, that, at my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, I was occasioned to remember these very thoughts of my youth, which then possessed me: sweet thoughts, indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixture of cares. But age and experience have taught me, that those were but empty hopes; for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, *Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.* Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts, that then possessed me."'. . . *Zouch's Walton*, 4to. 185.. 188.

* For a remarkable anecdote, we are indebted to Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, ii. 49. Sir Henry Savile's edition of S. Chrysostom required such long, and close application, that his lady thought herself rather neglected: coming one day, into his study, Sir Henry, said she, I would I were a book too; for then, you would a little more respect me. To this, a bystander replied, . . . You must then be an almanack, madam; that he might change every year. The repartee gave some dissatisfaction. On another occasion, however, she acquitted herself better. A short time before his great work was finished, and when he lay confined to the bed of sickness, she said, . . . 'If Sir Harry dies, I will burn Chrysostom, for killing my husband.' Mr. Boyse told her, that would be a great pity, for he was one of the sweetest preachers, since the apostles' times. Then, said lady Savile, I would not do it, for all the world. *Bliss's Wood. Gen. Biog. Dict.*

of black marble was placed over his grave; and a splendid cenotaph was erected to his memory, in the choir of Merton college. Thus have his mortal remains been affectionately honoured: his better part, we humbly trust, is now conscious and happy, in the receptacle of separate spirits.

The scholars of his own time, gave him, living and dead, the highest praise. Isaac Casaubon, John Boyse, Josias Mercerus, Isaac Gruter, Joseph Scaliger, and Marcus Meibomius, all speak of him in very honourable terms; and Bishop Mountague, a profound judge in such matters, terms him 'the magazine of all learning.' Mr. Gifford says, that 'he was one of the most learned men, of a learned age.' Edition of B. Jonson, viii. 207.

He devoted much time and thought, to the publication of valuable works; the principal of these, it seems proper briefly to indicate: . .

- I. An English version of four books of Tacitus, and the life of Agricola, with notes. Lond. 1581 and 1598, folio; the fifth edition appeared 1622., folio. The notes were subsequently translated into latin, by Isaac Gruter, and printed at Amsterdam, 1649.*

* 'One of the most important translations in the sixteenth century, was that of the first four books of Tacitus, and the life of Agricola, by Sir H. Savile. Ben Jonson has commended this work, in an epigram, which begins: . .

' If, my religion safe, I durst embrace
That stranger doctrine of Pythagoras,
I should believe the soul of Tacitus
In thee, most weighty SAVILE, lived to us.' *Dr. Zouch*, 220.

A contemporary writer has the following eulogy: . . 'Tacitus doth, in part, speak most pure and excellent english, by the industry of that most learned and judicious gentleman, whose long labour, and infinite charge in a far greater work, [the *Savile Chrysostom*] have won him the love of the most learned; and drawn, not only the eye of Greece, but all Europe, to his admiration.' *Peacham's Complete Gentleman*. 1627. p. 47.

- II. *Fasti regum et episcoporum Angliæ, &c.* London, folio, 1596. Reprinted, Frankfort, 1601.
- III. *A view of certain military matters.* London, folio, 1598. Translated into latin, by M. Freherus, Heidelberg. 1601. 8vo. Re-printed by Gruter, Amst. 12mo. 1649.
- IV. *Nazianzen's Steliteutics.* 1610.
- V. *Xenophontis institutio Cyri, Græce,* 4to. 1613.
- VI. *S. Johannis Chrysostomi, opera omnia, Græce.* 8 vols. folio. Eton, 1613. To this noble edition, he added learned notes; in which he was assisted by John Boyse, Andrew Downes, Thomas Allen, and some others. The cost was not less than eight thousand pounds.* Having himself previously visited all the public and private libraries of note, at home, and transcribed whatever bore on his design, he sent skilful copyists abroad, into France, Germany, Italy, and the east, to transcribe, and collate. He acknowledges great obligations for aid, to J. A. de Thou; M. Velserus; G. L. Linsgelsheim; A. Schottus; J. Casaubon; F. le Duc; J. Gruter; D. Hoescheli; S. Tentnagel; and Gabriel, archbishop of Philadelphia.
- VII. *Thomæ Bradwardini, de causâ Dei, &c. lib. iii.* Lond. 1618.
- VIII. *Prælectiones tresdecem, in principium elementorum Euclidis, Oxoniæ abitatæ, Ann. 1620.* Oxon. 4to. 1621.*

* ' Learning, says Fuller, (*Holy State*, p. 186.) hath gained most by these books, by which, the printers have lost. Our worthy english knight, who set forth the *golden mouthed* father, in a *silver* print, was a loser by it.

' To the excellency of this edition, a learned foreigner has given his testimony, by applying to it the line in Horace: . .

' Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatemur.' *Dr. Zouch.* 220.

† These prælections have, long since, passed away. Let it, however, be considered, that, at the time of their delivery, ' Geometry was almost

- IX. *Oratio coram reginâ Elizabethâ*. First published Oxon. 1658.
- X. A latin translation of 'The apology for the oath of allegiance,' by James I.
- XI. In manuscript: The original of monasteries; Orations; Tract on the Union with Scotland: all these, in the Bodleian. MS. notes on many books in his library; particularly those on Eusebius, used by Valesius. Four letters, published among those of Camden, 1659. A letter in the fourth volume of Strype. Letters from Savile will also be found, among the Cottonian, and Harleian MSS.

Sir H. Savile was one of the learned men, to whom the province of translating the Bible was confided, in the reign of James I. His name is in the fifth class, among those, to whom the four Gospels, the Acts, and the Apocalypse, were consigned.

We will conclude with a passage, which shows, how near we were to possessing the life of this great man, by the hand of a master: . . . 'Among the literary characters of the seventeenth century, none appears with more transcendent lustre,

unknown and abandoned in England.' The truth is, that, though Dr. Wallis declared Sir Henry Savile to have been inferior in mathematical knowledge to none of his contemporaries, he should be regarded, rather as the munificent patron, than as the successful cultivator of science. But it is impossible to say, how far the weight of his influence and example may have fixed on that deserted walk, the attention of ardent and aspiring students. *Père Malebranche* has some remarks on Sir Henry, and his lectures, which do far more credit to his wit and comicality, than either to his good nature or philosophy. See the *Recherche de la vérité*, i. 416..422. Paris, 1712. It may be just mentioned, that Mr. West honourably placed the provost of Eton college, in the midst of an illustrious triumvirate; Sir Robert Cotton, Sir Henry Savile, and Mr. Selden. *Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*, vi. 643. When Sir Henry surrendered the chair to Mr. Briggs, he took leave of his audience in these words: . . . 'Trado lampadem successori meo, qui vos ad intima geometriæ mysteria perducet.' *Ward's Professors of Gresham College*, 124.

than that of Sir HENRY SAVILE; a magnificent patron of merit, and a complete gentleman. He seems to have traversed the whole range of science; being equally celebrated for his knowledge of ancient and modern learning. The life of this illustrious scholar would be a valuable acquisition to the republic of letters. That it was actually compiled by Mr. IZAAK WALTON, we have every reason to conclude. Dr. King, bishop of Chichester, in his letter to him, dated Nov. 17. 1664, tells him, that he has done much for Sir Henry Savile, the contemporary and friend of Mr. Richard Hooker. It is seriously to be regretted, that the most diligent inquiry after this work, has hitherto proved unsuccessful.' *Dr. Zouch. Life of Walton*, p. xxiv.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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